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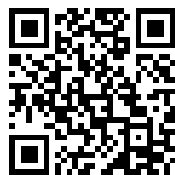
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ALPINE JOURNAL:
 A RECORD OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE
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 SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION.
 BY MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.
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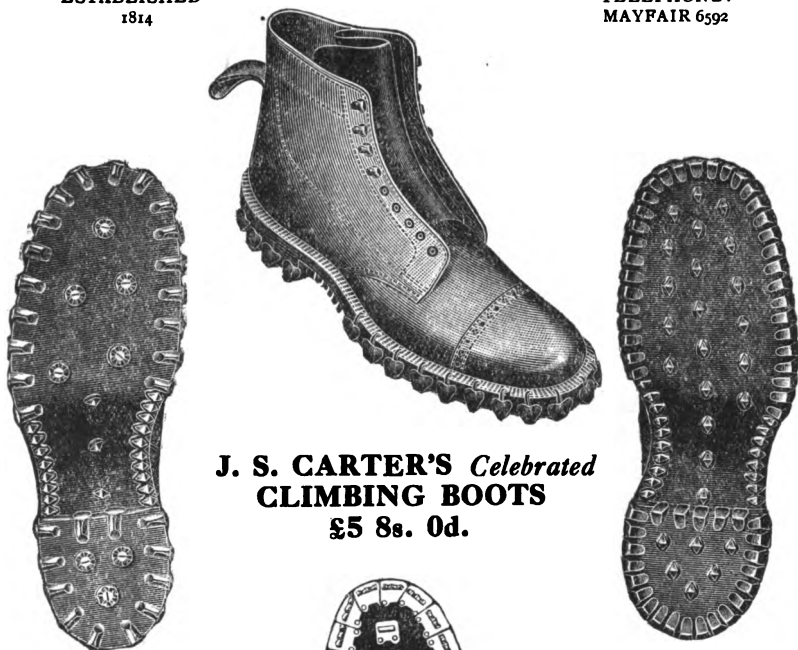
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NOVEMBER 1920.

(No. 221.)

BY-WAYS IN THE HINDU KUSH.

By T. G. LONGSTAFF.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 2, 1920).

I HAVE called this paper 'By-ways in the Hindu Kush,' in the hope that you will not expect a genuine mountaineering record. I am actually a stop-gap to-night. I was merely a stop-gap—I trust in both senses—in 1916-17; and you will perceive that, though I was playing only a very insignificant part, quite at the back of the stage, mountaineering (as we understand it) could have no place in the programme.

By discarding my spectacles, and assuming an eye-glass, I succeeded in joining the 7th Territorial Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment on August 4, 1914. Quite unexpectedly we found ourselves in India three months later. In 1915 I was sent to Simla—on the strength of a reputed knowledge of the northern frontiers. In the following year, owing to the very great kindness of the officers under whom I was serving, and as I shall always believe though my membership of this Club, I obtained an appointment under the Political Department, and was posted as Assistant Commandant to the Gilgit Corps of Scouts Frontier Militia. From there I was sent up to Gupis in Political charge, under the Political Agent in Gilgit, of Punyal, Ishkoman, Yasin, Ghizr, and Koh. Fort Gupis (7200 ft.) is the most northerly military post in the Indian Empire, and the connecting link between Gilgit and Chitral. There is only one British officer posted to this district of more than 4000 square miles; so it seemed now

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quite safe to resume my spectacles. I will inflict no further autobiographical details on you, but turn to the more interesting topic of the by-ways which it was part of my duty to know, and in some cases to explore.

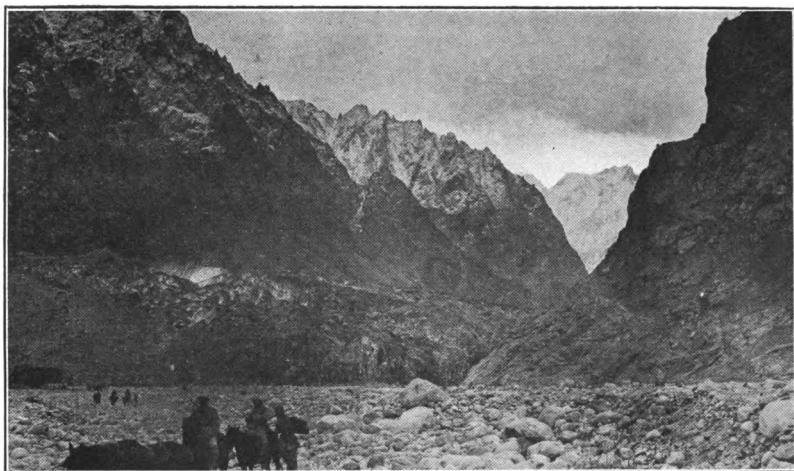
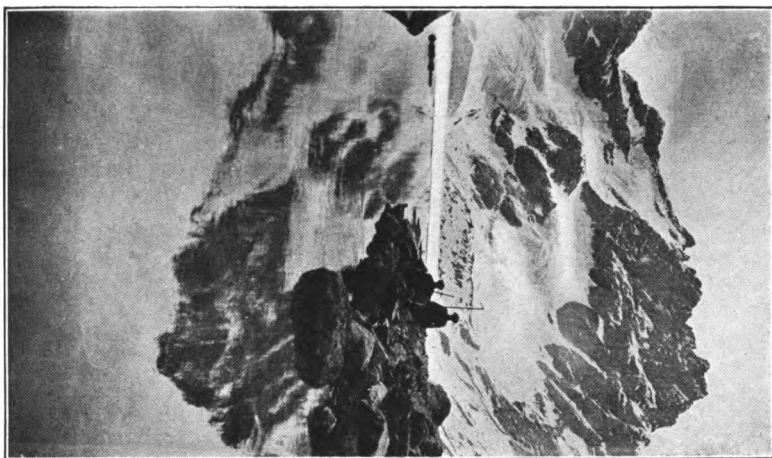
The Hindu Kush is the western prolongation of the Karakoram range. For convenience, it may be said to commence on the right or western bank of the Hunza river and to terminate 500 or 600 miles away in Afghanistan, about the sources of the Helmand. Tirich Mir (25,426 ft.), in Chitral, is its culminating point. The chain consists of two or three more or less parallel ranges, and the orography is almost as complicated as that of the true Himalaya. Its eastern half constitutes the frontier between British and Afghan territory, and from several of the passes Russian territory can be seen across the Oxus. Other passes lead directly to the Pamirs, and so to Chinese territory.

Passing over Astor, Gilgit and Hunza, as already known to the Alpine Club through the writings of our President, Conway and Bruce, I will confine myself to the political ilaqs of Punyal, Koh, Ghizr, Yasin and Ishkoman. Reference to a map shows that British territory makes a great semicircular sweep from Kashmir to Chitral, half-surrounding the independent tribal territories of Darel, Tangir, Killi or Kandia, and Bashqar, which in turn abut on Dir and Swat. Thus our tribal frontier forms an arc of 150 miles while the chord (Gupis to Chilas) is only 60 miles. It is an extreme instance of divergence and convergence of internal and external lines. You will realise that it is incumbent upon me to observe a certain reticence of detail in the following notes.

The chief feature of this region is the valley of the Gilgit river, which rises on the Chitral border and flows, under different names, for over a hundred miles through east to south. It receives from the north several large glacier-born affluents and is joined by the Hunza river before its junction with the Indus. This valley is a mere trench cut through the hills, bare, arid and cliff-bound. It is subject to great extremes of temperature; also to floods and mud slides. The vegetation is scanty, except where irrigation can be practised, when the summer heats enable even the grape to ripen. Such sun-loving birds as the hoopoe, roller and golden oriole, with desert chats and wheat-ears are found in summer; while in winter it is invaded by wall-creepers from the higher ranges, and by ducks on the autumn and spring migrations between Siberia and peninsular India. I will make use of this well-marked feature

KINNICHISH, DAREL FRONTIER.

[Photo. T. G. Longstaff.]



[Photo. T. G. Longstaff.]

CHILLINJI GLACIER, KARUMBAR VALLEY, ISHKOMAN.



to divide the country into two sections, a northern and a southern.

On the southern side a series of incredibly precipitous gorges give access to beautiful but scantily wooded valleys, which in their turn lead up to well-watered Alpine pastures, decked with a profusion of wild roses, forget-me-nots, primulas and gentians. The birds are now of a different order; the blue-throats and red-starts of several varieties being especially attractive. The relief, after the heat and constraint of the main valley, seems to be reflected even in the sky itself. These upper glens are without permanent inhabitants, but the trans-border tribes to the south annually come over the divide for the summer grazing. It is the lower precipitous defiles, passable only with much difficulty, that form the real barrier to intercourse, and not the actual frontier range. Fortunately for us, these people are much easier to deal with than the Pathan. The notorious Puktun Wali succeeded in establishing himself in Darel, but was very properly murdered before I left. Stein passed through Darel in the course of one of his many journeys. Tangir is practically unknown to us. Killi and Bashqar are quite unexplored. The latter is a land of mystery, our own tribes asserting that they cannot comprehend its barbarous language. When it is remembered that, in the Gupis district, four very different and apparently unrelated languages (Kowar, Shina, Wakhi, Burushushki) are spoken, this point is curious. The few Bashqaris I saw were obviously on a far lower plane of civilisation than any of the other neighbouring tribes and I could not help wondering whether they are not some lost sept of the Kafirs. I was told that they still habitually use the bow, and are inveterate thieves.

The actual frontier consists of a range of more or less glaciated mountains, rising in the west to over 19,000 ft. and broken by passes of from 14,000 to 16,000 ft. In several cases the northern glaciers discharge on our side into lakes and tarns. These are not only beautiful in themselves, but act as traps or filters and purify the streams which flow down our valleys. The principal peaks are Kinnechish, probably between 16,000 and 17,000 ft., Shagachi about the same height, Chokinibush 18,750 ft., a nameless group between the Anogol and Ambesh, and Dadalbho 19,250 ft. on the Laspur border. The latter peak lies at the head of the Shatmalai, which should be the most picturesque of all these beautiful glens; but I never had time to penetrate its recesses. Probably none of the peaks I have just referred to have ever been climbed

by anybody ; nor are they ever likely to be, not on account of any physical difficulties but owing to local prejudices relative to tourists.

On the western border, the well-known Shandur Pass (12,250 ft.) gives access to Laspur, Mastuj and Chitral. The scenery is tame, and the hills, including Shano Zom, are of little interest, except that from them wonderful views of Tirich Mir may be obtained in clear weather.

We must now turn to the northern section, commencing with Yasin, so long a scene of the bloody and unending feud between Kator, Kushwakt and Burush. Owing to various reasons this small state gave me a good deal of worry, and I was never able to explore its fine glaciers as I had hoped to do. It is bounded on the north by the highest range of the Hindu Kush, here called on some maps the Sakiz Jarab. North of this again lies the upper valley of the Yarkhun river, some 10 miles broad, which belongs to Chitral. The latter valley communicates directly with Afghan territory by the easy Baroghil Pass (12,460 ft.), on the crest of the northernmost range of the Hindu Kush, the true water-parting or divide. But this northern range is here much lower than the southern or Yasin range, and in this section is quite easy. Thus frontier conditions are similar to those found along the Tibetan border in Kumaon and Sikhim, where our uppermost frontier valleys are easier of access from the north than through the highest crest line, which lies well inside our own territory to the south.

The chief peaks of the Yasin group, from west to east, are the peaks of Tui 21,891 ft., Daspar 22,603 ft., Dhulichish (the Daspar of maps) 21,409 ft., Darkot and Garmush 20,564 ft. I only visited the group of glaciers which descends from the soaring peak of Dhulichish nearly to 9000 ft., opposite the hamlet of Darkot. Near by is the spot at which that intrepid explorer Hayward was murdered in 1870 by the treacherous Mir Wali Kushwakt. The latter was slain by his own brother Palwan, who was murdered again in his turn by another brother. I might add that the name Palwan means 'Hercules' and is the title still applied to Bruce in Gilgit and Hunza. The Darkot pass (15,380 ft.) lies at the head of the valley. It is a long and rather steep glacier route, but horses are taken over it. Stein has shown that it was traversed in A.D. 747 by a Chinese army from the Oxus, an astonishing achievement.

In Ishkoman I was luckier. It is one of the most fantastic and wonderful mountain fastnesses into which I have ever

penetrated—a 50-miles defile enclosed on both sides by peaks of from 19,000 to 22,000 ft. Its lower reaches have been colonised by Wakhis, refugees from Afghan frightfulness, and we have recognised Mir Ali Mardan Shah, last ruler of Wakhan, as Chief of the district.

The lower Ishkoman river, fed by a number of large glaciers, is unfordable except in mid-winter. Owing to this I was not able to visit what seemed to be a perfect circle of megaliths, a miniature Stonehenge, on the right bank, which I think will some day prove of very great interest. Due north rises a huge compact block of mountains rising to over 21,000 ft., and absolutely virgin ground. Above Imit, the chief village, all trace of the bridle-path soon dies away, and the stony bed of the river, now known as the Karumbar, is our only track. From here onwards the route is hardly practicable, except in October. At the Bhört glacier (9000 ft.) I introduced my Yasini orderlies to a presumptive cave of the Jinn, to their unbounded amazement. It was a perfect ice-tunnel, open at both ends, over a hundred yards in length, and lofty enough for a camel.

Two marches above Imit, the Karumbar glacier enters the main valley at right angles from the east. I think it must have a considerably longer course than is shown in the maps. In 1916 it left no passage up the main valley, abutting directly on the cliffs of the right bank of the Karumbar river, which had tunnelled a passage beneath it. So our horses had to be led over the glacier, which took them two hours to cross from side to side. Above this the going was very severe for the horses, especially where we had to take to the river and skirt along under the steep face of the Bukh glacier, which tried to drop stones on us.

We are now nearing the Pamir—the Bam-I-Dunya, or ‘Roof of the World.’ The weather was cold and clear and the abrupt cliffs and imminent peaks on either hand stood out clear of the haze and cloud of the south. The Wirgot glacier, abutting on the right bank of the river, was the next obstacle. We could just creep round its snout dryshod (October 21, 1916); but the horses were repeatedly forced into the river, and eventually had to struggle across with difficulty out onto the left bank. In 1909 this glacier is said to have completely closed the valley and to have dammed back the river sufficiently to form a lake behind it. In 1893, and again in 1905, some one or more of these lateral glaciers blocked the Karumbar valley, damming up the river behind. A large lake was thereby

formed, whose increasing pressure suddenly burst the dam and carried destruction right down to Gilgit.

Above the Wirgot glacier the horses were brought across the river to us, and carried us back again to the left bank. Their ability to keep their feet, amongst the boulders invisible under the rushing ice-water, was truly astonishing. On either side, the cliffs here shoot up into sheer spikes and towers—of naked living rock—while beside the river, for contrast, are lovely thickets of juniper, birch, willow, roses and other shrubs. Ahead, the Chillinji glacier lies across our path, sweeping down from the east past the foot of the Chillinji Pass (17,000 ft.), the river burrowing beneath its base. Though only half the breadth of the Karumbar glacier it is more difficult for the horses to surmount, the descent on the northern side straining their powers to the uttermost. An impending cliff again forces us across the river to the right bank, to find a passage below the moraines of the Sokhta Robat glacier. Here we encountered a small party of Kirghiz, their smiling faces such a welcome contrast to the churlishness which the Wakhi never seems able to banish from his countenance. The camping-place of Sokhta Robat (11,200 ft.) lies on a charming little flat amongst the last dwarf willow and silver birch, sheltered by the outermost lateral moraine of the glacier. All our difficulties are safely overpassed. Ahead, the valley opens out into a broad level upland pasture, with the brilliant white Chashboi glacier gleaming beyond. To the north, beyond a great range of cliffs, rises the Khora Bhort Pass (15,000 ft.) leading directly on to the Little Pamir and the sources of the Oxus.

I must close these rambling notes with a word of warning. In all the circumstances of the case, it is unreasonable to expect the Indian Government to give facilities for private travellers to visit these ranges. No one can regret this more than the writer; for the whole region, its peoples and history, have a most alluring and unique quality, and in this portion only of High Asia have I recovered the elusive and romantic charm of the Caucasus.

Colonel Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, President of the Royal Geographical Society, said:—

My story of the by-ways of the Hindu Kush must begin where Captain Longstaff's has left off. In the last photograph which he threw on the screen, he showed us the main range of the Hindu Kush where the Khora Bhort crosses it, and I will now describe how it

came about that I crossed that range by a pass—in the neighbourhood of the Khora Bhört—which had never been crossed by a European before, nor, as far as I know, by any since.

In the years 1889, 1890, 1891, I was sent by the Government of India to the Pamirs—the ‘Roof of the World’—to explore the far side of the Hindu Kush, ascertain what practicable routes might lie across it leading from Russian territory towards India, and find out to whom the various inhabitants owed allegiance—whether to China, Russia, or Afghanistan.

In the year 1891 I heard that the Russians had come down in force, and were annexing the Pamirs. I thereupon marched towards the Russians, rode into their camp, asked to see the Commander, and then told him that I was an agent of the Government of India, that I had heard from the natives that the Russians were annexing the Pamirs, but that this was so important a matter that I did not like to report it on merely native evidence, but should like to know authoritatively, from him himself, whether he was annexing the Pamirs; and if so, what was the limit of the annexation.

Colonel Yanoff, the Commander, replied that it was perfectly true, that he was annexing the Pamirs on behalf of the Russian Government, and he showed me a map with a given line on it, indicating the limits of the annexation. It embraced considerable pieces of what was clearly Chinese and Afghan territory, and extended to the southern side of the Hindu Kush, to territory under the suzerainty of Kashmir.

When I saw this, I remarked to Colonel Yanoff that they were opening their mouths pretty wide. And he laughed, and said that this was only a beginning—that they would be eating up a lot more later on.

He was quite friendly and asked me to dinner, and we had a very cheerful evening. They were very pleased with themselves because they had crossed the Hindu Kush by the Khora Bhört Pass, had passed along the southern side and gone out again by the Baroghil Pass into Wakhan. I want to draw your special attention to this fact—that an armed party of Russians in 1891 actually crossed the Hindu Kush into the region described by Captain Longstaff this evening.

The next day the Russians left, and I remained in my camp on the Little Pamir, just on the far side of the Khora Bhört Pass.

A few days later, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, I heard a clatter of hoofs outside my tent, and on looking out saw about forty Cossacks drawn up, with six officers and a standard. I recognised Colonel Yanoff, and asked him to come into my tent. He dismounted and with his officers came in, but said he had something very unpleasant to tell me. That morning he had received orders from his Government to turn me out of Russian territory. I replied that that need not disturb him, as I was not on Russian territory. He said he had told me, when we had last met, that the

Russians had annexed this territory. I acknowledged this, but said that as far as I was concerned I did not recognise it as Russian till I was informed by my own Government that it was. At present I considered it Afghan territory, and as such under British protection. Colonel Yanoff said that anyhow I would have to go. I replied that of course I would, as he had forty soldiers and I had not a single one, but the matter would not end there; it would have to be settled by our Governments. In the meanwhile, he and his officers had better have some supper and something to drink, as they must have had a long day.

They then all sat down and I gave them what food I had, and some wine and whiskey. After a time the Colonel got up and said that it was very disagreeable to him to have to treat me like this—that he saw I was a gentleman, and he would like to treat me as a gentleman. Instead of taking me away by force, he would let me go by myself if I would sign an agreement. He then wrote out an agreement, in which I was to undertake to cross over the eastward range, into Chinese territory—not the southern, into British Indian territory—and was not to return by any of a long list of passes which he named, and which included every known pass.

After reading through the draft I asked him to insert the words ‘acting under the order of the Russian Government.’ He said that there was no necessity. But I argued that, if he was not acting under the orders of the Russian Government, he had no right to be doing what he was; while, if he was acting under their orders, there was no harm in saying so. He thereupon inserted the words, and I signed one copy, which he kept, and I kept another copy myself.

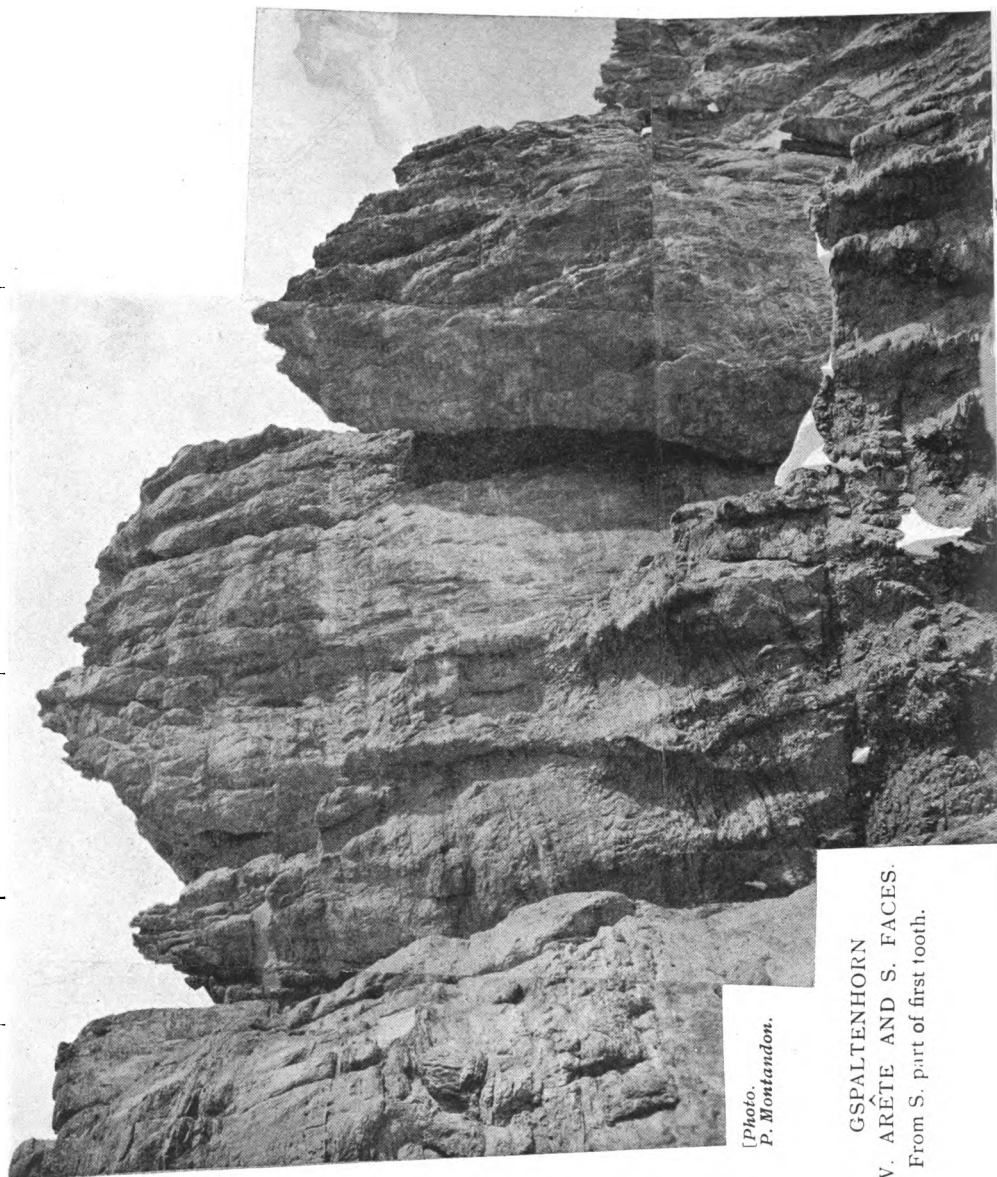
We parted on very good terms, and the next morning I left Bozai Garmbaz on the Little Pamir, where this incident had taken place, and crossed the Wakhijrai Pass onto the Taghdumbash Pamir, which was Chinese territory. There I remained, making enquiries for passes which had *not* been named in the agreement. I wanted to get across the Hindu Kush into the territory described this evening by Captain Longstaff. So I told everyone that I was going to return to India by a pass across the Hindu Kush between the Khora Bhort and the Baroghil passes. Man after man said there was no such pass. At last one man said that it was a very difficult one. Then I had the clue that there *was* one. So I said I knew it was very difficult, but I meant to go by it all the same, and wanted him to come with me. Together we managed to scramble over it—it lies a few miles to the west of the Khora Bhort—and I proceeded to Gilgit and India.

In the meanwhile, on receipt of my report of what had happened, Lord Salisbury had entered a most emphatic protest with the Russian Government, the eventual result of which was that the Russian Ambassador in London had to apologise. He tried to make light of the incident by putting it down to the excess of zeal on the part of an irresponsible frontier officer. But Lord Salisbury drew the

III.
Tooth I.
Tooth III.
and S. II

Summit.

S. Tower.



[Photo.
P. Montandon.

GSPALTENHORN
S.W. ARÊTE AND S. FACES.
From S. part of first tooth.

Part of tooth II.

Ambassador's attention to the fact that the frontier officer was 'acting under the orders of the Russian Government.' He made the Ambassador acknowledge that the act was illegal.

A few months later Lord Salisbury contended that, as the act was illegal, the territory from which I was evicted could not be Russian territory. The Russians had to admit this. So it came about that a thin strip of Afghan territory extends along the northern side of the Hindu Kush, and keeps the Russians from actually touching the passes leading over the great watershed between India and Central Asia.

This is the story of one by-way of the Hindu Kush.

Dr. Longstaff adds :

It would add to the comity of nations if all officers could maintain the same imperturbability of temper as Sir Francis Younghusband displayed under such conditions. I regret that recently, under curiously similar circumstances to those we have just heard about, another officer well-known in the East, when a somewhat similar invitation was extended to him, became quite emotional, exclaiming, 'You haff mobilizt ze mountains against us.'

SOME NOTES ON THE SOUTH-WEST OR ROTHE ZÄHNE ARÊTE
OF THE GSPALTENHORN.

By PAUL MONTANDON.

CLIMBERS are much indebted to Mr. Geoffrey Young and his party for initiating this superb tour, which certainly is one of the most curious and impressive in the Alps. As described in the 'Swiss Jahrbuch' for 1919 and mentioned in 'A.J.' xxxii. 385, Mr. J. Bernet with Jakob Rumpf, guide of Kienthal and guardian of the Gspaltenhorn hut, were the first to follow Mr. Young's steps. They visited on that occasion also the third, most eastern tooth. They reached it from the N. by extremely difficult rocks, and descended on the E., towards the summit of the Gspaltenhorn.

On September 15, 1919, I had the great luck, in company of Bernet and his friend Ulrich, and with Jakob Rumpf, to visit that grand arête. I humbly confess to have gone there with a somewhat palpitating heart. Having incited my enterprising young friends to repeat the tour, I was at last hoist with my own petard, and had either to submit to be called 'a laggard in love and a dastard in war,' or to start. I had read and re-read Mr. Young's extremely attractive narrative. (How this author enriches the vocabulary of

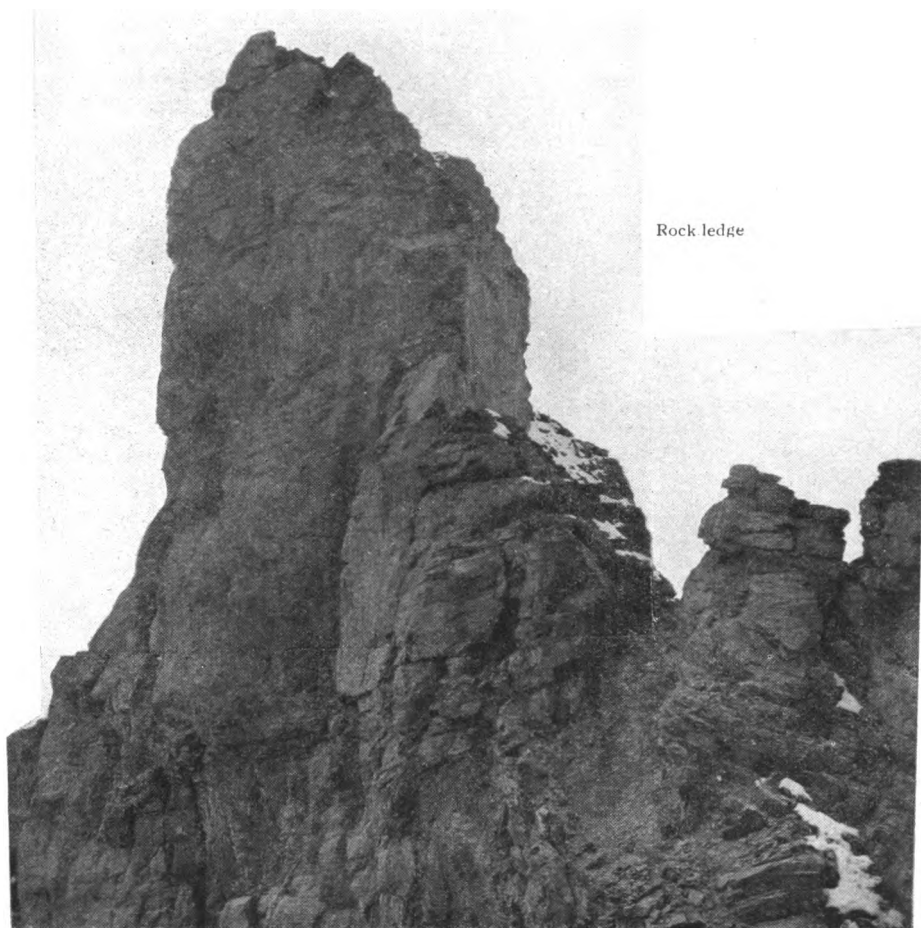
Alpine terms with original and highly suggestive expressions!) It touches on every imaginative fibre the true mountaineer may possess. It leaves him no more his own master. Those fierce towers which so often beckoned from afar haunted me in quite a painful manner. To give way, of course, was weakness and folly. When a man like Mr. Young, in the course of his narrative, complains that 'years tell' (who believed him!), one nearly twenty years his senior should stay at home happy in the memories of bygone glorious days. But is not a touch of folly, according to all authorities, necessary to happiness? And we live but once!

Well, on the said day our rather too large and too late party of four, laden with a lot of ropes and two cameras, mounted the great couloir which leads from the N. to the principal S.W. arête of the Gspaltenhorn. Quietly we then followed in the main, and up to the top, the way of the first party. From the first big tooth we 'abseiled' over three or four pitches *direct* down to the next saddle, a slight diversion from Mr. Young's way. His last 'abseil' place is seen on my second picture to the right of our own. We then scrambled up to the top of the middle tooth by the *second* fissure to the right of that notch. Low down we had to negotiate an overhanging, difficult place. There the second man should carefully search for the *very highest* possible standpoint where he may serve as pedestal to the leader. There is hardly any hold just above, and Rumpf, who is a very cold-blooded rock-man, had this time some difficulty to surmount that obstacle. (Mr. Young wrote to me that his party climbed the *third* chink. This they did not find very difficult, and there was no necessity to stand upon each other.)

The descent from this second tooth was not made by our predecessor's way—which he considers as being certainly the finest and most impressive—but through the *first* small hole, which we enlarged, fixing there a rope ring by means of a piece of wood. On the far side we 'abseiled' over the wall (which at one place hangs over) into the couloir leading down from the next notch to the S. We landed about 10 metres under that col, S. of it, and had no difficulty to reach the gap itself.

The very steep couloir on the N. of the col was ice with very little snow. It falls down into pure wilderness, to unknown depths. There are things in heaven and earth more sympathetic to dream of and to look at. At its top, however, there is a capital 'abseilblock.' Dear old fellow! So we 'abseiled' here once more, this time about 20 metres, to the

I.



Rock ledge

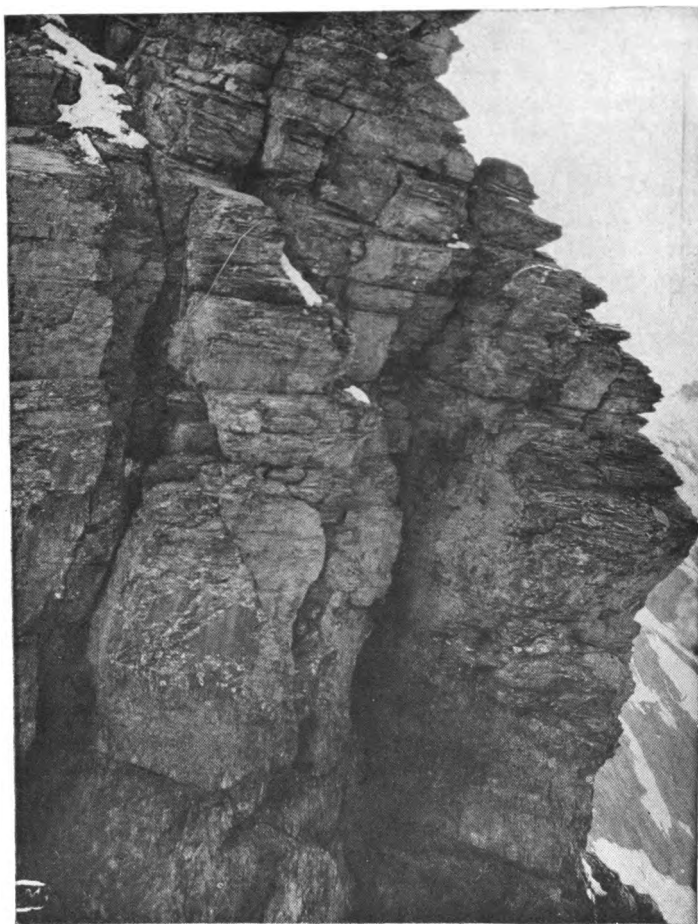
[Photo. P. Montandon.]

GSPALTENHORN S.W. ARÊTE.

Upper part of first tooth ; total height about 300 feet From half way up second tooth.

II. (Fits on to right bottom corner of I.)

Montandon's
ropering.



Young's
ropering.

[Photo. P. Montandon.]

GSPALTENHORN S.W. ARÊTE.
The rope-down from first tooth to the next gap.

foot of a small rocky wall which there interrupts the ice of the couloir. This descent recalls the one, more gentle, from the Pic Central de la Meije. We then cut steps across to the right and rounded the third tooth by Mr. Young's route, as the direct ascent of the tower from the N., by Rumpf and Bernet's rocks, looked awful, and is so. Small but horizontal ledges and a climb up a steep and high couloir with crumbly rocks brought us to the upper foot of tooth No. 3, and from there, over better rocks, to the summit of the Gspaltenhorn.

We took about thirty pictures on that long and memorable day, and I may be allowed to draw a veil over the time we required. It was a record, not on the good side, but it permitted us to have long lasting looks at the beauties of the way. The rock is bad everywhere, and I will incur the risk of hurting Mr. Young's modesty in stating that we again and again wondered at the boldness of thought which made him conceive and undertake this tour (as many others of similar daring) and the determination and strong confidence which induced his party everywhere to draw down their rope after having 'abgeseilt.' The unknown way further on might have been barred. True, since then it has been proved (by Bernet and Glaus, August 1918) that the N. face is practicable, and surely the southern couloirs also should not have offered difficulties unsurmountable to such men as composed the first party. But still . . .

Although there are more 'abseilungen' in the course of this tour than on any other ascent I know of, there is real climbing enough. For me it was hardly ever easy. It is a long and nerve-trying expedition. Great caution is constantly required not to injure one's comrades, who often, far down, stand exactly under you. But the stern grandeur of the scenery fully repays all the efforts. Look at those really formidable towers of the arête and also at those emerging out of the flanks! They are impressive in the extreme. The highest, almost a mountain by itself, stands immediately to the S. of the summit, from which it is separated by a deep and sombre cleft (see photo No. 3). It is well visible from Mürren, from where it seems to form part of the E. arête. Some time will pass until it will be climbed, as also that eastern arête itself, with its slabby gendarmes. A few of my photographs are reproduced here. The nearness and dimensions of the towers make it difficult to get them upon the ground glass. It must be done by sections. If destiny were kind a second time, I should like to re-visit that arête and complete my collection. The view

of the first tower, as seen from the wall of the second, is something unique. It should be a good deal higher than the Requin as seen from the Col of same name. A visit to the third tower, from above, must also be very interesting. On our day it was much too icy. Jakob Rumpf of Kienthal village, having been there twice, now knows that highway and all its towers and gaps thoroughly. He is sureness itself—careful, serious, and sympathetic in every way. He has great strength and is altogether ‘a good man to go tiger-hunting with.’ His occupation as guardian of the Gspaltenhorn hut—often overfilled—will prevent him, during the summer, from doing guide-work. But in the beginning of September he is generally free, and so also are then very likely the red, weather-beaten rocks of that great and most astounding Alpine ridge.

OUR 1919 JOURNEY.

By GEORGE MALLORY.

(Read before the Alpine Club, May 4, 1920.)

PICTURE four men bounding across Paris in what may be called a super-taxi. An animated discussion was proceeding between three of them, to the complete stupefaction of the fourth, who seemed to regard his companions as eccentrics beyond all hope, perhaps quite insane—but what else could he expect? Above the comical fat face of this bewildered individual immodest capitals in gold round his official cap announced ‘Cox’s Agency.’ His business was to ship the three tourists across Paris. That the gentlemen who had reserved seats in the train to Grenoble should now be arguing as to whether after all they wouldn’t take the train to Chamonix—it was impossible, *fantastique*. Nevertheless, the train to Chamonix, when they reached the Gare de Lyon, looked a nice train, and the three resolved to take it.

This irresponsible proceeding which threw to the winds, despite my protests, the deep-laid plans matured during the summer, took place on the evening of July 28, 1919. On the following morning, coming up the valley towards St. Gervais, we were feasting our eyes on snow mountains. It was seven years since I had seen the Alps. To me they were a vision startlingly fresh and new—new as when I first saw them, and

so overwhelmingly greater than the images I had conjured up that I seemed never to have seen them before. I realised that a thread of experience had been broken. I hardly connected what I saw now with what I had seen before. My mind was void of comparisons and particulars. I was starting again from the threshold; my mind was open like a child's to receive what it could. Whatever we might achieve, and we were wholly without plans, all would be adventure, vivid, surprising, delightful.

But however enchanting this new world seemed to me, I inevitably referred my observations to the intention of climbing peaks. The whole of the Mont Blanc group looked remarkably white; the snow was not of yesterday. The steep side of the Aiguilles was not plastered, but arêtes and ledges were everywhere piled with it; great quantities had peeled off, but elsewhere the even couches were dazzlingly white. Even on the W. side of the valley large patches under the escarpments showed how little the winter snow had melted, and perhaps there was more snow to come now. The upper sky was hazy with fish-like clouds, and lower clouds were blowing up from the S. and gathering upon the summits. The valley was hot and stuffy. We were hardly half-way up the path to Montanvert when a storm appeared to be on the point of bursting; but it was dissipated somehow or another and passed with no more spite than a few casual drops. I emphasise the phenomenon as one typical of the season. Till the middle of August when I left the Alps the weather always appeared to be unsettled; but it was always merciful. A midday haze, rather than cloud, repeatedly obscured the peaks and thickened perceptibly until about the hour of sunset. The nights were commonly much warmer than is usual in fine weather. However, local prophecy was always optimistic and it was always right.

I now come to the sober history of our mountaineering activities. We decided to spend the first day on the Requin. Having regard to the snow there was nothing else to be done—except the Moine, which hadn't a vote.

It is not to be supposed of this party that they said confidently among themselves 'We will do the Requin.' One of us pointed out with admirable fortitude that it would be wholly unreasonable, on a first day, to rise before 6 A.M.; and his determined attitude easily carried the day. Accordingly, a formula was adopted acceptable to all consciences, 'We will go and look at the Requin.'

The looking took place next day chiefly during the breakfast hour. We had successfully found a way near the Trélaporte side of the glacier, and turned the corner so as to see the farther side of that remarkable arête of which the Requin is the final sentinel before it leaps down towards the Glacier du Géant. The problem which now confronted us, since it was already 8.15 A.M., and the night in any case had been too warm, was to avoid an arduous snow trudge up the Glacier du Plan, which would necessarily be our fate if we followed the usual route. Being quite untempted by Guido Mayer's route (Kurz, p. 174) two courses were open to us; we could either attempt to follow G. W. Young's party (with Joseph Knubel, etc., see Kurz, p. 173), climbing the S. arête in its entirety, or join this arête above its abrupt extremity by working up a small tributary glacier (see Kurz, p. 173). The second alternative was chosen. We ascended in the direction of a well-marked couloir, descending from a point apparently in the middle of the S.E. face of our peak. This face was for the most part clear of snow, for the very good reason that all such superfluities had been shot down its steep wall on to the very slopes where our route lay. The prospects were good enough once we got there. But knee-deep snow on a first day is a formidable obstacle, and when the snow reaches half-way up the thigh—but I won't attempt to describe our agonies. It was about 11.30 A.M. when we took to the rocks on our left above a shoulder where the subsidiary arête to the S. of us, as we mounted the snow, abutted the mountain. Porter led us swiftly on the rocks, and bearing always slightly to the left we reached the S. arête at 12.45 P.M. The prospects at this point were not rosy. It would be unreasonable to allow less than an hour and a half from the Épaule to the summit, and between us and that preliminary goal lay a considerable stretch of rocks, formidable by their steepness and crowned by the Chapeau, a most unpleasant-looking obstacle. Porter apparently was the fittest of the party and capable of much; of Elliott's state no more need be said than that in the secondary contest with his particular enemy, *mal de montagne*, his head, like Henley's, was 'bloody,' but still 'unbowed.' My own physical condition was somewhere between these two. If I could flatter myself in more optimistic moments by computing that in one direction I could do not much less than Porter, I was ready to admit, after anything like a struggle, that I might be capable in the other direction of no less than Elliott.

With our varying estimates of the task before us we pro-

ceeded at 1.15 to ascend the arête. I confess that I allowed my imagination to suppose that, if all things worked together for our success, we might conceivably reach the Épaule by, say, 2.45, and reach the summit, if we decided to go on, at 4 o'clock, or in any case descend by the usual route to the Glacier du Plan. The arête at all events would present no impassable gendarmes; it was simply the unserrated upper edge of a great tooth slightly inclined, where we were, from the perpendicular. Our pace, however, was not very rapid. It was necessary almost everywhere to climb one at a time, and, if convenient chimneys were found breaking the steep wall, they were not all to be climbed without some consideration, nor, one or two of them, without notable fatigue. My optimistic allowance of time to the épaule must have been almost consumed when we reached the base of the chapeau. Perhaps there was no point in going on. But for my part, I had an invincible desire to reach the crest beyond the Chapeau and look down on the other side. Porter's good nature was willing to gratify my curiosity, and we both counted on Elliott's stout heart. Under these somewhat whimsical circumstances, for it was clear enough now that we could not reach the summit, Porter proceeded to climb a crack in a steep slab, executed a delicate traverse to the right, and somehow managed to convey himself straddle-legged up a smooth edge of granite to a platform. It was a 40-ft. lead of great difficulty, a truly remarkable exploit at that late period in a strenuous first day. Another half-hour of difficult snow and rock work was required to reach the crest.

It was now 3.45 P.M. The Épaule was still half an hour, perhaps an hour, farther along the arête, even had we contemplated a descent on to an unknown glacier. Our course was obvious; we retraced our steps. We were off the rocks at 6.30 P.M., and reached Montanvert with the last light.

July 31.—It was two days later when we started forth again, this time for the Col du Géant. We had rested luxuriously after our look at the Requin; the mountains at the head of the glacier were still in a dangerous state, as were the Verte and the Dru, and nothing tempted us on that side. But it was thought that we might perhaps accomplish some part of the arête between the Aiguille du Géant and the Calotte de Rochfort.

The walk from Montanvert to the Col du Géant is not an expedition to be lightly undertaken—or not at all events by

a party still unfit. Above the ice-fall one may expect more labour than excitement, and if he is late there the labour may be excessive. On the other hand, to be there betimes demands a bout of crevasse-leaping in the dark. While so much snow was still unhardened on the glacier, and when the nights were so unsatisfactorily warm, the prospect of a heavy snow grind was a prime consideration. We started, however, no earlier than 8.30 A.M. in the expectation that the first glimmer of daylight would help us up the glacier, and with the hope that we might yet be early enough to find hard snow above the ice-fall. Our calculation was justified on the first head; when we found ourselves about 4.30 A.M. happily past the corner, in the middle of the glacier and approaching the ice-fall, we were well satisfied with our performance. But what were the prospects: we were walking on snow, firm enough it is true; but where was the crisp suggestion of frost? Allowing for a colder temperature higher up we could still be certain, if we followed the usual route, that we should trudge soft snow in plenty.

I hope that it was more in adventure than in laziness that we resolved to circumvent what Nature proposed. It was a favourable occasion to try experiments on a glacier, and the E. side of the ice-fall was not uninviting, by reason of a plausible trough which separates the more broken part of it from the lower rocks of La Noire. There was everything to be gained by this course if it would go; the W.-facing slopes above and beyond would be little affected by the sun, if we could but reach them soon enough, and we should have a shorter line to the Col du Géant. Those who are confronted by the deep blue sea turn to the Devil and hope for the best. Such was our optimism on the present occasion. The Devil at least is as an unknown quantity; his lure is caprice and he may make a mistake.

To describe in detail the sequel to our decision is a task which I trust will not be expected of me. Of all the mountaineering adversaries which a mountaineer may meet, the most surprising, resourceful, attractive, the gamest when he chooses to fight, is, beyond question, a big glacier. But the contest is indescribable. A climber who takes a short cut on a glacier can but look at his watch and count the lost hours. I can only relate of this adventure that our experiences were not unusual. We did not on the frail edge of some blue cold pinnacle, too elegant to be sound, run the risk of being engulfed along with it. Nor did we hew steps tediously up any per-

pendicular wall of formidable dimensions. But the way was exciting enough—first on the right of the trough, then in the middle of it, and finally across a bergschrund to a little snow slope under the rocks till we leaped from the ultimate tongue of La Noire to the white fields beyond. Here the crust would hardly bear us ; we became full of devices to float upon it ; we took quick little steps, we leaned upon our axes, we dug in our toes and crooked knees towards the slope, or painfully walked with boot soles turned out to press the thrust along the surface. At times we positively went upon all fours, the ubiquitous ice-axe playing spar to the shipwrecked. I believe we must have tried every manner of going that is swifter for a biped than to go upon his belly. Anything we found was better than to go through ; in treading delicately we could have given lessons to Agag. The sun was always chasing us—a bright menace—and we fled like bats, remained almost constantly in shadow, and almost never floundered. It was not altogether a straight line that we followed, but it seemed as we went miraculously direct. The slope was such that for the best part of the distance we never could obtain a clear view ahead ; the choice of line was speculative in the extreme. We had no knowledge as to where the crevasses lay ; we could only guess. But though the crevasses, when we found them, were perturbingly immense, the Fates were always kind ; some chasms which seemed to cut us off completely were found to be choked with helpful snow, others were cunningly bridged by frail arches of ice or just not too wide for a judicious leap. It was exciting, exhilarating, and sometimes hard work. Little time was lost. We met the tracks from the other side not far from Le Petit Flambeau and reached the Col about midday, sufficiently weary and contentedly elate, as all should be who have avoided irksome labour and yet achieved their object.

August 1.—The next episode which I have to record is the saddest event short of disaster that can well happen to a party of mountaineers. From the moment that Elliott first mooted the proposal that we should come to Chamonix at once instead of Dauphiné an apprehension had always been present in our minds—that Elliott's knee would stop obstinately in the way like Balaam's ass. To criticise the vagaries of this remarkable joint would be unbecoming in anyone but its possessor. Suffice it to say, that for Alpine labour it has been usually brought to a benevolent disposition by a careful course of previous suggestion. But the couloirs

of a government office during the summer months last year had contrariwise been a training in idleness. By the completion of our first expeditions it was brought to a state of open rebellion. It jibbed on the Requin, it creaked on the Glacier du Géant, and now was groaning vigorously on the Col. By evening it was evident that it refused to be cajoled. Elliott, who alone could gauge his hurt, told us plainly what it meant. At the least a week's complete rest was needed to restore his knee; it was unlikely to be fit even then for serious climbing. The only wisdom was to return to England at once.

It was a strange contrast next morning on that little high plateau so splendidly set, between the clear, vivid, hopeful, dawn calmly glorifying the peaks—a perfect morning on the one hand—and on the other a despairing party, setting forth not to win new summits, but to reach Montanvert in time for *déjeuner* and the train for Chamonix. We pottered for a time along the arête leading to La Tour Ronde to see the unparalleled beauty of Mont Blanc, and then mournfully, and very painfully I fear for Elliott, followed the tracks down the glacier.

The Trélaporte face of the Charmoz had attracted our attention on the way to the Col du Géant. I had wondered where exactly Joseph Pollinger had led his party so long ago as 1899. It was pointed out that wherever it was the route had been damned by Kurz as '*une des plus pierreuses.*' But this judgment I found incredible. Why should any place on that excessively steep face of hard granite be exposed to abnormal danger from falling stones? Stones might have fallen on the day of Pollinger's ascent, but were stones constantly falling there, or more frequently than in a hundred other places, on routes sanctified by venerable names and the common usage of climbers, where rocks were far more brittle and more disintegrated? The only way, we had agreed, to resolve this perplexity was to go and see. 'And why not?' I said to myself as I mounted the path. 'If ever two men are a better party than three it is on a steep rock face. And if we succeed we shall get a bit of our own back.'

When it happens to him who bears the lantern that he loses his balance irrecoverably, with the result that the lantern is dashed against a rock and extinguished while the palm of his hand receives an ugly gash—when ruffled by one or two such small adventures it is difficult to believe that all is going well. Accordingly, my mood on the morning of August 2, as

we contoured the lower slopes of the E. arête of the Charmoz, was not perfectly optimistic. My right hand though sore enough was still serviceable, but I regretted a portion of skin unfortunately removed from an important finger-tip. Porter had already been critical of my lead, in his gentle manner (probably with justice); I was supposed to be conducting the party by the light of previous experience, and I was particularly anxious to find a good way. But our line was evidently too high; we became involved with difficult rocks, and were forced to struggle up a most unpleasant pitch when we ought to have been walking on easy ledges. The Glacier de Trélaporte presented no difficulties when we reached it, but it was annoying to observe that we should have done much better to make for an obvious notch only a few feet above it by ascending a snow couloir on the other side. It was annoying, too, that the slope was just so steep that it was necessary to chip steps for some distance up the glacier. We sat down at length for breakfast about 5.40 A.M. on some rocks immediately below the bergschrund, not much later than I had expected. But it still seemed a vaguely unsatisfactory expedition when we went on again. We were lucky to find the bergschrund passable at the right-hand corner. I remembered that G. W. Young's party, when they climbed the Grépon, had some difficulty at this point. But generally speaking, difficulties were not to be expected on this lower part. We were following the line towards the conspicuous Red Tower followed by all previous parties on this face. I had once been so far as that level myself and remembered no formidable obstacle. However, we soon found ourselves cutting steps above the bergschrund towards the rocks away on our left with no little labour, on account of three deep grooves whose sides were both steep and hard. We took fifty minutes from our breakfast place to the rocks. Hereabouts I knew that one should traverse away to the left; but the slab which presented itself for this purpose looked singularly uninviting. I wasted twenty minutes climbing a steep wall, and defeated here, attacked the slab below; the roughness of the rock made it an easier passage than it looked. We proceeded without hesitation after this, bearing slightly to the left, until we found ourselves at a corner where a buttress abuts a wall; we were separated from some chimneys away on our right by a patch of deep snow. The obvious plan was to make at once for these chimneys, as Porter recommended. But my judgment was affected by vague

recollections. I was tempted to make a reconnaissance in the other direction, and there unfortunately I saw sitting on a ledge a large friendly cairn. I became possessed of the obstinate conviction that the wall above should be climbed and not the chimneys. Two somewhat desperate and futile attempts led to further waste of time, until eventually we crossed to the chimneys, which were found to go easily enough and led to the bay, a marked feature of the mountain, at the level of the Red Tower. It was now 8.30 A.M. Porter, who was carrying most of our burden, had been wonderfully patient behind an errant leader. But I was ill-satisfied. There had been no fizz about our performance, and while one may forgive hesitations and futilities when the obstacles are really formidable, he desires the preliminaries of an expedition such as this to go with a click.

From the point we had now reached much could be seen. The face of the Grépon presented its grim bare slabs in continuation of the line we had followed. Away to the right, on the other side of the bay, were the S.-facing rocks of the Charmoz E. arête, and most conspicuously the Aiguille de la République. The nick behind this elegant spike offers no attractions as a line of attack for the Charmoz. The problem is to reach the arête, where it assumes a comparatively horizontal habit above this step. The topography of all the country which now lay within our immediate view was related as we saw it to one central feature, a couloir of which the origin was concealed, but which descended towards us, apparently from the direction of the Charmoz; the Grépon was its true right wall in this lower part. Its true left wall was a conspicuous rib, a high buttress of the arête in question and leading exactly to the point which we wanted to gain above the Aiguille de la République.

Our objective, therefore, was perfectly clear, and we had little doubt that it had also been Pollinger's. The only doubt remaining was how and where to join our rib. Its extremity was a forbidding red wall, perhaps a hundred metres above us. The gully might prove the best way round, and at all events deserved inspection. Not many minutes were spent in determining our plan before we moved upwards again, on smooth but broken plaques. It became evident as we approached the gully that its condition, if not its nature, was sufficiently repulsive; we had no wish to contend against a vigorous young torrent in a smooth open groove, nor to go up where whatever was so inclined would be coming down—

not unless we were obliged. A convenient traverse led back to the right of the red wall above us, and we halted twenty minutes for a prune and a pipe. The next two hundred feet contained no obstacle of supreme difficulty; but with snow on sloping ledges and an angle that permitted no liberties it was an exacting pitch, and we found the hour 10.30 a.m. when we reached the narrow crest of our rib above its first formidable obstacle.

It is idle perhaps to analyse those swift changes of mood or sensation which are the common experience of mountaineers. They may come to us at any time through some incident in our adventure, through altering circumstances of our progress, or merely from the fact of a halt when we come together and review our situation.

We paused only, and looked upwards; and I became aware that the whole face of things, for me at all events, had completely changed. I saw by Porter's expression that it had changed for him too. His smile had too much enjoyment to be grim, and was too serious for mere amusement. We looked up at the ferocious crags, and felt, I imagine, as a hunter feels when he gets sight of his tiger. I have in mind an optimistic hunter; for we were certainly elated. And yet we had not too much to be happy about. In four hours we had made perhaps 1500 ft. from the bergschrund. We computed nearly as much again to the summit, and the great difficulties were all in front of us.

A few steps above us the buttress was notched, before rising again in an obstacle no less abrupt than the red wall which we had outflanked. We turned towards the gully and found a chimney. It was necessary to push up through a hole behind a chockstone—a tiring struggle, because the hole was iced, and while cutting out a way much care had to be taken to avoid bringing down too large a flake. From the shallow cave above the chockstone direct progress was strictly barred. The left wall offered the only hope. Luckily it was possible for the second to give a shoulder, so that the leader could be thrust over the edge on to a sloping slab above. It was an unpleasant position standing there with no particular handhold, but for the encouragement of an excellent belay. A minute crack running vertically up the slab alone seemed to break its even surface. Luckily the point of the axe could be inserted; by turning the shaft over to the left and keeping the point pressed in it could be sufficiently secured; the left hand in this way did the required pulling, while the right

fingers prevented a slip. Without an axe it would have been impossible to get up this slab, in height about 20 ft. The second dexterously availed himself of a stirrup-rope, which was just long enough to be within his grasp for the first struggle. We were still, as it were, in the middle of a pitch, but there was now a choice of alternative routes, of which the leader chose the worse. After ascending vertical flakes he had again to surmount a difficult slab when some distance above support. The second bore his burden up a chimney having a less malicious disposition, which proved moderately tractable after a difficult start.

My next recollection after these salient events, which I see quite clearly engraved in my mind with the familiar characters of nervous tension, is of issuing from some sort of groove which we had followed without difficulty above the chimney last mentioned. We now found ourselves once again on the crest of our buttress, followed a ledge to the right, and saw above us on this side a deeply-cut chimney, or subsidiary gully it might almost be called. Beyond the fact that we accepted what was offered with grateful hearts and some little show of enthusiasm, neither Porter nor myself could recall even a few hours later precisely what happened next. We agreed that it was, like Prospero's island, a wholesome place, where the air breathed upon us sweetly; the rocks were steep and sound as one could wish to find them; the wedged axe was useful more than once, and strenuous but not desperate exertion was required. Buoyed by confidence in Nature which had been so kind to us, happy, optimistic, we proceeded swiftly for about 200 ft. Even the final pitch, partially iced, a steep wall with very small holes—a difficulty we reckoned of the first order—detained us only for a few minutes, and when at 1.15 we gained a platform once more on the edge of the rib we were now proud of our progress. Here we halted for lunch.

The reflections engendered on this high perch were for the most part comforting: but two little doubts cast perceptible shadows. The sky was clouding over and mist was gathering about the peaks. A sphinx, presumably one of the Charmoz summits, could be discerned, when we looked round the corner of the gully, coldly regarding us; but suddenly we could no longer see it. Neither of us much believed, after the past few days, in the malice of this omen. But even an innocent mist was undesirable if we were to find our way down by a route unknown to us. The second doubt was perhaps more

serious. Kurz's account of Pollinger's ascent makes mention of a 6-7 metre chimney. Why then was nothing said of the remarkable chimney we had just come up? Could 6-7 be a misprint for 60-70? Such an explanation was far from satisfying us. Had Pollinger, in fact, ever been where we were? Kurz said not even so much as that this party had ascended a steep buttress; on the contrary, he spoke of a gully. The more one thought about it, the more clear it became that we had not followed the line of the first ascent. Whatever peace of mind may be drawn from the assurance that a man has been there before you could be ours no longer. What lay between us and our goal? And would it go? We judged that the distance could not now be great. We should soon know the issue. Such thoughts if they gave ground for some anxiety were chiefly exhilarating, entirely undepressing, and served, as did the sombre shadow of a cloud, to hasten our steps.

Immediately above us the rocks sloped back more gently than before. My pipe was scarcely well alight when we went on straight ahead. We had proceeded perhaps 150 ft. when I knocked it sideways against a rock and out of my mouth; it slithered down snow, past Porter, apparently doomed; and then by some miraculous good fortune turned a somersault, took a header, and stopped. Porter, roused to sympathy by my cry of anguish, made no hesitation in unropeing himself and quickly recovered my precious pipe. It was a good omen, but also a warning. The rocks were getting steeper—steeper than they had appeared from our luncheon place—and a little higher I now saw were probably impracticable. We chose the obvious alternative, and mounted snow on our right into a gully continuing our previous line. The first pitch pulled us up. We had reckoned with rocks but not with ice, and I feared delay. It was necessary to set to work with the axe, chipping awkwardly with the left hand from a strained position. The issue hung on one small step cut in the frailest imaginable structure just clinging to the rock. From this it was necessary somehow to pull oneself over the awkward bulge above it. The obstacle was the most obstinate we had yet encountered—the sort where a man sticks and decides that he can't, but, knowing he must, continues wriggling till he does.

We came forth finally from this second story of our great chimney or little gully to find a change of circumstances, showing that the end was near. The buttress had narrowed almost

to a knife-edge, as a good buttress should, before the point of abutment. Its structure was becoming fantastic, and even was showing a dangerous tendency to indulge in superfluous ornament. Some curiously devised overhangs and angular projections in the first 20 ft. above a narrow gap invited strange contortions in the climber; but we were too excited to contort ourselves for long; this obstacle was carried with a rush—in so far as that expression may be suitable to the balanced performances of mountaineers. We quickly mounted the beast's back beyond in the expectation of seeing the end. We were not, in one respect, disappointed. Whatever we saw was probably the last of its kind, and it appeared to mark the limit of our day's adventure. Separated from us by a square-cut gap was a gendarme about 100 ft. high—it was no fantastic shape prancing upon the edge of space, but a solemn and utterly forbidding sentry with his back to the wall. We were faced by an obstacle unassailable. On the right vicious slabs swept down to the Aiguille de la République; by traversing across the head of them it might be possible to reach a farther wall apparently near the junction of the buttress with the arête. Porter thought this quite without hope; it could be the hope only of desperate men. It seemed to me just conceivable that a way might be found on that side, but the demand of nerve and strength would obviously be so great that I doubted whether we should be justified in launching the assault at so late a stage in our day's hard work. To the left the situation appeared still more hopeless. The gully on that side had now opened into a bay; towards this the rocks fell away with appalling steepness, while the tower itself capped the precipice with an overhang. And beyond this, on the arête of the Charmoz, now so near, I noted a perpendicular wall some 30 ft. high, which might be impassable should we gain the arête.

With all my optimism blown away like smoke I climbed down into the gap, and proceeded to traverse carefully to the left side towards the overhang. At least, I thought, I will look round the corner. My curiosity was gratified by a ray of hope. Here was a little bay perched above the precipice; it might be possible to get up the farther side of it. The entrance was difficult, but I managed to crawl under the overhang and land my knees on to a sloping slab. On the farther side I climbed in a corner up to a mantelshelf on my left. Above this was a short wall. It was evidently very difficult, and I couldn't tell whether it would go. I sent back a

depressing account to Porter. My confidence was at a low ebb, but his reply showed that he possessed, or he assumed, the glorious gift of blind faith. It was necessary in any case for him to move, for I should want more rope if I was to make the attempt. Happily I was able to take up a position so as to press him inwards as he passed the overhang, and help his arrival on to the sloping slab which the rucksack might otherwise have rendered extremely awkward; and by similar means I calculated we should be able to return. On the farther side of the recess was a patch of snow. Here Porter drove in his axe. It was not a sufficient protection, but it might serve, and it was the best available. If he had wavered at this point I doubt if I could have tackled the pitch. I mounted again in the right-angled corner and traversed out leftwards on to the mantelshef. I was now almost directly above my second, and above me was a wall as nearly as possible perpendicular—a short obstacle—only some 15 to 20 ft. high, but, I confess, an alarming one. I was conscious during a few seconds' hesitation of confused reflections, proceeding from the thought that but a short time before I had been in the mood to tackle such a pitch with a gesture of confident enjoyment, with the *élan* of a leader leading to victory. Now it was different; the spirit was unwilling. Was the flesh any weaker for that, I wondered, or if more effort of will is required to start, is there less effort available to get up? . . . I looked down with a backward, uncomfortable glance, to see Porter in the most workmanlike fashion belaying the rope round his axe in which neither of us felt security. I positively disliked him for his imperturbability. Still, there he was, imperturbable, efficiently cheerful, a moral fact from which I saw no escape. I looked away from him, half in anger that he should combine so much genial amiability—more than usual—and so much veteran's righteousness round his damned belay; half in sorrow that any such fool could be found as to enjoy, apparently, our present situation; and at the same time, as I looked upward again, in some further strata of consciousness I was amusedly delighted that Porter was playing the game so well.

As to the difficulty of what followed I feel singularly incompetent to pronounce judgment. The steep little wall was climbed, safely, as it had to be; but the fingerholds seemed distressingly small, and it was necessary to change feet on a minute foothold. Balance, no doubt, was chiefly required; perhaps it was not a particularly difficult pitch.

Porter followed more easily than I had expected. However, my memory is left with the picture of a short intense effort of mind and body in a situation as exposed as I care for.

I had imagined once this wall was climbed that we should find a way up, one way or another, on this side of our arête, and I was disappointed after ascending a few feet higher to perceive that we could not proceed in that line. Porter, however, made a good lead up to the right, and by means of a slanting crack rejoined the arête. The great obstacle had been surmounted, but we withheld our cheers. Our hopes were not yet certainty. I had to take a shoulder to mount the next step in the arête, raced up 50 ft., crossed a gendarme, reached a farther point, and then shouted to Harold to follow. As he came up stepping off his axe and by some ingenuity recovering it, I was seated on the final pinnacle, duly placed to crown our buttress, and looking away over the arête and down to friendly Montanvert.

We were now divided from the summit ridge of the Charmoz by a sharp snow arête interspersed by a few rocky obstacles. With feet dug in on the Montanvert side and arms over the crest, we worked quickly along to the first of these, the perpendicular wall I had already remarked. It was easily surmounted and our way was plain before us. The mountain no longer resisted; the day was ours. At 3.45 p.m. we joined the summit ridge.

The weather luckily had not been unkind. Cloud was blowing on and off our peak; but not so as to enshroud us thickly. And in any case we could have followed tracks in snow, as we soon proceeded to do. An uneventful descent took us back to our abode at the due hour, in time for dinner.

A few words must be added in retrospect about our climb on the Charmoz. For persons hardly fit and certainly not yet hard it was a sufficiently strenuous day. But it was a proper expedition for two guideless climbers. They simply rubbed their noses against the rocks, and if they could not have climbed these rocks safely they would have retired. The only risks taken were in descending by the usual way, over the Nantillons Glacier. The ascent was never exposed to falling stones. A third man would necessarily have caused delay at several places, and a party of more than two will never, I expect, have much time to spare on this route. It is true that we wasted about 45 minutes below the Red Tower, and it would have been possible to have saved the 20 minutes' halt which we took at 9.30. Possibly the presence of ice in several places

cost us another 45 minutes, but we were early on the glacier, and I don't think our pace was slow ; from the time we reached the bottom of the long chimney, and particularly after lunch, it was as fast as I have ever travelled on difficult rocks. We had time to spare no doubt for the descent. Personally, I have a respect for the Nantillons Glacier. I would always like to pass the séracs before sunset—after the westerly sun has done its worst and before the critical hour or so when frost sets in for the night.

I have described this expedition at some length for purely literary reasons. It is possible to indicate the nature of an expedition quite briefly. But I confess I have not the art of making a story without some details, and to make a story seemed the best chance of interesting you.

The incidents of rock-climbing usually afford more material for description than hours spent on snow and ice ; there are notable exceptions, such as Mummery's ascent of the Col du Lion and our late President's ascent of Mont Blanc by the Peuteret arête ; but I think it will generally be found that much more ink has been used in describing difficulties on rocks than those on ice and snow. From my point of view this is regrettable. For the best that climbing can give us, variety is needed ; but ice and snow seem to me to afford finer experiences than rocks. I should be inclined to accept as an expression of the first mountaineering instinct Shelley's simple words, ' I love snow and all the radiant forms of Frost.' I don't love an Alpine peak devoid of snow. I hate the Dolomites, for instance, though I have never seen them, for their sterile aridity which no photograph can conceal ; they seem to me an unquiet sort of desert. I envy no mountaineer so much as those who made the Brenva ascent when it was still comparatively safe ; and it seems paradoxical that I should have been at pains to describe an expedition that contains so little of what I consider the finer element.

This attitude may seem ungenerous. But I don't deny the delights of the Charmoz, and I hope I am grateful for them. The Aiguilles are deservedly attractive. They have an indefinable quality of good breeding. Fishermen say of the salmon, I am told, that he is a gentleman—he refuses to give himself meekly away ; he plays up till the last ; he has the quality. The Aiguilles are not so much gentlemen as ladies. Porter and I were agreed that our Aiguille behaved with admirable spirit.

To complete the tale I set forth to tell I have still to make reference to two expeditions, though I shall not describe them.

Interest in the nature of our enjoyment of the Alps is concerned not only with particular peaks, but with the campaign as a whole. To those who find themselves in Chamonix wishing to be on the Col du Géant, it may seem desirable for the sake of the campaign to take a peak on the way; or they may merely wish to avoid repetition of a snow trudge they know too well. The latter was our case, and we planned to reach the Col du Géant, excluding the greater part of a toilsome walk by traversing the Aiguille du Midi from the Plan de l'Aiguille. It was perhaps mere laziness, but the enterprise was not without point, for it appeared from Kurz that no satisfactory ascent of the Midi had been made on this side. So far as I know only two parties have recorded expeditions here—the first, Mr. Dent's party in 1899 reached the N.E. arête in bad weather, and descended hastily on the far side without reaching the summit rocks; at all events they made the first ascent of this face. The second party, Mdle. Engster with a guide and two porters, were less successful.

Both parties used the great couloir which comes down from near the summit. Whether this was altogether a wise proceeding I have not sufficient knowledge to judge. One would certainly expect it to be a safe line of ascent in normal conditions, but to descend it late in the day when the sun has come round (it faces W.) is a very different proposition, and a party ascending this face must reckon with the possibility of defeat higher up, where the cutting might be very arduous or either of two obstacles impassable.

The line chosen by Porter and myself is to the left of this one all the way.¹ Crampons were used in the couloir—we should have required steps without them. The rocks in the middle section were easy. The general angle of the hanging glacier and snow slopes above is decidedly steep. We kept to the edge as far as possible, and thus avoided any slopes of bare ice on either hand. There were difficulties in only two places, firstly, in crossing the bergschrund, which appeared possible at only one point. It was necessary to get up a crack in an ice-wall. Secondly, where the final ice-wall meets the rocks, which were partially iced. This proved extremely difficult.

It was late, 12.15, when we reached the top of this peak, and the weather looked really bad. Nevertheless, I have little doubt we committed an error of judgment in deciding to descend to Montanvert; various considerations came in; we reckoned

¹ V. p. 131 for sketch.

we shouldn't be fit for a long climb next day, and at the hotel we should find letters. In any case we took the wrong line, though it was also Mr. Dent's, making for the Rognon, near the ice-fall of the Géant Glacier. It was a very laborious descent in deep soft snow till we reached the tracks on the Glacier de Plan coming from the Requin.

We found ourselves eventually at the Rifugio Torino contemplating a reconnaissance on Mont Blanc. I was not happy about the prospects, and found myself awake at intervals during the night going over again in my mind the arguments for and against this expedition. Was it really a suitable expedition for a party of two? And for this party? And there constantly recurred the vision of a certain bleak edge of snow, or it might be ice, where we had seen powdered snow whisked in a fierce tourbillon such as might blow a party off the mountain. The wind was moaning during the night, and was still unquiet when we were called. Porter exhibited a tendency to wait for more propitious signs. But an interval of silence was followed by gentle snoring, and it was impossible to believe his judgment to proceed from a clear, unbiased mental process. The question as to whether we ought to start became involved in another,—what would be good for Harold? The urgency of moral suasion was now applied.

A little later we were treading the steps up to the Col by lantern light. We had hardly popped our noses above the rim when we were furiously assaulted by an unseen enemy, whose first act of violence was to blow out our candle. You may remember that there is a hut less glorious than the Rifugio Torino situated at the level of the Col. Its emptiness was slightly cheered at that early hour before the dawn, by two pipes peacefully smoked and a conversation dim, solemn and fragmentary. The barbarian invasion, as it seemed, of Italy from the north did not cease; the hordes swept shuddering over the pass or fled screaming round the crags; and another project was born into the world. Below at the Rifugio two other Englishmen were presumably stirring towards resolved activities which they might already be half regretting. It was a favourable moment to try suggestion.

As a sequel to this thought four men—the two others were Professor Pigou, and Mr. McLean—after lingering just so long as to know from its magic touch on peak after peak that the old fire was still alive, jogged down the steep path on the Italian side. Two of them at least had no passports, and to the interest of outwitting tracks on a moraine was to be added

that of outwitting the gendarmerie. It was this thought, and the liberal advice of the inhabitants, when we were sitting in the shade at Purtud, after eating a breakfast worthy of that green oasis, that drove us from the alternative of passing there a day and a night. Those who have spent a hot summer's day, as hot as an August day can be—and have not started very early—in walking first up the Val Veni, and, farther, up the Miage Glacier, will appreciate the moral worth of our resolution. But I must admit that I found it a most enjoyable walk, and it was ultimately enlivened by circumstances which will remain unforgettable. Later in the afternoon of this same day the same four men might have been observed cutting steps up the Glacier du Mont Blanc on their way to the Quintino Sella hut, and with them, curiously enough, a fifth member to their party—a singularly passive member from all appearances, for he was frequently left sitting upon any convenient ledge and thereafter hauled up another stage, let down into a crevasse with a sickening swing, to be hoisted out on the farther side, and eventually pitched and pulled at the same time off the glacier altogether on to *terra firma*. This hapless personage was no less a burden than four small logs tied together at the end of our spare rope. The ascent to the Quintino Sella hut is steep—I doubt if any ascent to a hut is steeper; and the four weavers' beams arrived there that evening the least exhausted members of their party. There was wood enough already at the hut, as Professor Pigou had foretold; but his was merely that cynicism about the world as we find it which is born of present discomfort; the true critic might have asked what sort of a job it would be cutting and splitting those little logs for a fire, and how it might agree with the only tool available, the somebody's ice-axe, which must never be mine.

On the following day we traversed Mont Blanc. We did not find it a difficult ascent—following, I imagine, more or less closely the line first chosen by Mr. Kennedy. But it has rarely, if ever, been my fortune to spend a more agreeable day on the Alps—a day more than agreeable, a satisfying day. It is not altogether easy to account for this feeling. In the ordinary way I find a close correspondence between the intensity of the struggle and the keenness of enjoyment. In this case the real struggle had taken place on the previous day; in so far as mountaineering qualities were required for this expedition they were required chiefly for the ascent to the hut. Perhaps this fact was partially responsible for our enjoyment. The second day was a long, unchecked, and glorious reward for

the first. Is there any other mountain, I wonder, where the first day counts for so much? I call to mind the approaches to various huts; and how few are worth recalling for any interest in their unpleasantness! Another cause suggests itself as contributing to this day's enjoyment. The companionship of tried friends on the mountains is undoubtedly a blessing: but the converse is not true—that of untried friends need not always be a curse. A care for the brotherly relation has its uses, we are all agreed, in the mountaineering fraternity, but the discovery of a brother in the mountaineer can hardly be so interesting elsewhere, or so delightful, as upon the mountain side.

There is a further delight which I connect with this last expedition of my climbing season. The tentative advances and temporary defeats, hesitations and delays, linked together by a continuous persistence where the way is intricate and success is withheld for weary hours, or perhaps in the final decision—all that is a wonderful experience, and perhaps we like ourselves best for the efforts and endurance which the resistance of a great mountain demands. But easier successes have also their joys, and not the least of these is the mere rhythm of motion, the smooth, unchecked, harmonious advance of a party, where a great mountain offers from its abundance an infinite variety; though no remarkable skill may be required to surmount the obstacles, no little skill may be used to preserve that harmony, to achieve that intimate combination between the members of a party which is itself not only the most important of means, but a sufficient end and a sufficient delight.

And, finally, is not an ascent of Mont Blanc under any circumstances supremely satisfying? Or is this merely a hymn of praise to my mistress? I confess I have never walked up to the summit from the Grands Mulets; but I should be far from despising such an enterprise. A great mountain is always greater than we know: it has mysteries, surprises, hidden purposes; it holds always something in store for us. One need not go far to learn that Mont Blanc is *capable de tout*. It has greatness beyond our guessing—genius, if you like—that indefinable something about a mountain to which we know but one response, the spirit of adventure.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE FRENCH OR NORTH FACE OF
THE COL DE BIONNASSAY.

BY R. W. LLOYD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, June 1, 1920.)

THE climb I have to describe to you is the first ascent of the north (or French) face of the Col de Bionnassay. This col is probably well known to many of you by sight, and one might almost term it the most imposing maiden col in the Mont Blanc range.

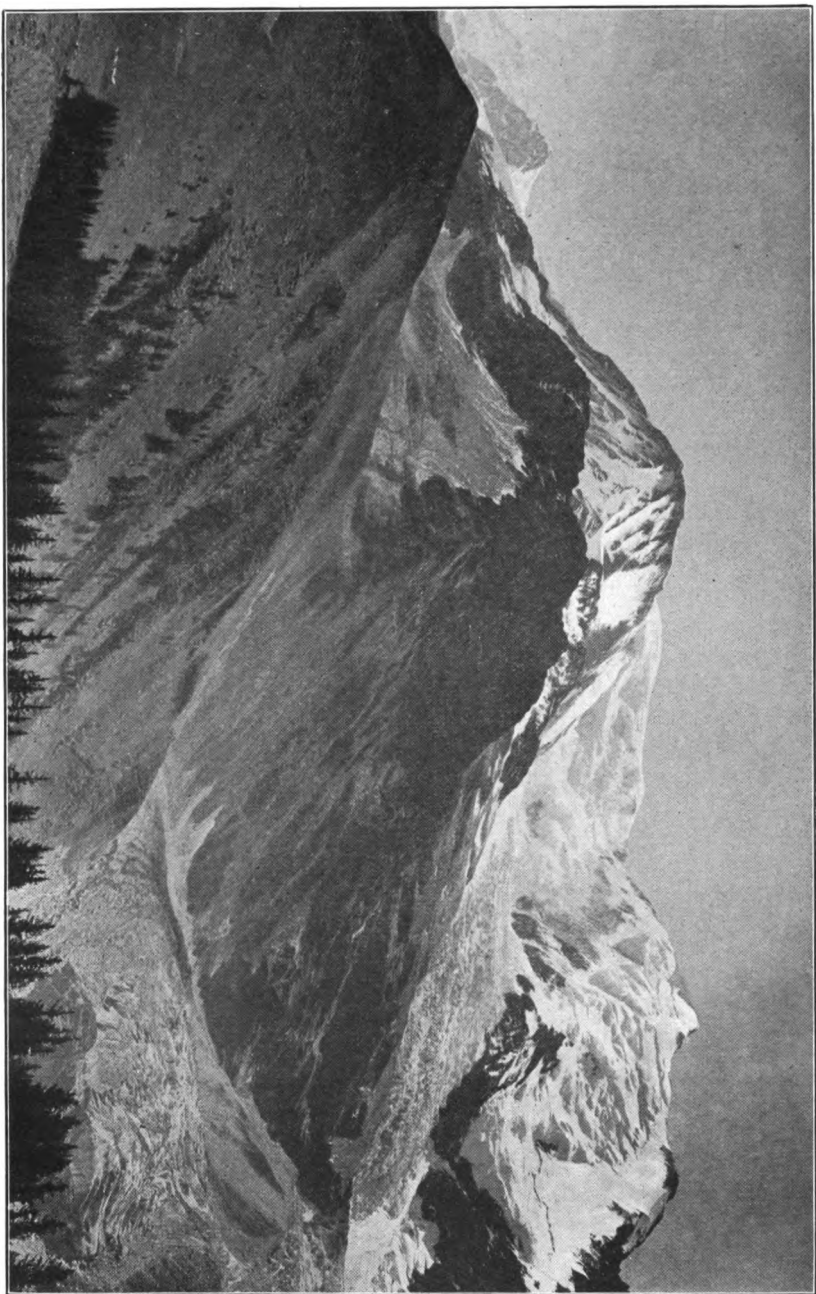
The view of it from the Hôtel Bellevue on the Col de Voza is superb and impresses one with the grandeur of the immense mass of snow and ice that makes up that face of the col. I formed the idea of this climb when going to the Tête Rousse Cabane en route for Mt. Blanc in July 1909. On broaching the subject to Joseph Pollinger he told me that Sir Edward Davidson had long had the climb in view and intended to try it at the first favourable opportunity. It was in fine condition so early in 1909, and the Bergschrund looked somewhat easier than I have since seen it. In the circumstances of course we decided to leave it, but last summer Sir Edward kindly urged me to attempt the climb and gave me his views as to the advisable line, which we afterwards found to agree remarkably well with our actual experience. I accordingly went out to Chamonix last summer, determined to put matters to the test.

I arrived at Chamonix on August 2, 1919, staying of course *chez Couttet*, where Joseph joined me. Being badly out of condition, for several days I took more or less painful walks up and down the paths to La Flégère, etc., etc. We slept at Montanvert on the 6th, traversing on Friday the 7th the Aiguille du Tacul, which at that date carried much snow like the rest of the Mt. Blanc chain. This is a very pleasant climb to start with and I found it did me a great deal of good. Before we left for the climb, Joseph, with a misguided confidence in the French post, wrote for his son, Adolph, to join us on the Sunday.

The fine weather continued and we looked forward to a start for the Col de Bionnassay on Sunday. However, Sunday

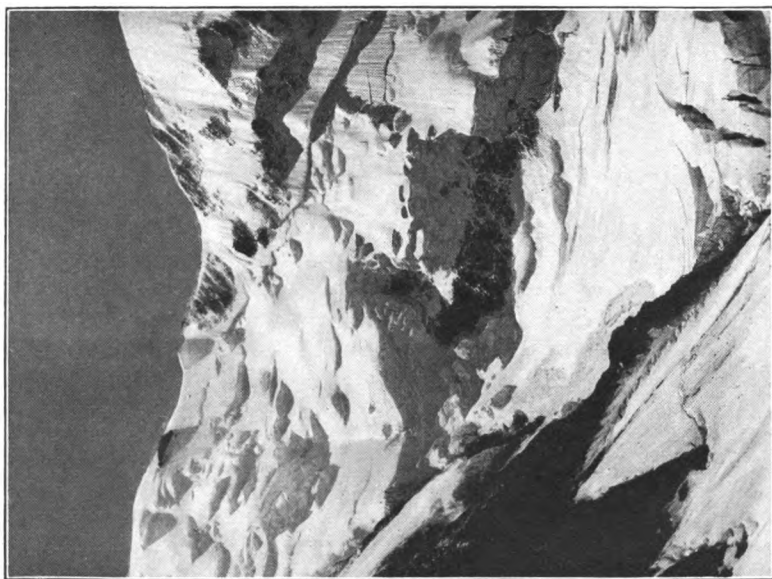
Aig. du Gouter.

Col and Aig. de Bonmassay.

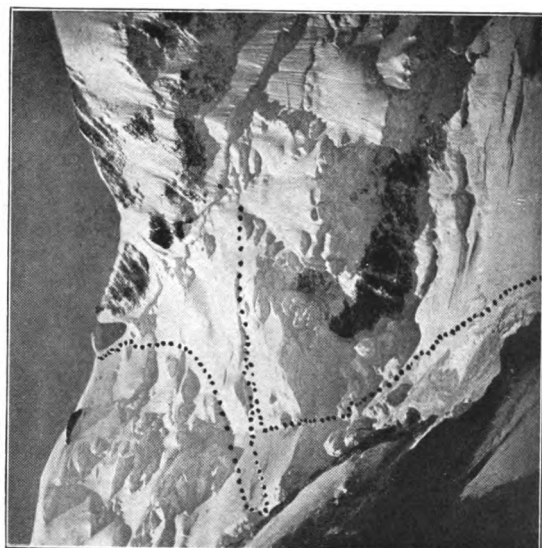


FROM COL DE VOZA.

[Photo. P. Montandon.]



The French side of the Col de Bionnassay from glacier
below Tête Rousse hut.



TAKEN IN AUGUST, 1920, FROM BELOW TÊTE
ROUSSE CABANE

The Glacier had greatly changed since our ascent in 1919 when there was a huge bergschrund, now closed, which, as will be seen from the route trace, we made fruitless efforts to cross.

passed and no word of Adolph, so on Tuesday I sent Joseph to Châtelard to telephone home. He learned that the letter had only arrived on Monday night and that Adolph would be with us early in the morning. We accordingly telegraphed to the keeper of the Tête Rousse Inn to open it for us on Wednesday. Wednesday morning came, but with it no Adolph. We were in a difficulty but could only wait. In the afternoon Adolph arrived, some stupid individual having told him that he would arrive at Chamonix just as early if he stayed the night at Martigny instead of at Châtelard.

The weather continued lovely and we were very anxious to get off as we feared the effect of the fine weather on the very steep snow of the col. On Thursday, at last, we left by train for St. Gervais and went on by the Mt. Blanc railway to the terminus, picking up on the way the gardien of the cabane. From the railway terminus it is about two-and-a-half hours' easy going to the Tête Rousse, where we arrived about 6 o'clock. From the view-point at the back of the cabane we had a good look at our col and satisfied ourselves that it would go and that the Bergschrund at any rate would not be difficult, in which idea we were woefully mistaken as results showed next day.

On our return to the cabane we set to work to warm the bottle of soup brought from Couttet's. Our annoyance can be imagined when we found that we had carefully carried a bottle of what was, when we started, *hot water*. Someone had blundered! However, the gardien produced the usual local variety of soup and we had a decent supper and soon after retired to bed—a real bed, as this is an A.1. cabane. The idea of getting the long-thought-of climb, and I suppose the strangeness of everything after the four years' blank; combined with the creaking woodwork, kept me awake and gave me only a very moderate night, which I found had also been Joseph's experience. Even the youngster, Adolph, excited no doubt with the idea of his first snow climb, slept badly. We were up at 2.30, and after Joseph had told the old guide-gardien of our plans and been informed that we were certain to be killed, etc., etc., we set off at 3.30, being followed to the place for descent to the glacier by the old fellow to see if we really were going to try the pass.

The weather was perfect, and in twenty minutes we were down and over the ice and just under the séracs of the Glacier de Bionnassay. We had the choice of two routes, one by the rocks on our left with ice fall covering their upper part,

and the other up the blue ice couloir in the middle line of the séracs in front of us. Neither place looked too attractive, but after a glance at the rocks we were not for having any dealings with them, being prudent and careful people—the ice fall indeed looked horrible. We were justified in our views, as during the morning the rocks were continually swept by fall after fall of ice and no one could possibly have won through in safety. Having decided on the couloir, Joseph proceeded to cut a way slowly up the very steep blue ice with here and there a short piece of snow or ice of a slightly less difficult character. Eventually we got through the séracs by cutting up an almost perpendicular wall of blue ice, and arrived at the Bergschrund. Here we expected to have no great trouble, but were a good deal surprised to find that the place which looked like a good bridge was quite impossible owing to the Bergschrund having opened. We were at least a week too late. The Bergschrund was enormous, extending completely from side to side of the col, with a huge gap at each end between it and the rocks. It was by no means an easy business to cross it as the snow and ice were so steep. We traversed backwards and forwards, but could find no possible place to get over. Coming back to the left side to where we first looked we decided to see if we could get on to the rocks, although the avalanches from the ice fall were not encouraging. We had a look, and again turned to the Bergschrund feeling very anxious, as the prospect of going back by the way we had come was extremely unpleasant. After some discussion we decided to try to cut round an exposed corner of steep ice on the left end of the Bergschrund and see if it looked any better from there, as it seemed as though there might be a bridge high up. Joseph cut very carefully, and was shortly out of sight. I paid out the rope and as it got near the end was glad to hear his cheerful shout 'It will go!' Very soon after we all stood on the very steep snow slope above the Bergschrund, exceedingly pleased with ourselves and confident of accomplishing the climb.

Hitherto Joseph had been leading, but Adolph now went in front, making steps in the steep snow, of which however the angle so increased that Joseph again took the lead, bearing to the right to avoid a huge crevasse. Once over the end of this we cut up to a big sérac and sat down to breakfast at 7.30—our first rest after having been going steadily for 4 hours.

We did not wait long as we were afraid of the effects of

the sun on the exceedingly steep upper slopes, and went on at 7.55.

There was a huge crevasse above us to be crossed which gave us a little trouble, but Joseph cut up some ice at a very high angle and we were soon over with only one small crevasse and some excessively steep upper snow slopes between us and the col. The crevasse—the sixth—gave us no trouble and we were soon on the final slopes. We should have preferred to make our way about 20 to 30 yards to the right, so as to get on to the actual Col de Bionnassay, but the sun was already well on this snow and rapidly advancing on to the snow in front of us. We dared not risk a traverse owing to the great steepness of the slope, so cut steadily up, making our steps after the model of an old-fashioned step-ladder leading to a hay-loft, and just reached the dividing frontier ridge at 10.38, just as the sun touched us. We had 7 hours 8 minutes of pretty hard going from the cabane of the Tête Rousse to the col. Directly I stepped on to the arête, Joseph said to me excitedly: 'Turn round; look at it! Look at it! and we have come up there!' It really did look impossible it was so steep—but there were the tracks.

We had hit the ridge at some little distance from where the Dôme route joins it, and after resting until 11 o'clock we proceeded along it intending to descend the Glacier de Bionnassay italien. The sun had, however, been on the snow for some time and it was in a very bad condition, and, in Joseph's opinion, quite unsafe to descend. We therefore reluctantly decided to go down by the arête which divides the Glacier de Bionnassay italien from the Glacier du Dôme, which is not nearly so steep, to the Cabane du Dôme. We reached the hut in 2 hours—1 o'clock—rested until 3.20 and descended to Courmayeur, reaching Bertolini's hospitable roof at 8.30 French, 9.30 Italian, time, quite tired out. We had had a magnificent day and one of the finest climbs we had ever accomplished. Joseph was at his best and cut any number of steps in ice and snow, the final slopes alone taking some 400 to 500 steps. The climb is naturally a great effort for the leader, and any party who proposes to repeat it will be well advised to make the attempt early in the season and to make certain that the Bergschrund is in good condition, otherwise there is a grave risk of having to return through the steep ice fall, which might be a very serious matter; moreover, above all, the party must be on the final slope before the sun arrives there. Apart from this, it is a magnificent climb, and

I should say one of the finest pure snow and ice expeditions in the Alps. I should not, however, care to try to descend on the French side even under exceptionally favourable conditions.

After resting a couple of days at Courmayeur, where we met Courtauld and Oliver (who, like good mountaineers, had been out carefully examining the route of their magnificent new climb of the following week), we left on Monday morning for the Rifugio Torino, and on Tuesday descended to Chamonix, climbing the Aiguille du Plan on the way. Just below the top of the couloir I had the bad luck to get a large piece of granite on my right leg, and only the promptness of young Adolph prevented what might otherwise have been a serious accident. As it was, I did not enjoy my six-hours descent to Montanvert, and was laid up for the next fortnight at Chamonix, which was annoying just as one was getting fit and had lovely weather.

On August 27 we had bad weather, which lasted two or three days and filled up everything in the Mt. Blanc range with deep snow. The outlook was hopeless, so as my leg now 'went,' we went, September 2, to Montroc for the night, and next morning, starting at 8.55 A.M. reached the Cabane Julien Dupuis at 10.30 A.M. After pottering about until 1 o'clock we went up a small view-point at the back of the hut and were astonished to see the Swiss mountains free from fresh snow, and the Matterhorn a black peak. The bad weather had been entirely local. Joseph was of opinion that Carrel's *Galerie* on that peak would go, and so in five minutes we were off en route for *Switzerland*. We reached Martigny in time for dinner, and went on thence to Visp and reached Zermatt next day.

After lunch we left for the little inn at the foot of the Matterhorn.

As I was setting my alarm watch Joseph urged me to leave the calling function to him. Unfortunately, he trusted to the hotel people, and it was only at 5 he came in much annoyed at the hotel people having failed to call him. At 5.30 we were off in daylight, and reached the top of the Matterhorn by the usual route soon after 10 o'clock—8½ hours actual climbing.

We started down the Italian side at 10.25 in beautiful weather, descending a little below the 'Echelle Jordan' to the so-called 'Col Félicité' where, after a look round, Joseph announced: 'Here is the *Galerie*.'

All honour to the man who *first* went that way! Once you

get on to the ledge that winds right across the Tiefenmatten face at the foot of the final almost vertical wall, the difficulties resolve themselves chiefly into the ever-present necessity of taking great care. It is not the sort of place which even the younger and more daring members of the Club would choose for a Jazz dance, for instance! As a matter of fact, I do not think there is a real handhold on the traverse until one reaches the chimney close to the Z'Mutt arête.

After a brief halt we started along the *Galerie*, Adolph leading. We soon came to a piton, and a little less than half way across, a second. These pitons were of no service to us, and indeed I do not see how they can be of any use unless the first man has a long rope and the others use it as an extra hold. As it proceeds, the *Galerie* rises and we were soon at the steep chimney with its double piton at the top and halfway down the ring piton. Adolph descended first, after I had unroped, as we had no spare rope and a long rope was here needed. Joseph paid the rope out to him until he had to let go near the bottom. The rope then came up and I started down. With a man above one can climb down most of the way, but the last bit rather overhangs and the rope is useful for a short drop of a foot or two. Having descended I then unroped and Joseph in his turn passed the rope over the first piton and then in the middle of the chimney refastened it to the ring piton. We were all down at the end of the *Galerie* and on the Z'Mutt arête at 12.35, having taken rather less than an hour's actual going for the traverse.

After a little discussion we decided, the day being fine, to descend by the Z'Mutt arête, and pushed on over the slabs to the head of the Z'Mutt arête, where we had lunch at 1.20, proceeding at 2 o'clock. The descent of the arête is a much more serious undertaking than the ascent. I have ascended twice and in much worse conditions, but on the descent the last man occasionally has to use the rope as a spare rope. All this means delay, and it was 5.30 when we reached the snow arête below the teeth. We had only one axe with us, having left the others behind as the descent of the Z'Mutt arête was an afterthought. Naturally at that hour the snow was bad and Adolph had to make good steps right on the top of the ridge. It was fatiguing work for him, as cutting downhill is tiring work at the best. I wonder how many members of this Club have had the somewhat doubtful pleasure of descending this arête late in the afternoon without an axe? It's not so easy as it looks, especially when one can only go about three steps

at a time and then has to wait for the last man. The latter, who of course was Joseph, had the worst of it, and as he said afterwards to me—‘Adolph broke the step, you made it worse, and it was worst of all for me owing to the bad snow.’ I know one member of the party who was not sorry to get to the rock, and I fancy there was not much to choose between us in that respect.

We proceeded, plunging deep into the soft snow until we reached the easy screes. We hurried down these as the light was failing fast, and then had a bit of real bad luck, as in the dusk we went halfway down the wrong couloir and lost some time getting back to the right one. At last we reached the upper ice slopes. It was now quite dark and we could not see to make steps, but finding some old ones crossed to the cliff and sat down with the right leg in the space between the rock and the snow and edged our way down until we could stand up with back to the cliff and feet on the edge of the ice or hard snow until we got to the snow and debris where we had safe footing—all this in the dark. We pushed on down the steepish slope of hard snow until we got to the Bergschrund. Here we stuck. We could not see any way over, and though we wandered along its edge we could not negotiate it. It was by no means an easy job to follow Joseph as he cut steps; one could not see and had no ice-axe to feel with. At last Joseph gave it up and cut up to the rocks again where we found a large stone and decided to stay the night at what we called the ‘Chalet Z’Mutt.’ By this time it was 9 o’clock. We were all very thirsty and viewed with dismay our inability to get a drink, so Joseph set out to see if there was any water near. After a considerable time, when Adolph and I were both getting a little anxious, he reappeared with two bottles of water. We had some food and huddled together to keep as warm as we could. About 2 o’clock a nasty wind got up which did not add to our comfort. At about 4 o’clock we saw below the lights of three parties starting for the Z’Mutt ascent. At 5.30 we made a move, and then found that we had only to get into the Bergschrund and walk a few steps up it to get on to the other side. We arrived at Zermatt at 10 o’clock, all of us quite worn out but thoroughly pleased with our expedition, which, but for the late start in the morning, would easily have finished the same day.

The particular combination of routes, as far as I am aware, had never been done previously. The Matterhorn was in wonderful condition and the rocks were quite dry.

It is unnecessary for me to say anything in praise of Joseph Pollinger; his reputation is known to you all, but I would like to say how very satisfactorily his son, Adolph Pollinger, acquitted himself on what was his first introduction to ice and snow. It was a somewhat severe test of a young man without previous experience, but he proved himself a worthy member of his family, and should have a great future before him.

It may be of interest to mention that I found no difficulty travelling, and was quite as comfortable as at any time previous to the war. It is well, however, to leave one's self a rather larger margin of time at stations, and of course to have all one's papers strictly in order.

I am greatly indebted to the members of the Club who have so kindly assisted me and lent me slides, particularly to the nephew of our former president, the late Mr. Woolley, who sent me a number of his uncle's slides, Mr. Howard Priestman, Major Thurston Holland, Mr. Aitken, Mr. Shea and others.

AROUND LAKE LOUISE IN 1919¹
WITH ASCENTS OF MTS. KING GEORGE AND ASSINIBOINE
(CANADIAN ROCKIES).

By V A. FYNN.

WE reached Lake Louise July 23. The first few days were devoted to training trips. I traversed Mt. WHYTE (9786 ft.) alone on the 24th. On the 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Fynn, Rudolph Aemmer and myself went to ABBOT'S PASS (9588 ft.) and back. Throughout this period, the weather was uncertain.

On July 29 Rudolph and I took a boy about 17 up Mt. ABERDEEN (10,340 ft.) by way of the ice fall² of the Aberdeen glacier which comes down between Aberdeen and Haddo. This glacier lies at the head of the beautiful little valley which descends to Paradise Creek between Fairview and Saddleback on one side, and Haddo and Sheol on the other. Rudolph

¹ See 'A.J.' xxxii. 314 for map.

² The photograph facing p. 71 of 'A.J.' xxxii. gives a good view of this fall. All of the route followed is visible.

Aemmer and Edward Feuz, the two Swiss guides stationed at Lake Louise, some years ago reached the snow saddle between Haddo and Aberdeen, from the foot of the ice fall in question, by taking to the steep and somewhat rotten rocks to the east of same. It was our intention to repeat this route, but when we reached the foot of this rock wall at about 12.30, having left the hotel at 7.50 A.M., we found that the whole face was alive with falling rocks and an attempt to scale it would have been foolhardy. This condition was brought about by the unusually small amount of snow, and was to give us considerable trouble in practically every ascent which we made in 1919. The trouble, of course, became worse as the season progressed. In these conditions, we had either to descend the Aberdeen glacier until it became possible to traverse to the foot of the Haddo glacier and reach Aberdeen over Haddo, as I had done in 1917, or force a passage through the ice fall. Inspection of the latter showed it to be in a condition favourable to such an attempt, and we started immediately. On the left or eastern side of the fall, is a narrow ice gulley next to a very high and almost perpendicular ice cliff. This seemed to be the most suitable way of reaching the middle portion of the ice fall, which was much broken up and did not seem to present any difficulties. Rudolph started cutting; but, owing to a little overhang, was presently forced to stand on my shoulders; while, higher, I was able with my hands to steady his feet in the ice steps. The middle portion of the ice fall proved easy and we made good progress, keeping to the right and away from the steep cliff, about the security of which we were not very certain. Presently we were stopped by a very deep chasm, running almost horizontally across the entire fall. The lower lip of this chasm had effectively concealed it up to this time. We were now forced to traverse back to the left, balancing on the narrow edge of this lower lip, and finally emerged on easy ground well above the highest cliff previously referred to. The saddle between Haddo and Aberdeen was reached about 2.30, and after some luncheon we topped Aberdeen at 3.35. Leaving at 4, Haddo (10,073 ft.) was reached at 4.30 and the cabin on Saddleback at 7, by way of the Haddo glacier. I thought I was now ready for some of the better expeditions, but the weather was so uncertain that nothing serious could be undertaken.

In the meantime Mr. Eddy suggested that we go on a camping trip to the Royal Group, and visit Assiniboine on the way. The Potts Outfitting Co. of Morley undertook

to supply us with an outfit, and their horses were all in fine condition, and the men proved able and agreeable companions.

THE ROYAL GROUP.

The Royal Group is almost due south of Banff, at a distance of about forty miles as the crow flies. Our attention was called to this group by reports of surveyors, and particularly by the Report of the Commission appointed to delimit the Boundary between the Provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, the first part of which was published in 1917. In this Report Mr. A. O. Wheeler shows a photograph of the whole range taken from Mt. McHarg, which lies on the east side of the Palliser River Valley. It appears that the highest peak of this group, the number of prominent peaks of which happens to coincide with the number of members of the Royal Family, was first seen by Mr. Wheeler in 1913 from WONDER PEAK (9800 ft.), which lies north of Marvel Lake, east of Mt. Assiniboine and some twenty miles north of the Royal Group. Mr. Wheeler tells me that he named this peak 'Mt. King George' at that time. Later, during his survey work, he came within five or six miles of the group, located it on the map, and ascertained the heights of the main peaks. The group is about five miles long, and, in the main, runs parallel to the Palliser Valley where the course of the latter is almost due south. The most easterly summit, MT. PRINCE GEORGE, (9450 ft.) is the lowest. Next to it in height is MT. PRINCESS MARY (10,090 ft.), the most southerly peak. All the others are above 10,500 ft. and MT. KING GEORGE is 11,226 ft.

We decided to approach the group by following the Spray river to Palliser Pass (6836 ft.). On August 1, I left Lake Louise for Banff, with the intention of supervising our final arrangements. The rest of the party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Fynn, and Rudolph, followed by the first train next day. The weather improved somewhat towards noon, but we were unable to leave until 3 P.M. owing to some unforeseen complications. Our chief pony-guide and cook was 'Waddy' Potts. Robert Baptie and Jack Fuller acted as horse wranglers. Our party of eight, and sixteen horses, started from Banff Springs Hotel and immediately struck south, following the eastern shore of the Spray river. After a few miles, the trail crosses the river on a recently built bridge and only rejoins it after the Spray lakes have been passed. That day we made camp at 7.30, well beyond

Canmore Gap, in a spot where water was very difficult to get (14 miles), the result of our late start. The next day we left at 10, and camped just beyond the second Spray lake (12 miles) on the shores of the Spray river, just where the trail branches to Kananaskis lakes. The fishermen of the party were unable to add much to the larder, as the Canmore miners had apparently fished the river dry. It began to rain during the night and rained steadily all the next day, so we decided not to move camp until next morning. A most enjoyable ride took us past the entrance to Bryant Creek (5 miles) in ever brightening weather. Beyond Bryant Creek, the trail was very rough for a couple of miles and we had some trouble with our pack-horses. Towards noon we found ourselves at the entrance of White Man Creek, and realised that we had missed the trail. Unfortunately we had been unable to secure detailed maps of this country, and now felt the need of one for the first time. As a matter of fact, we ought to have crossed to the eastern bank of the Spray, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Bryant Creek, just where the Currie and White Man creeks join it. We finally decided that the quickest way would be to strike due east across country. This was done and the right trail was soon struck. At this point the Spray Valley broadens out, and should permit a good view of the high peaks about Palliser Pass; but we could only guess at these, as the clouds were still very low. At 5 P.M. we made camp on the eastern slopes of the valley, just opposite Spray Pass and Leman Lake, which lies at its foot, but cannot be seen from the Spray Valley ($19\frac{1}{2}$ miles).

On August 6, Rudolph and I left camp early, in order to study the country from Palliser Pass, now within $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of us. We made the pass easily in two hours, left our horses near the monument, and climbed one of the hills to the east. From our last camp, and on our way up, we could see that Mt. SIR DOUGLAS (11,174 ft.), just east of the Palliser Pass, was a very fine peak, but the low drifting clouds never permitted a good view of the mountain. They continued to interfere with our investigations and, in the absence of a map, led us to the conclusion that the twin northerly peaks of the Royal Group—Prince John and Queen Mary—lay immediately behind Mt. BACK (9883 ft.) and an unnamed peak just south of Palliser Pass. The deep Palliser Valley, which we could overlook from our point of vantage, promised such rough going, and the open spaces and beautiful lakes on Palliser Pass looked so

attractive, that we decided to suggest to the rest of the party that our main camp be located on the pass. On the north side of Palliser Pass lies the Belgium Lake in an open fairly flat space, nearly one square mile in extent. Just beyond the pass, and on its southern side, are two lakes located one above the other. Back Lake is the larger and the higher. It is, in the main, fed from the glaciers which descend from Mt. Back, and from an unnamed peak to the east thereof, and is the real source of the Palliser River. Palliser Lake receives its water from Back Lake. Immediately west of Belgium Lake is Mt. QUEEN ELIZABETH (9349 ft.) with Mt. KING ALBERT (9800 ft.) behind it, and east of the lake is Mt. SIR DOUGLAS (11,174 ft.) with Mt. MONRO (10,145 ft.) immediately south thereof.

Looking down the Spray Valley, Mt. SMUTS (9600 ft.) is the only peak which attracts attention. It is a rock summit shaped like a sugar-loaf and looks quite difficult. Looking down the Palliser Valley from Palliser Pass, none of the Royal Group can be seen; but Mt. JOFFRE (11,816 ft.), some thirteen miles to the south and slightly east, is easily the most striking object in that region, although some of the other peaks east of Palliser Valley also look attractive.

The rest of the party arrived at 1 P.M., and camp was made just east of Belgium Lake and near its southern end. While Rudolph and I had been examining the neighbourhood, we discovered some goat on the eastern slopes of the unnamed peak east of Back; so, in the afternoon, Mr. Eddy, Rudolph, and I, went in that direction, not only to get a closer view of these interesting animals, but also to reconnoitre further in the direction of the Royal Group. We finally reached the southern ridge of the unnamed peak, and looked down upon Tipperary Creek and a large glacier at its head, which one might call Tipperary Glacier. At the head of this glacier, and to the south of it, stand two easy-looking peaks which, in the absence of a map, we took for Prince John and Queen Mary. As a matter of fact, the two last-named peaks are just about three miles directly beyond these peaks. After taking some photographs, we circled around the unnamed peak east of Back, and descended to Lake Back by the glacier just west of the unnamed peak. We felt pretty sure that the two peaks at the head of Tipperary Creek were Prince John and Queen Mary, for their shape agreed fairly well with their appearance in the photograph published by Mr. Wheeler in his report, and the long and steep wall between Prince

John and Prince Henry appeared to be exactly duplicated by the wall west of Tipperary Creek. We regained camp with the idea of taking the two ladies up one of these virgin peaks. Accordingly, on August 7, the whole party, save the packers, left camp at 7 and climbed to the saddle east of Mt. Back by way of Lake Back. A descent to the Tipperary Glacier led to the gap between the supposed Queen Mary and Prince John, when we quickly realised our mistake; for the whole of the Royal Group stood revealed right across a deep and beautifully wooded valley, in which we later discovered a herd of ten elk with two or three fine heads among them. I will refer to it as the **ROYAL VALLEY**. This discovery was a very sad blow, particularly to the ladies, who up to this time had been under the impression that they were going to make the first ascent of one of the principal peaks of the Royal Group; but nothing could be done, and we settled down to a closer examination of the country. The weather was now perfect, and every detail stood revealed. It became apparent that Mt. Queen Mary could be reached from Tipperary Glacier by circling around the peak we had taken for Queen Mary, descending into a high valley beyond, traversing it and attacking the peak from the north-west. It also looked as if access could be gained from the north-east, just to the right of the beautiful hanging glacier which entirely covers this peak on this side. Such an expedition was, however, clearly beyond the reach of the ladies and would require a bivouac at the foot of Queen Mary. After watching the animals down in the Royal Valley, admiring the Royal Group, and settling upon a mode of approach to Mt. King George, it was decided that the ladies should go back to camp with Rudolph, while Mr. Eddy and myself were to climb the false Queen Mary. When about half-way up, we found that those behind were following us. Rudolph never relished the idea of going back to camp within a few stone-throws of an unclimbed peak, and finally persuaded the ladies to let him take them up. We enjoyed a beautiful view from the summit. Mt. Assiniboine was clearly to be seen in the north. The Royal Group, immediately to the south, looked finer than ever, and Mt. Joffre, with his attendant satellites, very imposing. We descended by the north-west ridge of the false Queen Mary, traversed over to the south-east ridge of Mt. Back, crossed same and descended to the gap above Lake Back, over some very steep snow and ice which gave the ladies all the thrills they wanted. On the way down, we had a splendid

—Mt. Prince George.
 —Mt. Prince Albert.
 —Mt. King George.
 —Mt. Prince Edward.
 —Mt. Prince Henry.
 —Mt. Prince John.
 —Mt. Queen Mary.



ROYAL GROUP.
 From the North-East (Tipperary Glacier).

view of Mt. Sir Douglas, but could not agree on the best line of ascent. From this side, the peak looked undoubtedly difficult.

The weather being very fine, and appearing settled, it was thought best to make our attempt on Mt. King George without further delay. Mr. Eddy did not feel in sufficiently good training to attempt the probably strenuous trip; so on August 8 Rudolph and I took Rob, and five horses, and descended to Palliser Lake. Up to that point the trail is well marked and presents no difficulty, but on the east side of the lake it suddenly turns east at a point where it is hardly marked, and crossing a ridge, dips down into a deep gulley, parallel to the one in which the lake is located. The slope is here very steep, the trail dropping 1000 ft. in a little more than one mile; and although fairly well marked, we found it extremely difficult to follow because of wind-fall. The whole of the Palliser Valley was burnt out many years ago and nothing but bare tree-trunks are to be seen. Their roots are, of course, decaying, and many of these trunks go down with every wind storm. Nobody had been in this district for many years. The last of the very few parties which have visited this region was probably Mr. Wheeler's when surveying the boundary, and I do not think he went beyond Le Roy Creek. Our difficulties began as soon as we stepped on to the steep slope and we advanced at a snail's pace, for it was necessary to cut a way for our horses. At one point, one of the pack-horses attempted to vault a huge trunk a little to the side of the place cut out, and losing his balance went rolling down the slope. Luckily his progress was arrested by another trunk, the pack wedging and holding the animal with all four feet in the air. It was very lucky that we had rope enough, for both front and hind legs had to be tied to trees while he was being unpacked and rope again used to enable him to rise, while repacking on that slope was also quite a job. This very horse was carrying my camera as I thought there would be nothing to photograph, whereas no better subject could have been than this cayouse at the height of its difficulties! Our struggles continued without intermission. After the 1000 ft. of steep descent, the trail became almost entirely obliterated, and the timber very much thicker and larger. We had two axes with us, but no cross-saw, which packers are averse to carrying, alleging that it cuts their ropes or the packs; but it is only necessary to cover the teeth with leather, and a saw saves a good deal of time, and in camp much wood. Rudolph kept the lead almost all day,

while I helped to chop the trees and move the scenery, Rob being kept busy with the five horses. In an awkward place near the river, another horse rolled over and the ropes again came into use. Throughout this day and the following, Rudolph proved himself a first-class woodsman and the line he selected was most certainly the best available. At that, it was difficult enough to make us often wonder whether we should ever succeed in reaching the flats. We struggled on and on without rest and when we made camp at 8.30, not far from the mouth of Le Roy Creek, we had covered a bare four miles. We camped in a swampy bottom and that night slept on willow branches, with the horses grazing all about us and porcupines creeping over the roof of our tent trying to get at our provisions.

There was a little rain during the night, but the next morning broke fine and we were off at 10 (August 9). It was a repetition of the previous day's performance, except that there was even more timber, and an almost obliterated trail. After passing the mouth of Tipperary Creek, conditions improved considerably and we made better progress. At last, at 4 p.m., we reached the creek which comes out of the Royal Valley in which we had seen the elk, and out of which the Royal Group rises (3½ miles). We had decided to make our way up this valley to the foot of Prince George. We made camp on the south side of the Royal Creek, and after a hearty meal and a little rest, Rudolph and I shouldered our packs and began our climb at 7.30 p.m. We decided to carry nothing but provisions, a sweater and a raincoat, and left Rob in charge of the camp and of the horses.

The entrance to the Royal Valley is narrowed down by steep ridges to the north and south of the creek, and the extent of it is not realised until one of these ridges has been climbed. When we had a good view of Mt. King George from the head of Tipperary Creek, we decided that the best way to attack it would be along its north ridge. The hanging glacier seen between Mts. Prince George and Prince Albert, and the ice slopes on the E. side of the north ridge of Mt. King George led us to expect to find a glacier behind Mt. Prince Albert, and between Mts. Prince George and King George. We therefore decided to climb to the flats seen east of Mt. Prince George, go round or over the latter on to our expected glacier, pass back or south of Mt. Prince Albert and thus reach the eastern slopes of the north ridge of Mt. King George. In order to reach the flats east of Mt. Prince George, it appeared

Foot of rib by which ascent was made.

Mt. Prince Albert.



Figs. 14 to 18

best to climb the ridge guarding the entrance to Royal Valley on the south, and this we proceeded to do. For hundreds of yards we walked on tree-trunks, without ever touching the ground, and soon realised our wisdom in abandoning the pack train. Where the slope was steep, we had to push our way up through thick undergrowth interspersed with fallen trees, so that our progress was not very rapid; while patches of large and very delicious blackberries delayed our progress still more. At the edge of the timber, we traversed in a westerly direction to where we could hear water. At 10 P.M. we stopped at about timber-line, in the first gorge west of the wooded ridge guarding the entrance to Royal Valley, made a fire, and rested until it was light enough for us to proceed. At about six o'clock on August 10, leaving some of our extra clothes, we climbed over grass slopes, scree and snow patches to the foot of a steep rock-wall, above which we could see a small and sheltered valley in which grew a few trees. A snow couloir and some steep rocks, a traverse to the east, and we stood in the little basin. This spot would make a very pleasant bivouac ground, although firewood is not very plentiful. From here we reached the flats east of Mt. Prince George without difficulty at 8.20, and after a breakfast, proceeded to cross the south ridge of this peak. We scrambled up some very loose shale slopes to the foot of a small glacier which we skirted along its north edge. This brought us to the foot of our ridge. The ascent of Mt. Prince George from this point presents no difficulty whatsoever, and we watched a goat go to the top. Not knowing just what lay on the other side, we thought it better to follow what we imagined would be the shortest line, and therefore proceeded to cross the ridge by means of a very steep snow couloir. We were delighted to find that our bold guess as to the existence of a convenient glacier south of Mt. Prince Albert was correct. A very large glacier fills the basin between Mts. Prince George, Prince Albert, King George and Princess Mary, and drops south and out of sight down a deep-cut side valley which runs into the Palliser Valley, soon after the latter makes its sharp turn to the west. The panorama reproduced was taken from this spot, reached at 10.30 A.M. The weather was very fine, but a few clouds hung around the summit of Mt. King George.

We quickly decided that our best plan was to cross what may be called King George Glacier, and try to reach the north ridge of our peak by way of the very steep, but nevertheless promising-looking rib just north (to the right) of the small hanging

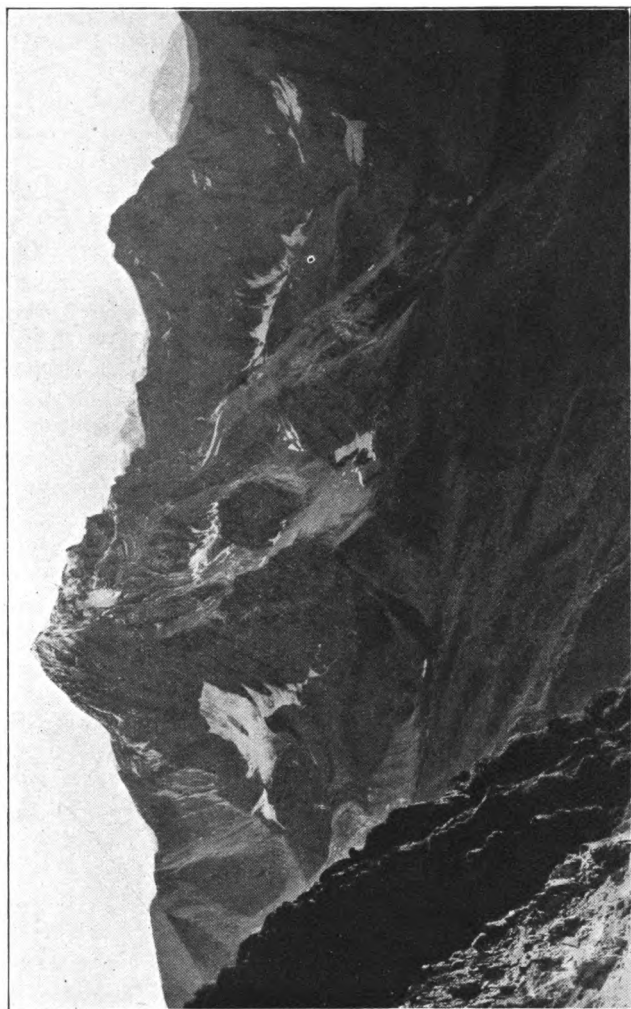
glacier on the eastern slope of the mountain. The descent to the glacier, begun at 11, and its crossing, were easy. At 12.50 we stood in the pocket between Mts. Prince Albert and King George, and near the foot of our rib. After lunch we started at 1 p.m., and were soon at grips with the enormous bergschrund. Luckily, part of the upper lip had broken away, partly filling the chasm, so that we were able to cross it on a rather precarious bridge. The ice slope above the schrund was extremely steep, but luckily in good condition, and we soon reached the rocks. These proved excessively steep in the lower part of the rib, but were very firm and afforded one of the best climbs we had had anywhere in the Rockies. Unfortunately, this welcome condition did not last, the upper third of the ridge being composed of a very brittle kind of rock requiring very careful handling. In a surprisingly short time we reached the ice ridge, well seen in the photograph, which connects our rib with the north ridge of the mountain. Being in the lead, I began cutting the necessary steps, while Rudolph was making a careful survey of the surroundings, with a view to possibly improving on our route on the way back, but after a while (feeling somewhat tired, and my hands being still swollen from much handling of the axe down in the Palliser Valley) I came back and asked him to finish the job. The north ridge, which was reached at 3.15, gave us a most enjoyable climb, partly on ice and partly on rocks, with an occasional fairly difficult passage, and at 5.07 p.m. we reached the summit of Mt. KING GEORGE (11,226 ft.), being rewarded by a practically perfect view, in which the immediate neighbourhood and Mt. Joffre formed the most striking features. The rock on the lower part of the mountain is limestone, around the summit it is quartzite. After building a large stone man, and taking sundry photographs, we started down at 6 p.m. The top of the rib was reached at 7.25 and the bergschrund crossed at 8.35. We both felt somewhat disinclined to climb over the south ridge of Mt. Prince George again and very foolishly, in view of the late hour, finally decided on going round it. This route proved easier, it is true, but much longer, and the moon had been shining quite a long time when we at last reached the flats east of Mt. Prince George and began the descent to our bivouac. All the steep parts of the climb were, as luck would have it, in shadow, and our progress was difficult and slow, but at 12.55 a.m. we finally did reach our last night's bivouac. It was out of the question to negotiate the remainder of the route back to our horses during the night, so we lit another fire, brewed some coffee, and finished our provisions.

As soon as we had eaten, I crossed over to the far side of the fire, wrapped myself in my mackintosh, and Rudolph asserted next morning that I immediately fell to snoring. Towards 4, the cold woke me and I found the fire low. While rebuilding it, I noticed that friend Rudolph had dropped in his tracks and lay on his stomach, with arms over the remains of our food, sleeping soundly. He must have been a very close second.

As soon as it was light, we packed our belongings and reached our main camp shortly before 8 A.M. Rob had sat up until late, keeping a bright fire going. We now found him sound asleep, but he was up in a minute and soon prepared a most delicious meal. At 10.30 all our belongings were packed, and in beautiful weather we began our return journey to Palliser Pass. Having very carefully blazed the trail, we had no difficulty. This, however, was not entirely due to the good blazing, but to the remarkable intelligence of one of our pack-horses, a wiry little chestnut mare, who took the lead and never faltered but twice, leading us at an extremely fast pace through the maze of brulé and underbrush right back to Palliser Pass. We had more leisure to look at the scenery on this trip and found the country very interesting. Game is evidently plentiful and bear must be particularly numerous. The fire-weed grows in great profusion, and its bright red-purple colour adds much to the beauty of the scene. In many places this weed is fully 6 ft. in height, and horses entirely disappear from view. The return journey was, however, not without incident. The extremely rough going made it almost impossible to keep the cinches tight. While crossing a deep ravine, Rob's hat was knocked off by a branch. I was following him and while stooping to pick it up, my saddle slipped and I found myself on the ground, with one foot fast in the stirrup. Rob, fortunately, was able immediately to catch my horse and thus saved damage. Later, while going up a very steep bank, covered with brulé, Rob's saddle slipped back, whereupon his horse promptly kicked the saddle and Rob away down the hill. Fortunately he was not seriously hurt, although his back did come into rather abrupt contact with a large tree-trunk. Near the top of the pass, at a spot which was so steep that we all got down and led our horses, Rudolph's charger got away from him, wandered off the trail, and gave considerable trouble before it could be caught. Nevertheless we made remarkably good time, and in four hours, at 2.30 P.M., were welcomed by the rest of the party at our Palliser Pass camp.

We now heard that Dr. Hixon with Ed. Feuz and a pack

train had pitched camp in Spray Valley, just below Palliser Pass, intending to ascend Sir Douglas. On our way down Palliser Valley, we had had a glimpse of its S.W. side and thought an attempt might succeed. In the hope of being the first to reach this summit, Rudolph and I left camp the following morning (August 12) at 6.30 A.M., and crossed an intervening lightly-wooded ridge to the south-west foot of the mountain. There is a deep-cut valley between the S. ridge of the peak, joining it to Mt. Monro and the S.W. ridge. (See the picture of Mt. Sir Douglas and Mt. Monro, Fig. 21.) The latter divides into two diverging ridges which enclose a pocket filled with scree, out of which protrudes a large island of solid rock. Our idea was to get into the deep-cut valley at the foot of Mt. Monro and then work our way up to the southern ridge of Sir Douglas, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the steep ice-filled gully on the W. side of the south ridge. As we approached the mountain, it seemed to us that it would be better to enter the pocket formed by the bifurcation of the S.W. ridge and to gain this ridge somewhere near the point where it divides. We were in the pocket at 8.15 A.M., and after a short rest, during which I changed into climbing shoes, we struck north and reached the W. branch of the ridge, close to where it divides, at 10.45. Progress was barred by a huge gendarme just beyond the junction, which all our efforts failed to circumvent, and we turned back at 11.20. We descended to the height of the island of rock previously referred to, then traversed above it and crossed the southerly branch of our ridge, where it forms a flat shoulder on which a long and a short strip of snow are seen in the photograph. We could now see the head of the deep-cut valley at the foot of Mt. Monro, and found that it holds a glacier which leads up to the ice couloir, the top of which is clearly seen in the photograph, and which reaches high up on the southern ridge of Sir Douglas. It was immediately evident that we were up against a very difficult problem. Had it been possible to cut one's way up the ice couloir, things might have been different, but it was now nearly one o'clock and stones were continually coming down this ice slope. The rocks above it did not look by any means easy, but they can probably be negotiated. The south face appeared to offer the only chance, so we tackled it immediately. As Rudolph had no climbing-shoes, I took the lead and struggled hard to make progress over extremely difficult and very steep rock. We reached a considerable height, but finally had to give it up, turning back at



MT. SIR DOUGLAS AND MT. MONRO.
From slopes S.W. of Palliser Lake.

Fig. 21



MT. MONRO FROM S. FACE OF MT. SIR DOUGLAS.

Fig. 24

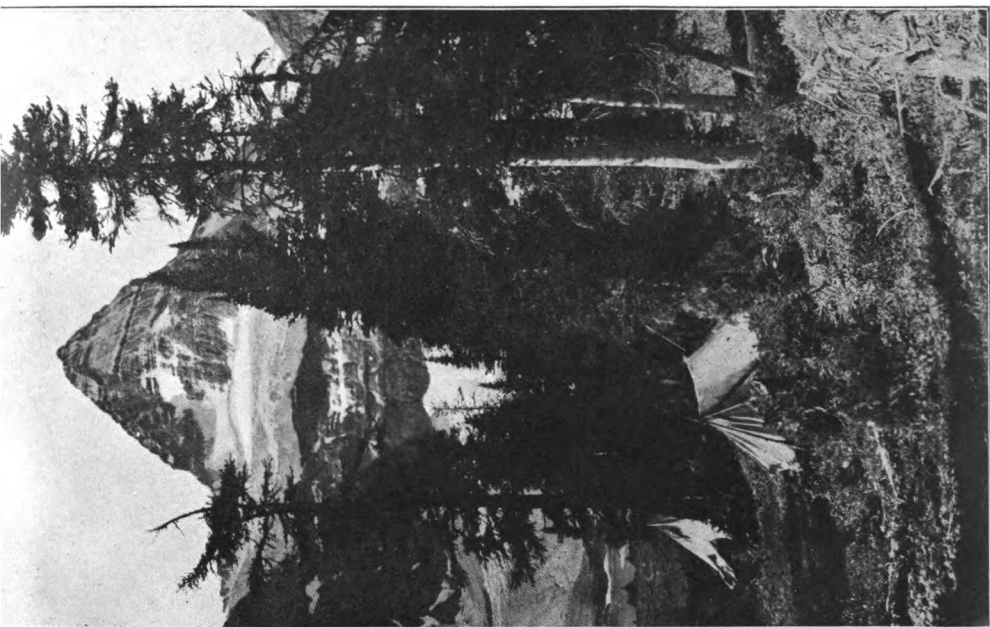
2.45, probably within 700 ft. of the summit. The descent to the glacier was by no means easy, but we finally accomplished it and followed the little valley at the foot of Mt. Monro. This mountain is of very interesting formation. It is well shown in Fig. 24. Neither of us had ever seen such vile scree, or so much of it in one valley. The Dauphiné, with its famed *éboulis*, cannot compare. At last we left the scree behind us and traversed in an upward direction, emerging close to the spot where we had entered the pocket in the morning, and reached our camp soon after six. We there learned that Ed. Feuz had taken Dr. Hixon to the summit of Sir Douglas the previous day, and that we could have seen their stone man before leaving camp, had we taken the trouble to look. It was pointed out to us now. It appears that Ed. Feuz, with Dr. Hixon and a friend of the latter, left their Spray Valley camp with a view to reconnoitring, and ascended by way of one of the glaciers on the north side of the peak. Encountering no difficulties, the party reached the summit in a very short time from camp, thus accomplishing the first ascent of this very fine peak.

As far as we could see, it would be quite difficult to approach the Royal Group from the west. Mt. Queen Mary and Mt. Prince John can undoubtedly be reached from Palliser Pass, and climbed from a bivouac north of these peaks. This bivouac could be reached from Palliser Pass in something like eight hours. It is possible that these peaks can also be reached from the Albert River Valley, but I do not know whether there is a trail in that valley, although there is one as far as Spray Pass. Mts. Princess Mary, King George, Prince George, Prince Albert, Prince Edward, and Prince Henry can all be reached from the Royal Valley, access to which can be had from the flats of the Palliser River. King George glacier can possibly be reached from the south by following the stream which flows out of the same, but to this end, it would be necessary to go down Palliser Valley beyond the point where it turns west. This, I know, will require a good deal of work, because the *brulé* is there thicker than ever. The side valley leading up to the King George glacier may also present very serious difficulties. Our observations lead us to believe that Mt. Princess Mary can readily be reached from King George glacier over its north ridge. It will probably be a good, but not difficult climb. Mt. Prince George is interesting as a view-point, but is nothing but a shale slope on the south. Both peaks of Mt. Prince Albert

can readily be reached from the head of King George glacier. Mt. Prince Edward is probably the best climb after Mt. King George. The best approach appears to be from the Royal Valley up the eastern face, to the gap between Mts. Prince Edward and Prince Henry. From this gap, both of these peaks can apparently be reached, the easiest approach to either being from the west, which means a traverse from the crest of the main ridge to the western ridges. Mt. Queen Mary will probably afford another fine climb next in difficulty to Mt. Prince Edward. The easiest approach appears to be from the west, the next best route from the north-east. Mt. Prince John is really nothing but a second summit of Queen Mary, and can readily be reached from the latter. The ideal way of exploring this group would be to take a pack train up the Royal Valley and make camp near timber-line, at the foot of Mt. Prince Edward, exploring the southern end of the group, and then move camp to the highest and northerly part of the Royal Valley, from which Queen Mary and Prince John could be climbed. A good deal of work will, however, be required to cut a trail to the first camp, and it may not be altogether easy to take the horses to the second. The upper part of the Royal Valley is very beautifully—but rather thickly—timbered, and big game is very plentiful.

MT. ASSINIBOINE—11,870 ft.

The next day, August 13, we all worked hard to break camp, and get away as soon as possible. The ladies and Mr. Eddy had enjoyed their stay on the shores of the beautiful Belgium lake very much indeed, but were now ready to move on. We started at 11 in a light rain and made our way rapidly down the Spray Valley, our intention being to camp that night high up in Bryant Creek, somewhere near Marvel Lake. We kept to the east side of the Spray River all the way to the two sets of teepee poles which stand on the camping ground near the point where Currie Creek runs into the Spray (2 to 2.15), crossed to the west side of the river, and soon branched off into Bryant Creek. The weather showed signs of improvement and we made good progress, although we lost a little time at the entrance to Bryant Creek because some of the ponies insisted upon following the Spray. To the surprise of everybody, we reached the camping ground near Marvel Lake (17.5 miles) at 4.40, leaving us plenty of time to walk to the knoll, from which such a beautiful view



For titles see end of article. Fig. 25



Fig. 27

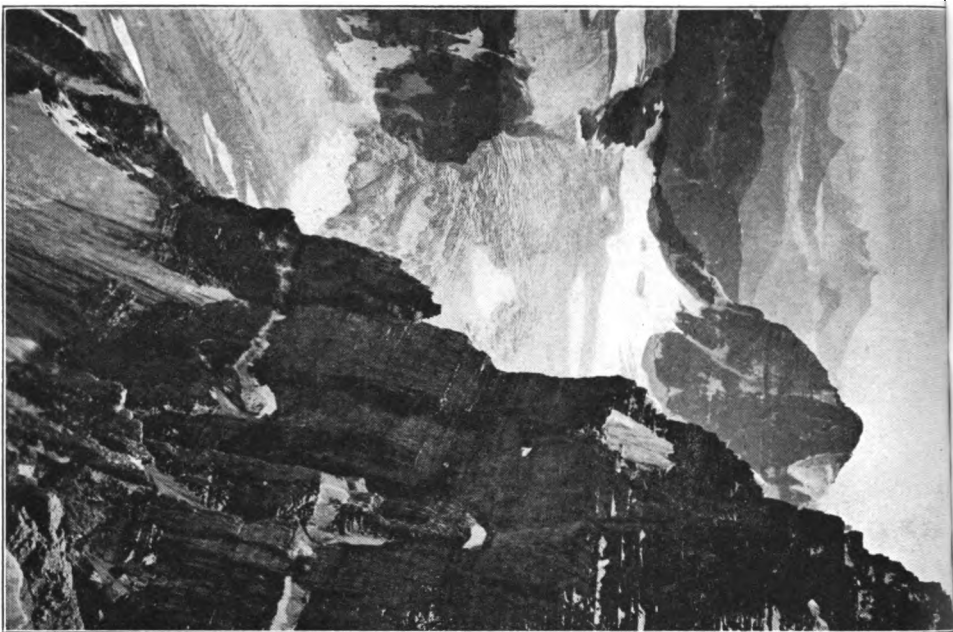


Fig. 28

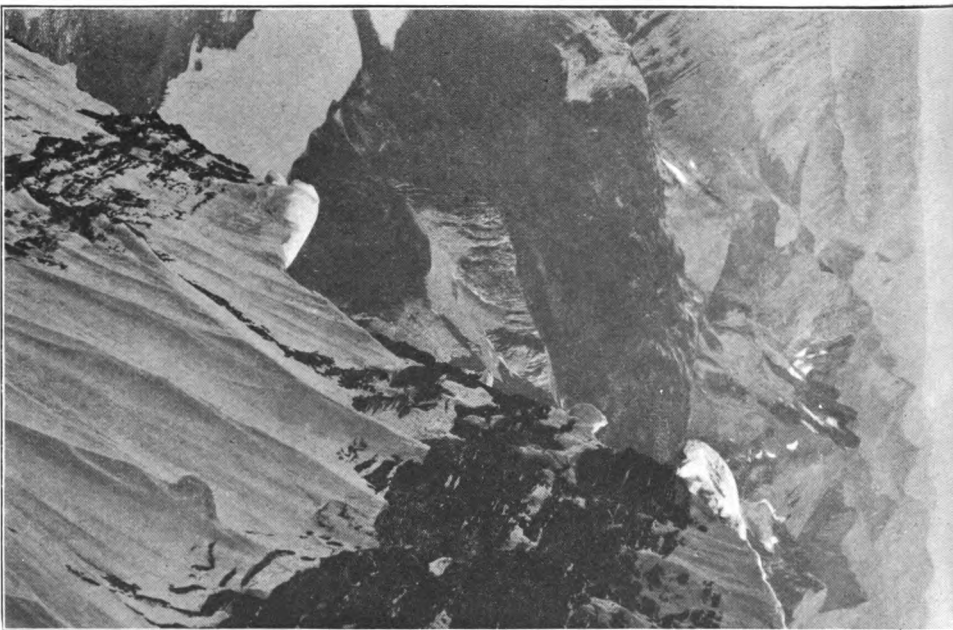


Fig. 29

is had of Marvel Lake and the Assiniboine Group, comprising Mts. GLORIA, EON (10,860 ft.), AYE (10,640 ft.) and ASSINIBOINE.³ The clouds still hung around Assiniboine, but otherwise everything was clear and appeared in a very beautiful light. Knowing that we were within a short distance of our next camping ground near Lake Magog, on the north side of Mt. Assiniboine, we only left camp at noon (August 14) and leaving Allenby Creek on the right, skirted Gibraltar and Cascade rocks and climbed the partly steep trail leading to Assiniboine Pass (7152 ft.).⁴ From this point the trail winds in and out through nearly level green meadows, with occasional patches of trees, and with Mt. Assiniboine in full view all the time. We found a beautiful camping ground after a ride of two-and-one-half hours, a little north of Lake Magog⁵ (Fig. 25) in a little grove of pine trees (8 miles). Towards the evening all the clouds cleared away, and Mt. Assiniboine was revealed in its full glory.

August 15 proved to be the most perfect day of the whole tour, the air was cool and there was not a cloud to be seen. It would have been an ideal day to attempt Mt. Assiniboine; but we preferred to put off the ascent until the morrow, and the whole party walked into the Sunburst Valley, just north of Mt. Marshall, in which lie the pretty little lakes called Sunburst and Cerulean. Rudolph and I detached ourselves and ascended Mt. Marshall, selecting a fancy route just for the sake of a little exercise. The view of Mt. Assiniboine from this little peak is particularly attractive.

On August 16, Mr. Eddy, Rudolph, and I, left camp at 4.45 on our way to Mt. Assiniboine by the north ridge. At 5.05 we reached the foot of Wedgwood Peak and scrambled up the rocks of a somewhat steep wall, gradually traversing to the left (south-east) and finally reaching the glacier at the north foot of Mt. Assiniboine (7.40-7.55). At 8.40 we were on the lowest rocks of the north ridge, and a few minutes later stopped 20 min. for breakfast. Thereupon we ascended by the north-west face, gradually working onto the north ridge and following it to the summit. There are two very distinct and almost perpendicular cliffs, which divide the north-west face and the north ridge into distinct sections.

³ See the picture p. 52 of the Report of the Boundary Commission.

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 51, 55.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 56.

These rock walls provide some very pretty climbing. The ridge above the second wall is also quite interesting. The rest of the climbing is, as a rule, quite easy. On this occasion we had, however, to contend with a good deal of ice, which necessitated much step-cutting and occasioned much loss of time. It was not until 2.50 that the main summit was reached. At 3.20 we were back on the lower or north summit, which is of rock, rested there until 4.15, and then retraced our steps, reaching the glacier at 8.45. By the time we got onto the steep wall of Wedgwood Peak it was too dark to proceed, and it was necessary for us to bivouac in full view of the enormous camp fire, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the valley, which our friends kept going far into the night. The next morning (August 17), we were back in camp at 6.30 A.M., and since the two main objects of our trip had been achieved, and Mr. Eddy's available time was fast running out, it was decided to break camp that same day and try to reach Banff on the 18th. Accordingly we left at 5 P.M., riding in the direction of Assiniboine Pass, but turned north into Og Creek, rode past Og Lake into the Valley of Rocks and down into Golden Valley, where we pitched camp at 6.55 near Big Spring (8 miles). On August 18, we left camp at 8.45, went past Porcupine Camp with its pole teepee, up to Citadel Pass, on to Simpson summit and down into Healy Creek, stopping at Cold Spring camp (10 miles) from 12.45 to 2.15, and reaching Banff Springs Hotel after a long day at 7.30 P.M. (23 miles from Big Spring). The whole party immediately proceeded to the Sulphur Pool, and, after a delightful dinner, took the night train back to Lake Louise where we arrived about 1 P.M., all very pleased with a most delightful trip.

All of the country above referred to is well shown on sheets 10, 11, 11A, 12, and 13, of the Alberta and British Columbia Boundary Atlas.

V. A. FYNN.

Titles to Photographs.

FIG. 25.—N. face of Mt. Assiniboine from Camp near Lake Magog.

FIG. 27.—Mt. Assiniboine from Mt. Marshall.

FIG. 28.—East Ridge of Mt. Assiniboine and Mt. Gloria.

FIG. 29.—East Ridge of Mt. Assiniboine with Lake Gloria and Lake Terrapin.

'ABSEILEN.'

BY PAUL MONTANDON.

CAPTAIN FARRAR asks me to contribute some notes on 'Abseilen' to the ALPINE JOURNAL, in which, hitherto, nothing has appeared on that rather modern feature of our craft. Many British rock climbers and sailors surely have had a much wider experience in this matter than the writer, who has not, in fact, practised 'abseilen' very often. As for the German terms of 'abseilen,' or 'kletterschluss,' let us hope that a linguist will soon find an equivalent name in English.

(1) The most simple method of 'abseilen' consists, as everyone knows, in hitching the main rope or a spare rope over some projection and climbing down, taking hold of both hanging parts of the rope, while the feet will take advantage of any jutting rock. On faces quite smooth or overhanging, and more than a few yards high, it can only be put into practice by exceptionally strong men, or only when the climber is held from above by means of a second rope. As an assistance, the first man reaching the bottom will keep the rope taut, and his comrades can then climb down it as on a pole.

It is generally preferable to make use of a separate rope ring, and to place *this*, and not the rope itself, over the projecting rock. The reserve rope will then travel through this loop and fall down in two parts. The last man can derive assistance from his comrades below by passing the rope to which he is attached equally through the rope ring. His companions may then take part of his weight while he descends on the spare rope.

(2) 'Abseilen' with 'kletterschluss' by pressing one foot upon the other, the rope being between. (Fig. 1.)

This method is still much employed in Switzerland by fire brigades, and also by many rock climbers. The sketch shows better than any description how it works. The rope passes half round one lower thigh and both feet, and is pressed by the upper foot quite into the angle of the lower. The heels have to be forced downwards so that the feet form angles. The legs are almost stretched. As this 'kletter-

schluss,' or stop, is somewhat easily lost, especially towards the bottom of the wall, some climbers add to their security by passing the rope round one arm. This arm will, however, be squeezed to a certain degree.



FIG. 1.—OLDER METHOD OF DESCENT ON THE ROPE.

This method, although not quite simple, and forcing the feet into a somewhat cramped position, is considered good. It requires some practice. Climbers accustomed to it can easily regain the stop or brake *en route* after losing it. I have witnessed this. This abseil-method causes no pain by compression. There may be objected against it that the nails of the boots will injure the rope, while flexible 'kletter-

schuhe 'do not give quite the same security. Then, also, *neither legs nor arms are free*.

(3) Methods of standing upon the rope.

The reserve rope falls free down, say, the left side of the body, goes under the left foot to the inside, remounts behind the back, and returns over the right shoulder to your front. There you take it with the left hand towards your left, *outside* the cord coming from above. Press it against the latter, more or less as needed. One is therefore standing with the left (or right, as the case may be) foot upon the rope. That leg must be *strictly stretched*. The left hand holds that part of the rope which crosses in front of you. The right hand takes hold of the part coming from above, or is free.

It is suggested that the two parts of the rope might be twisted round one another where they cross and the end be taken underneath one of the arms, so that both arms would be free, or almost so.

Of course, with this system the rope will much suffer by the friction of nailed boots. It is perhaps the most comfortable of all. A false movement, however, or the bending of the leg, means losing the stop or brake. One leg is free.

Josef Knubel practises a somewhat similar method. I understand he slings the rope upon which he stands round the lower thigh and takes it up with the hand, without letting it go over the back and shoulder. He says he has gone down thirty metres free in such a manner. But his favourite Herr might much better describe this guide's method of 'abseilen' than I am able to do (having never seen it), and add something of his own experience.

(4) Bernet's method, by sitting into the rope. (Fig. 2.) (This system has some analogy with 3.) As far as my experience goes, I do not hesitate in giving it a decided preference over all others. When correctly put into action, which is easy, it gives at once a feeling of absolute security. Any footgear will do, and there is no wear and tear of the rope in any way. Both feet are free, and can be put against the wall. One arm also, when the climber is not moving down, or when he chooses to hold himself on the wall, can quite easily be kept free. This is very agreeable, and is of special importance when your way down a wall does not follow a perpendicular direction, but goes sideways. The legs are not compressed, and the sitting position of the climber

especially when the wall offers some asperities for the feet, comes as near the comfortable as is possible when no artificial means are used.

For the sake of clearness of description, let us now suppose



Del O. Fahrni, S.A.C.

FIG. 2.—BERNET'S METHOD OF DESCENT ON THE ROPE.

that we are standing on a place *lower* down than the rope ring. Turn your back outside, towards the precipice. Look towards the rope. Let it fall down between your legs, then direct it up your back and return over one shoulder to your front. Let it then cross horizontally, on the *outer side*, over the rope coming from above. Take it in hand and

press it against that rope. Brake when you feel it to be necessary.

Note.—Do not place the rope *exactly* between your legs, but rather a little in advance under one leg, as shown in the sketch. You then somewhat *sit* upon the rope with one leg (say the right), and you should then direct the rope from behind over the other (say left) shoulder.

The very good sketch, kindly drawn for this journal by one of our best climbers and draftsmen, Mr. Otto Fahrni of Thoune, will show very well how this method is put into practice. I venture to assert that the sketch by itself gives already an impression that the method is a good one. The man hanging may swing about, right and left, his outstretched legs kept against the wall, with one hand free. He will be in perfect security as long as the rope ring above holds good.

It is impossible to lose the ‘*kletterschluss*,’ or ‘stop,’ which, if anything, brakes too much. You will go downwards not by friction, but by jerks and under perfect control. When following Mr. Young’s fine way over the ‘*Rothe Zähne*’ last autumn, we also ‘*abseiled*’ down the steep ice couloir between the second and third teeth. Mr. Bernet, when 20 meters down, had the rope round him in the manner described, and then hacked steps across the couloir, hardly holding himself at all, and, as far as I remember, not being held from above. When my turn came to go down, the rope had got wet and heavy, and the ‘stop’ braked too hard. I then slung the rope only round the upper thigh, and went down all right over the ice in this manner. In free air this would, however, be painful. How the Bernet method works when ‘*abseilen*’ has to be done hanging free *in a rope wet and heavy*, I have not practised yet. But I am certain it will then give greater security than any other method. The only question is, if it would not brake too hard. This is possible, even when the rope is directed so as to run over one of the arms, as is sometimes done, instead of over the shoulder.

To put this very simple system into action is, at home, quite easy. You may practise it in your room, fixing the rope in some way to the ceiling. I once went down over the wall of my cottage. Try it, much better, from the branch of a tree. On the mountain side, with space limited, having the ordinary rope round you and the rope ring and reserve rope at your feet, everything is singularly more complicated. Confusion will easily arise. Practice beforehand will, there-

fore, be of great value, besides being amusing. It is not necessary at all to let down rucksack and axe separately. On the Gspaltenhorn we 'abseiled' five times, and always kept them with us. On taking this 'kletterschluss,' the rucksack will be somewhat in the way of the rope. This may be studied beforehand. One of us let the rope go underneath one shoulder-strap of the sack, but the others did not do so, and it is therefore not really necessary.

There are a great many other methods of 'abseilen.' A little leaflet of the German Club ('Anwendung des Seils,' 6th Edition) describes many of them, and contains good sketches. But *one* secure method, applicable everywhere without any extra means and with every sort of footgear, leaving the feet and one hand free where this is useful, will quite do. Mr. Bernet's method very likely best of all fulfils these requirements. It might also be of use for escaping from buildings during big fires, demanding less practice, and probably less strength, than any other method.

To avoid leaving rope rings ('Abseilschlingen') on a mountain which requires several 'abseilungen,' one may take a rope ring of double length, and lay it doubled over the projection, according to the sketch in the corner of Mr. Fahrni's design. You can recover such a ring after each 'abseilung' by means of a string. That part of the rope ring where the knot is must be placed uppermost, and be arranged in such a way that it will easily glide over the underlying part when drawn down. Mind that the two parts be not entangled together. The place where the knot is has to be placed high up, and the string for recovering the ring must be fastened just *above* that knot. This arrangement will carry down the doubled loop quite easily over the dead point. The rope ring should not be placed in too narrow a crack, unless it be somewhat filled up. This system, invented by Mr. Fahrni, has been often tried and always worked well. Some little practice and care are necessary. It enables you to do with one good rope ring only, and as the loop is double, so is also the security. Of course the needful string must be carried.

THE WESTERN ARÊTE OF THE MEIJE.

By HAROLD RAE BURN,

THE first route to be prospected up this grand mountain, the most formidably of the greater Alpine peaks, has been the last to fall. This is the direct route by the W. arête.

Appropriately enough, as the first ascent of the Grand Pic, or Pic Occidental, was made by a French climber, M. Boileau de Castelnau, with Dauphiné guides, in 1877, this direct route from the Brèche fell to the unaided skill of two young men, one indeed a mere boy, of the Dauphiné capital, Grenoble, in August 1919.

As the elder of the two climbers was unfortunately killed last October through an accident on the football field, and the only published account of the climb is a short article in a local paper 'Le Dauphiné,' it may be of interest, and of use, to give a summary of the tentatives and ascents on this side of the mountain. The route is no freak 'variation.' Since I first saw it in 1904 I have always considered it the correct, natural, and, given suitable conditions, the quickest way of gaining the summit of the Meije. In this opinion I find myself in good company: Dr. Coolidge, our most persevering explorer of the accesses to the highest peak, and who, with Miss Brevoort, was the first to stand upon the summit of the only slightly lower Pic Central, wrote of the W. arête, after examining the peak on all sides: 'There is one route which may very probably prove to be practicable.'

In 1877 the longer route by the 'Great Wall' was forced by the Gaspards, *who did not like ice*, and Dr. Coolidge made the second ascent by that way.

Once a channel is cut, waters, and men, tend to occupy it. Since 1877 few seem to have thought of the W. arête. Up to last year, only one ascent had been made in this direction, and this was mainly a 'marche en flanc' over most abominable, loose, and for a party of more than two, dangerous rocks, on the N. side of the arête, and an equally or more dangerous ascent of a stone-raked ice couloir leading above the Petit Doigt de l'Épauale.

Mr. Douglas Freshfield has likened Dauphiné to a smaller, barer edition of the N. Caucasus valleys. Those climbers

who do not know its chief glory, La Meije, have still something to learn of the Alps. There may be such even in the Alpine Club. This must be my excuse for describing shortly the W. arête.

From the summit of the highest peak, the Occidental, 13,081 feet, the arête plunges westwards with startling abruptness over the 'Chapeau du Capucin,' and the razorbacked clothes-horse—resembling 'Cheval Rouge,' one of the most dramatic situations on an Alpine ridge, where the climber, like Caesar, 'doth bestride this narrow world.' The route then leaves the arête somewhat, and proceeds more gently down to the glacier Carré. The ordinary route has then nothing further to do with the W. arête, but crossing the glacier Carré, goes down the S. wall, or Grand Muraille. The W. arête beyond the top of the Carré again bounds upwards and downwards over a couple of gigantic gendarmes. The first of these, sometimes made an objective of itself, is called the Pic du Glacier Carré, the second, and somewhat lower, the double-pronged Doigt, or Grand Doigt. From there the route will be described from the foot, as the descent has not yet been made.

The Brèche de la Meije, and the foot of the W. ridge, was first passed in 1864 by Messrs. Moore, Walker, and Whympers, with Almer and Croz. None of the party thought the ascent from here possible.

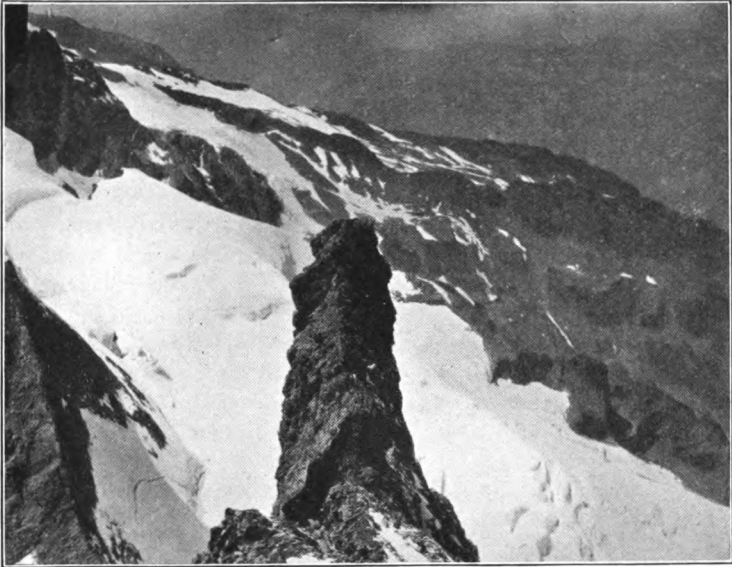
In 1875 Mr. Coolidge sent his three guides, C. Almer, C. Roth, and R. Kaufmann, to seek out a way up the W. ridge. They were absent from the bivouac about six and a half hours, and advanced a few hundred feet up the ridge with extreme difficulty.

In 1876 Mr. Oakley Maund, with Jean Maître, searched the locality for an hour with telescopes without discovering any possibility of ascending.

In 1877 Mr. Coolidge was back again on his quest. Earlier in the same year Lord Wentworth, with L. Lanier and Emile Rey, made, on June 29, an attempt on the Meije from the Brèche. They seem to have met with bad conditions, and did not persevere far.

On July 22 Mr. Coolidge and his guides made an advance on the height reached two years before, Mr. Coolidge's aneroid read 11,648 feet, but, as he remarks, 'this reading is probably too high.' The party were stopped by the almost vertical arête of the Petit Doigt de l'Épau. Eight days later M. Paul Guillemin, with Emile Pic, made an attempt from the N. side of the ridge, but they appear to have greatly over-estimated the height attained.

The first and, till last year, apparently the only successful



[Photo. H. Raeburn July, 1907.]

Looking down upon Le Petit Doigt of the Brèche arête. The glacier below is that flowing from the N. face of the Râteau, Upper Western Meije Glacier. The ridge to left is the E. Ridge of the Râteau—not yet climbed. The Brèche de la Meije is directly below, and not visible owing to the steepness.

climb of this end of the Meije was made on July 2, 1885, by M. Verne with the four guides, two Pierre Gaspards, Maximin Gaspard, and J. B. Rodier. In 1880 Messrs. Coolidge and Gardiner, with the two Christian Almers, had on July 8 together, and on July 27 the Almers alone, attacked the ridge by the N.W. Couloir, but they did not reach any height.

M. Verne had already done some exploring on the ridge in 1882, and on June 29, 1885, his four guides and he gained the foot of the Petit Doigt, 'Barrière infranchissable.' From this they retreated for the time, leaving 120 metres of rope on the arête. After two days bad weather, spent in a gîte in the Vallon des Étançons, the party returned. Greatly aided by the ropes they quickly gained the foot of the 'Barrière.' From here they struck out across the dangerously rotten N. face of the ridge, reached the ice couloir, and ascended it to the 'Épaule,' and from thence easily gained the usual route above the 'Pas du Chat.'

For a party of five this was a very dangerous expedition. I do not consider M. Verne's description of it in the 'Annuaire' for 1885 of the Club Alpin Français, at all too highly coloured. He tells of their wounded hands, and the gash in the thigh received by one of the guides. In the Romanche valley this climb is ignored, or its reality denied. The reason is simple, all the guides came from the Vénéon side of the mountain. A parallel may be found in the ignorance or denial of the Zinal guides of the first ascent of the Dent Blanche from that side by Messrs. Anderson and Baker, with Zermatt and Oberland guides.

M. Verne's narrative seems to have acted as a deterrent to further attempts on this arête by guided parties; I cannot trace any published notices of it till the article by M. Claudius Main in 'Le Dauphiné' for September 7 and 14, 1919.

It appears that M. Main, though the elder of the two climbers, had done no climbing before the winter of 1918-19. His companion Plossu, though so young—under seventeen—was already a keen and good mountaineer, and had already been up the Meije's S. wall as far as the 'Pyramide Duhamel.' It is curious that in studying photographs and routes M. Main, not knowing anything of the mountain, selected the W. ridge as the usual way up. His better instructed friend burst out laughing at this. Presently, however, the idea began to appeal to him; it was resolved that their attempt should be made direct from the Brèche.

The two friends reached La Grave about 11 A.M. on Friday, August 1, 1919, and left at 11.30 for the Promontoire Hut.

The Brèche de la Meije was reached at 6.10 p.m., and the Refuge at 6.45.

They left the hut next morning, Saturday, August 2, at 5.45 a.m. wearing crampons, and at 6.30 the ascent of the W. arête was begun from the Brèche. They followed at first the slope below the arête on the Bérarde side, then turning to the left, N., a chimney was climbed and the actual arête gained. This was about one third of the distance to the ledge above the 'Pas du Chat.' From this point, writes M. Main, 'Nous tenons l'arête : aussi nous ne la lâchons pas.' They now had to ascend about 100 metres of smooth steep slabs, which M. Main found by far the hardest part of the ascent : but he admired the way in which his young friend, Plossu, overcame them. Plossu, as throughout, led. This 100 metres is the thin steep edge of the Petit Doigt de l'Épau, the 'Barrière infranchissable,' which has hitherto stopped every one of the famous guides who for many years had tried this way of conquering the Meije. After a strenuous struggle they at length gained the top of the Doigt. The depression behind this, on the E. side, is inconsiderable. I shall explain the structure farther on. The party now left the arête for a time and traversed over very loose rocks a few metres down on the La Grave side. At 12.30 they regained the arête where it butts up against the foot of the Grand Doigt. From here an easy, if narrow, ledge leads round in a few minutes to the broken rocks above the 'Pas du Chat.'

The young climbers had achieved a notable victory, they had opened a new door, one in my opinion which is destined to remain open, by which the defences of 'La Terrible' may be stormed. They might well have been content. Friends however awaited their arrival at the Refuge de L'Aigle, on the other side of the Pic Central, and after a short rest at the scene of so many benightings, they left for the Grand Pic. At 3.30 this was gained. Unfortunately M. Main had dropped his axe in getting over the 'Chapeau,' and they could not risk the traverse. At 4 they started to descend by the S. wall, and in an hour and a quarter reached the top of the 'Pas du Chat.' By 7.15 they were down at the Pyramide Duhamel, but at 7.50, going too quickly in the fast gathering darkness, Main slipped in the Grand Couloir and pulled Plossu after him. Main was able to stop himself about 10 metres lower, and to hold Plossu who had shot past him, but the latter was badly bruised, and had also received a deep cut in his chest from the point of his axe. Main had now to go behind Plossu to sustain him, and the rest of the descent was rather in the

nature of a nightmare for the two almost exhausted youths. The hut was eventually gained at 11 P.M. after 17 hours of heavy climbing. Next day they returned to La Grave over the Brèche, where Madame Juge was most kind, and skilfully dressed young Plossu's wound. The pair returned home the same evening.

Naturally this expedition is not very heartily believed in by some of the La Grave guides, who know nothing whatever about the W. arête. M. Main explains that they forgot to put their names in the summit receptacles. The present writer has no hesitation in giving the fullest credence to every word of M. Claudius Main's modestly written and perfectly clear narrative, as he has some knowledge of the route. Moreover he not only watched the same party, this time in company with a young Grenoble lady, finishing at the end of last August the traverse they had wished to make in the beginning of the month, but later on saw their cards in the summit bottles.

To me it is rather surprising that this route has been neglected so long. *Given suitable conditions*, I do not think that it will be found of any extraordinary difficulty.

I have myself had bad luck with the arête, and my acquaintance with it is, to the extent of the '100 metres' stretch, incomplete.

I first saw the arête in 1904, when crossing the Brèche with Mr. C. W. Walker, A.C., then, like myself, a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. It was Walker's first season in the Alps, my own second on the great peaks, and we were content with the ascent of the Grand Pic by the Great Wall. As a proof of our Scottish prudence I may mention that though we gained the top at the excellent time of 8 A.M. the traverse was not attempted in view of Walker's inexperience on ice.

In 1907 I was again in Dauphiné with my friend, Mr. W. N. Ling, A.C. The month was July, but the weather was bad. We spent four nights in the Promontoire Hut, latterly on rather short commons.

The previous week had occurred the frightful disaster to the party of Italian climbers, Sig. Eugenio Moraschini, Giovanni Bertani, and A. Rossini of the C.A.I. (Milan). The first two, who had gone up to the foot of the Grande Muraille to explore the way, slipped on the iced rocks and were of course killed, falling about 1500 feet. A preliminary run up to this place, above the Campement Castelnau, showed Ling and me the Great Wall hopelessly iced; we resolved to have a look at the Brèche Arête.

Snow lay outside the hut and more threatened, as we trudged up the steep little Étançons glacier to the Brèche. The beginning of the Brèche Arête is steep though probably quite climbable. There is however an easy slope on the Étançons side, the only trouble loose rocks, which we followed as far as a steep chimney leading up to a gap in the ridge.¹ This we ascended. Owing to the fresh snow we now preferred to cut the ridge again for a time on the La Grave side. Regaining the arête some way higher was difficult. Very loose rocks covered with several inches of new snow made very delicate hand and foot work on the part of the leader necessary. We eventually reached the foot of the 'Infranchissable' and the beginning of M. Verne's traverse. The arête was to-day, higher up, quite impossible. The traverse did not appear seriously difficult. Snow lay here and there, and the rocks do not fall off unless carelessly touched. The weather was, however, getting worse. The conditions, the mist, the cold wind, the falling snow, and the snow-covered rocks, put both of us in mind of climbs at Easter on the steeper ridges of the N. Face of Nevis. We knew that the S. door of the Meije was locked. Prudence counselled a retreat, we went back to the hut.

Two days later found us lunching, somewhat lightly, in the broken rocks above the 'Pas du Chat.' The good sun was out at last, but we had lost such a lot of time waiting at the foot of the Grande Muraille till his powerful fingers had peeled off enough of the iceplating to let us pass, that the traverse, or even the Grand Pic was beyond our grasp. We had instead a look at the top of the Brèche Arête. The photograph was taken from here. To read it aright the book must be laid flat on a table, and the photograph viewed through a reading glass.

Like most so-called gendarmes on an ascending ridge the Petit Doigt de l'Épaule, on the upper edge of which one looks down in the illustration, is really only a step or steep shoulder on the arête.

Photographs of these taken from below are apt to be extraordinarily deceptive. For a striking example of this in the present case, the fine photograph of the Brèche Arête by M. Champenay in the 'C.A.F. Annuaire' for 1885 may be cited. In this the Petit Doigt appears as a thin and towering aiguille. It is certainly thin enough, but it is not a true aiguille. Beyond going a little way along the ridge above to get the photograph,

¹ The portion of the ridge thus cut off is sometimes styled the Petit Doigt, the higher part of the arête the Petit Doigt de l'Épaule.

no further exploration of the W. ridge was at this time attempted, and continued bad weather drove us off to the Tarentaise and Italy.

Twelve years elapsed before I saw the Brèche Arête again. At the end of August 1919 I found myself again in Dauphiné. As I had never done the traverse of the arêtes of the Meije, I intended to try it from the Brèche. At La Grave I learned that this, or at any rate the Grand Pic, had already been done by the W. arête by the two young Grenoblois. It would be perhaps more interesting and useful to reverse the route.

At the beginning of September the weather was bad, the La Grave guides declared the arêtes impossible, and the Meije closed for the season. Nevertheless the sun shone out, and through the enthusiasm and enterprise of a young officer of 'Blue Devils' and his American aunt, (how history repeats itself!) the passage was again opened.

I watched through M. Juge's big telescope several parties on the arêtes. The young Grenoblois, with a lady, completing their conquest. Two English friends and their guides, Messrs. Tucker and Frazer, and a young French officer and his two guides.

For a party of three amateurs the Meije traverse will, unless they already know the mountain, or have extremely favourable conditions, almost certainly result in a night out. The young Grenoblois spent the first night above the 'Pas du Chat,' they gained the top of the Central at 8 p.m. on the second night, but got down all right to the Aigle Refuge by midnight.

After this the weather again became dubious. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker and Mr. Frazer went off to the Chalet de L'Alpe.

On Friday, September 12, I set off for the Refuge de L'Aigle, getting a young man, a son of Emile Pic of Col fame, to help me with a rather heavy load as far as the foot of the Tabuchet Glacier. At 3 p.m. on Saturday, I found myself on the ledge above the 'Pas du Chat.' This was a good deal later than I had hoped for. Friday night was bad at the Aigle. The wind howled and moaned through its steel rigging, and the hail seldom ceased to rattle on the windows and roof. Not till after 7 a.m. was it possible to make a tentative start in rather thick mist. It cleared somewhat on the Central, though the wind was still high and cold, and I went on over the arêtes.

After three o'clock the weather again got very thick, and it hailed rather heavily. I went down the W. arête, mostly traversing a few metres down on the La Grave side till just above the Petit Doigt de l'Épauale. Prudence and the hour, the weather

looking decidedly nasty, now counselled, that as I knew the Great Wall well, it would be wise to drop, not literally of course, down the Muraille to the Promontoire Hut before the early darkness of mid-September came on. I therefore scrambled up again having spent 35 minutes over the descent and re-ascent. Possibly the warning whistle of 'The Spirit of the Meije,' an ancient *corneille des Alpes*, or Alpine Chough, which has greeted me here on both my visits, may have hastened my decision. I quote from M. Verne's article the guides' superstition regarding this bird: 'Je ne suis jamais monté à la Meije sans la voir, et je n'en ai jamais vu d'autres. Celles qui ont essayé d'y venir ont dû s'en retourner bien vite ou périr.'

The Muraille is uncompromising, but honest. It does not permit of much variation till near the bottom, when it is necessary not to get too far to the E. under the overhang of the Glacier Carré. It seemed quite familiar after 12 years, the only troubles were the swinging sack, and the iceaxe stowed away in the palm of the left hand occasionally got in the way of suitable finger-grips.

At 5.50 p.m. I opened the door of the welcome Promontoire, just as a livid and evil-looking evening was closing in. The actual traverse, going time, occupied rather under 9½ hours. Next morning I returned to La Grave for breakfast, taking just under 4 hours for the passage.

It may be as well to note that the Meije is now *unroped*. This reduces the times when the climb is possible considerably. There is, it is true, a thick cable still remaining at the Pic Zsigmondy, but this is very 'pourri' and should not be touched.

The hut at the Bec de l'Aigle is first-rate, clean and comfortable. There is however no wood, and the position is very exposed to wind. This new refuge renders ascents of the Oriental and Central summits very easy, and is also suitable for the fine Pic Gaspard, from a distance the most important point on the Meije massif.

It seems, however, to be very little used by the traversing parties, unless by exhausted climbers coming over from W. to E.

La Grave guides seem to much prefer going over the Brèche to the Promontoire the first day, and thus doing the traverse from the La Bérarde side. For this preference there are probably two reasons. The really stiff climbing is thus done in the earlier part of the day; also, no doubt, the guides dislike the task of getting tired climbers down such an impressive-looking place as the Grande Muraille at the end of many hours climbing. The really dangerous part of the descent is that of

the Grand Couloir, below the Muraille. The angle lies for the most part between climbing and walking, at which angle it is much less easy to stop a man who slips, than were it much steeper. The rocks are also loose in places, slabby, and lubricated with small débris in others. This is where M. Main slipped. The Grand Couloir was also the scene of the fatal fall of M. Thorant, a famous French climber, and his friend, a number of years ago.

It is also not easy to hit the exact place where the couloir can be best left for the Promontoire ridge, especially if the light is beginning to fail. The other reason is probably because by far the most technically difficult piece of climbing on the traverse is the first 20 feet up from the Brèche Zsigmondy on the Grand Pic.² This passage was originally led by Purtscheller in stockings, and in the absence of ice should still be done, I consider, in this way. It may be useful to remark here that if the leading climber is wearing, as he ought, socks under the stockings, these must be removed before getting on stocking soles.

The descent of this place is perfectly easy, as by slipping a rope through a rope-ring on the rocks above, one can walk down the holdless slabs in perfect security.

As regards foot aids, kletterschuhe or crampons, neither of these are, I consider, worth while using on the Meije if one has to carry them oneself. Walker and I used kletterschuhe

² Klucker and I were the first to follow the Purtscheller-Zsigmondy party (July 19, 1893). We took from bottom of small Brèche to summit of Meije 35 min., as against 2 hours of the first party. My note reads: 'From small Brèche by the ridge and then 6 m. traverse to right, then ascend 6 m. in a *Rinne*, then traverse to right of cord, and finally cross cord to left and gain summit by a short E. & W. ridge.' At that time a fixed rope hung below the summit, running first E. and W., then turning at a right angle and dropping in the direction of the Brèche. It was quite unnecessary, and we never touched it. Incidentally, I think ours was the only traverse from La Grave to La Bérarde (valley to valley) within a day, 12.30 A.M. to 10 P.M. = 21½ hours, less 3½ hours total halts = 18 hours actual going.

Much as I respect my good friend Raeburn's opinion on any mountaineering matter, I do not agree with his estimate of the difficulty of this particular bit, which I have twice since descended, once in 39 minutes (4 men), the second time held up an unconscionable time by a party ahead. I look on the Meije, before the huts were built, as an exceedingly *strenuous* climb offering *continuous* but not *very* great technical difficulties. Now that you rope in the Promontoire hut the demand on one's powers is much less.—J. P. F.

on the Grande Muraille in 1904, but though pleasant and comfortable for the feet, the additional load of the boots on one's back renders the gain a minus one (+ and - = -). The rock, protogene granite, is so good that it is not easy to slip in properly nailed boots.

As for crampons, if the mountain is in a fit state to climb at all, these are quite unnecessary. On September 13 last the Glacier Carré was hard owing to absence of sun, and showed few traces of steps, but the 10 or 15 minutes crampons might have saved here would have been dearly bought by the extra labour of carrying their clumsy bulk for many hours.

I trust nothing here written will convey the impression that I consider the Meije an easy mountain, to be lightly attacked by inexperienced parties. Though its hardest bits of rock work would not be considered very difficult in the English Lakes, and though its ice work, generally speaking, is easier than what the North Face of Nevis can show in April, the scale on the Meije is very large, *and there are no easy ways down*. There is no great mountain in the Alps whose doors are so easily locked. Young Main and Plossu deserve the greatest credit for their enterprise in opening a new possibility.

THE EARLY SWISS PIONEERS OF THE ALPS.

BY DR. H. DÜBL.

(Continued from p. 99.)

HANS CASPAR ROHRDORF.

HANS CASPAR ROHRDORF, or Rordorf, as he sometimes spells his name, was born at Zürich on August 17, 1773. We know little of his early life, but in 1800 we find him practising as veterinary surgeon at Seebach near Zürich, and in 1805 he qualified as operator and accoucheur. His recent biographer,¹ tells us that in 1811 he made himself guilty of a professional misdemeanour, was imprisoned for some time and banished for six years. After an adventurous life that brought him into the cantons of Thurgau, Glarus and Schwyz, and even to Milan and Florence, he landed at

¹ Dr. A. Lechner: *Hans Caspar Rordorf (Rohrdorf) aus Zürich und Gottlieb Studer in Bern*. Solothurn, 1915.

Berne in 1822, where, notwithstanding his past, he was received by Professor Meisner (1765–1825), Professor Trechsel (1776–1849), and Pastor J. S. Wytttenbach (1748–1830), and got an engagement as assistant of the first-named in the Museum of Natural History. By his anatomical and technical abilities he gave satisfaction to his patrons. He must receive credit for the rearrangement of the remarkable geological and ornithological collections that had come to the museum by the care of the pastors Sprüngli and Wytttenbach. Rohrdorf was a good hand at stuffing animals—the new form of the celebrated St. Bernard dog Barry is his work. He was also a hunter and a good shot, but his reputation was always against him. On the death of the former attendant of the museum in 1826, Rohrdorf was elected to his post with the title of ‘preparator,’ his annual wages being 200 livres (about 290 francs) besides a modest remuneration for extra work. He tried to augment his income by publishing zoological and sporting books, but failed to get the necessary subscribers.² His trade in stuffed beasts and birds was not very lucrative. The reliefs of the Bernese Oberland by Weiss and Müller in the museum inspired him with the idea of issuing a new edition of the smaller relief corrected by observation on the spot. In the printed account of his journey³ Rohrdorf pretends that he was fired by the legend that once a beaten track used for commercial and other purposes led from Grindelwald to the Valais by the Fiescher glaciers, and by the desire to re-open, for the profit of the Oberlanders, this route. Moreover, as the intended passage rounded the foot of the Jungfrau, Rohrdorf decided to climb that peak *en route*. I agree with Dr. Lechner that some of these motives were perhaps fixed *post eventum*, but nevertheless Rohrdorf’s enterprise was meritorious, especially as his personal means were small and the Government did not help him much.

Before starting on August 15, 1828, he modelled the smaller relief and took a copy with him to control it on the field. No

² In 1835 and 1836 only he succeeded in publishing a book of that kind: *Der Schweizerjäger*, 2 vols. in 1 tome, Glarus and Liestal (see Lechner, pp. 33–5).

³ Caspar Rohrdorf: *Reise über die Grindelwald-Fiescher-Gletscher auf den Jungfrau-Gletscher und Ersteigung des Gletschers des Jungfrau-Berges*. Bern, 1828.

F. J. Hugi: *Naturhistorische Alpenreise*, Solothurn, 1830; *Ueber das Wesen der Gletscher und Winterreise in das Eismeer*, Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1842.

doubt he possessed also Meyer's map of 1813, a cut from which is annexed to Rohrdorf's pamphlet. Captain Farrar gave, in 'A.J.' xxx. 280-281, a précis of Rohrdorf's attempt and failure to ascend the Jungfrau and of the successful ascent a few days later by Grindelwald guides led by Peter Baumann. They found no trace of the Meyers' three poles.

Peter Baumann at once reported to Rohrdorf, and a preliminary notice, signed by Rohrdorf, was published in a Bernese magazine: *Der Schweizerfreund* (No. 39, September 23, 1828, pp. 191-2). The editor added a note, taken from the *Gazette de Lausanne*, that contained many topographical errors.

Not free from such, but in other respects interesting, is an account of Rohrdorf's attempt given by Zschokke in *Der aufrichtige und wohlverfahrene Schweizer Bote* (Aarau 1828, No. 28, p. 300). It reads: 'On August 20 two Englishmen⁴ tried to climb the summit of the Jungfrau from Lauterbrunnen. Accompanied by nine men they reached a certain height, but attained only the Roththal glacier. The summit remained inaccessible. On August 21 an inhabitant of Berne tried the same, accompanied by chamois-hunters. He mounted from Grindelwald behind the Eiger and Mönch, remained on the attempt for eight days, steady against all obstacles. He gained the ridge connecting the Jungfrau and the Mönch, and planted there a flag that is visible from the Wengernalp, but the summit of the Jungfrau remained inaccessible.' In a second article the *Schweizerfreund* (No. 41, October 7, 1828, pp. 203-4), after referring to the accounts published in the newspapers, continues: 'As these reports differ from each other on several points, and as some of them are infested by considerable errors, some friends of the truth found it convenient to publish the following facts, that agree with the deposition of the daring men who undertook the expedition.' Then follows a description of the events of September 8 to 11, with personal notices about the seven Grindelwalders. At the end of the unsigned article some of Rohrdorf's thermometrical observations are contested. In his reply, inserted in No. 42 of the *Schweizerfreund*, p. 208, dated October 14, Rohrdorf referred his critics to the experiences of the Meyers and other glacier travellers, but in other respects he accepted their remark.

I cannot refrain from putting in here the very curious contemporary gossip about Rohrdorf and his enterprise that a

⁴ No doubt this is an allusion to the expedition of Messrs. Brown and Slade, which we shall deal with later.

Bernese bill-broker, S. Rudolf Walthard, noted in his diary ⁵ for September 14 and 16, 1828.

‘Le nommé Rohrdorf de Zürich, homme d’une réputation très équivoque, et qui a même été banni de sa ville natale, pour délits correctionnels, a su se faufiler ici, où il est employé au Musée pour l’empaillage des animaux qu’on y expose, et auquel on a confié la garde des fauves qu’on entretient dans les fossés, a conçu l’idée de monter sur la Jungfrau. Grand parleur, vantard et chasseur aventureux, il a su faire goûter son projet à quelques personnes et nommément au directeur de la police, de Graffenried, et au professeur Schnell, qui l’ont beaucoup encouragé. En conséquence il a fait ses préparatifs et s’est rendu au commencement de ce mois dans l’Oberland, où il a engagé cinq ou six chasseurs de chamois de le suivre et de le guider à travers les glaciers. Ils partirent effectivement, mais après avoir erré près de 7 jours sur ces régions glacées, le mauvais temps les força à rétrograder et à remettre la partie jusqu’aux prochains beaux jours. Ceux-ci se manifestèrent effectivement immédiatement après leur retour, mais Rohrdorf s’étant rendu dans l’intervalle à Berne, les chasseurs de chamois partirent seuls, et atteignirent, mercredi dernier, 10^{me} de 7^{bre}, la cime de cette montagne colossale, que jamais encore un pied d’homme n’avait foulée. Suivant les certificats, qu’ils ont apportés, de plusieurs personnes dignes de foi, ils ont été vus depuis Interlaken, vers les 4 à 5 heures de l’après-midi, plantant un drapeau aux couleurs bernoises, de 18 pieds de hauteur sur le point culminant du sommet. D’après le rapport circonstancié qu’ils ont fait de leur ascension, il se trouva que la cime n’offre proprement qu’une superficie de 15 pieds et se termine absolument en dos d’âne. Le premier des chasseurs qui y monta s’y mit à califourchon et ayant ainsi une jambe pendue vers la vallée de Grindelwald et l’autre vers le Valais, il aplatit avec une hache la croupe saillante et forma un plateau d’environ 5 à 6 pieds de diamètre, sur lequel se placèrent ensuite ses compagnons, et au centre duquel ils enfoncèrent, à la profondeur de 3 pieds, le drapeau, qui a été vu par une multitude de personnes. Ils assurent que l’accès de cette sommité n’est point du tout aussi périlleux qu’on se l’imaginait jusqu’à présent, et ils prétendent que moyennant quelques marches coupées dans la glace aux endroits les plus roides il ne faudra pas même de grands efforts de la part de ceux qui seraient curieux de faire cette ascension.

⁵ It was reprinted in Dr. Lechner’s pamphlet, pp. 38–40, from a manuscript preserved in the public library of Berne.

D'après leur rapport ils ont passé la première nuit dans une caverne de rocher, où jaillit une source, et la seconde sous une voûte de roc assez saillante pour les mettre à l'abri des avalanches et de la neige qui pourrait tomber. Le sommet même doit être tout de glace et ne décèler nulle part le moindre vestige de roc ou de terre.

'Les frères Meyer d'Aarau, qui en 1812, avaient tenté l'ascension de cette montagne, depuis le Valais, ont assuré avoir planté un drapeau. Mais comme ce drapeau n'a jamais été vu par personne, malgré que plusieurs curieux se soient donné toutes les peines pour le découvrir avec de longues vues, on a commencé à douter de leur ascension et finalement on s'est convaincu qu'ils en avaient imposé au public. Le fait est que les chasseurs de chamois, qui y sont montés maintenant, n'ont trouvé aucune trace ni aucun vestige qui auraient pu faire supposer que quelqu'un d'autre qu'eux eût atteint ce point culminant de la Suisse. L'honneur doit donc leur en être déféré à juste titre, mais Rohrdorf en révendique une part. Lui revient-elle ?

'(Sept. 16.) Les sept chasseurs de chamois qui sont montés sur la Jungfrau, sont tous de Grindelwald. Ce sont : Christian Roth, âgé de 50 ans. Celui-ci n'est pas monté sur le pic. Pierre Baumann, âgé de 28 ans. C'est lui qui y monta le tout premier et qui nivella la crête avec une hache.

Christian Baumann, âgé de 33 ans.

Pierre Roth, âgé de 35 ans.

Ulrich Wittwer, âgé de 32 ans.

Pierre Moser, âgé de 60 ans.

Hiltbrand Burgener, âgé de 33 ans.

'J'ai vu les certificats, qu'ils ont rapportés et qui certifient qu'on les a vu planter le drapeau et que celui-ci a encore été vu le lendemain. Ces certificats sont signés par une personne d'Interlaken, par un Anglais et par le marquis de Louvois, pair de France ; celui-ci détaille même l'heure et les circonstances de l'ascension du pic, qu'il a observée avec une lunette d'approche. Suivant les rapports de ces chasseurs, ils n'ont vu traces d'êtres vivants dans cette haute région que les pas de chamois et un héron crevé, qui se trouvait à côté d'une caverne. Le ciel leur a paru d'une couleur plus foncée que ne l'est celle qu'on découvre depuis les vallées.'

In that report great stress is laid on the fact that the flag planted on the top of the Jungfrau on September 10 was seen more than once and by several eye-witnesses. Indeed, even from the observatory at Berne it was recognized by Professor

Trechsel, on October 19, between 4 and 5 p.m., first with the excellent although small Frauenhofer telescope, then, more distinctly, with the 'three feet and half Dollond.' Professor Trechsel published his observation in No. 43 of the *Schweizerfreund* (p. 212), for October 21, 1828, and Rohrdorf did not fail to insert it at the end of his pamphlet.

The Englishman alluded to by Walthard was, probably, the American, John Fenimore Cooper, who, on his return from the Gotthard to the Bernese Oberland, observed the flag from Interlaken.⁶

As there was no longer any doubt about the reality of the ascent, the first from the Bernese side at all events, the Government instructed the bailiff of Interlaken, Joh. Rud. v. Steiger, 'to pay to every of the seven Grindelwalders who, on September 10, ascended the summit of the Jungfrau, a double ducat (about 21 francs) as a sign of our contentment.' The assignation was paid out on September 29, 1828, in the parsonage at Grindelwald.⁷

Poor Rohrdorf never recovered his advance to Christian Roth for the preparations for the ascent, for as late as January 1829 there were 'unsettled financial differences and bitter offence between the Grindelwalders and Rohrdorf.' On November 4, 1828, he advised the public that a description of his 'travel over the Grindelwald-Fiescher glaciers to the Jungfrau glacier and of the ascent of the Jungfrau, carried out in August and September 1828, with a little map and sketches of the Jungfrau from S.E. and of the Lagerberg,' was for sale for 8 batzen (about 1 franc 15 centimes) by the author or by the bookseller C. A. Jenny at Berne. And in December 1828 Rohrdorf deposited in the town hall the original of a relief of that region, modelled by him and corrected on the spot. At the same time he advised the public in his pamphlet (p. 45) that copies of the relief, 15 inches broad and 20 inches long, could be ordered from the author. We shall now examine both publications and the critiques they caused.

In his pamphlet Rohrdorf, after an introduction and a full description of his attempt and of the ascent by the Grindelwalders, gives a summary of the region explored by the Meyers and himself; he adds something to their nomenclature, viz.: the Lagerberg (Trugberg), on which he distinguishes two summits, the *Kamm* on the N.E., the *Zweispietz* on the S.W.,

⁶ See *Excursions in Switzerland*, vol. ii. p. 155.

⁷ Studer: *Ueber Eis und Schnee*, 2nd edition, vol. iii. p. 429.

the *Sattelknopf*^{*} on the Jungfraujoeh, the Silberhörner, the Klein Mönch (Stellifuh or Schwarze Mönch) and the Rothe Brett. He pretends that the Kamm is visible from Berne just E. of the Sattelknopf. His observations on the glacial phenomena are few and of no great value. He noted his own pulsations, but not those of his men, and assures us that neither on this nor on the many expeditions on high mountains he or his companions ever suffered from nausea or other symptoms of the rarefaction of air, save on heights of over 10,000 feet. Rohrdorf's remarks about nourishment and digestion on high mountains are the first on record, as far as I know, and therefore of some importance. Concerning the lithological constitution of the Jungfrau he prefers the theory of the Meyers and Dr. Ebel to that of Escher von der Linth, and gives some good details about the contact between gneiss and limestone near the summit of the Jungfrau. He supposes that Professor Hugi will correct his opinions. He notes the names of a few alpine plants he found, and of the rare quadrupeds, insects and birds he observed. More useful and interesting is the chapter on equipment and how to handle the alpenstock and the rope. Crampons are not mentioned. The boots should be heavily nailed, with four iron pegs screwed in the soles and with horse-shoes on the heels. New, in the roll of things to be provided with, are green spectacles, ointment to anoint the face and hands with, and a pole 15 to 20 feet long, the handling of which is described as follows: The leader of the party fixes in the rock or ice an iron peg; on that he hooks an iron ring attached to the thicker end of the pole. Holding the pole upright with one hand he may hew steps with the other. With this simple instrument, Rohrdorf informs us, he once ascended to the summit of the Glärnisch reputed inaccessible, and he thinks it would be convenient for climbing the Finsteraarhorn. Another invention of his seems the mode of roping. The leader and the last man bind the rope (das Stellseil) round their waists, the others are connected with it by short straps fastened on an iron ring sewed to a leather belt. More similar to the modern form of 'abseilen' is Rohrdorf's method to pull the rope through iron rings fastened on iron pegs rammed in at the beginning and the end of a nasty bit of climbing. A sort of 'abschraubbarer Eispickel' is thus described by Rohrdorf: 'On the head of a wooden stick six feet

* P. 3560 of the S. map. See *Climbers' Guide to the Bernese Oberland*, vol. i. pt. i. p. 116. In recent publications this view-point is sometimes called Mathildenspitze. Rohrdorf's denomination deserves to be retained.

long and provided on the lower end with a strong steel point is screwed in (or permanently fixed) a hook of good soft steel seven inches long, sharp on one side, curved and blunt on the other; the instrument serves for cutting steps as well as to hold on rocks or ice.' As for food Rohrdorf recommends above all a condensed flour soup prepared at home and conveyed in a tin box. For drink he prefers a mixture of hot tea with wine and sugar to the pure wine or brandy, but he is well aware that the transport of fuel is a serious impediment to all cooking luxuries.

At the end of his pamphlet Rohrdorf sums up the results of his travel as follows: (1) The presumed 'Wallis-Pass' is of no commercial importance for the Oberland. (2) All the high summits can be scaled. (3) The way is now open for the students to make scientific experiments on those heights and for the simple tourists and even ladies to climb the Jungfrau for the sake of the view. Rohrdorf offers his services to both. Finally, he proceeds to correct some faults in the smaller relief of the Bernese museum, viz.: the heights of the two Eigers as given are too low; the Lagerberg is not, as the relief and the maps state, connected with the Mönch and lies considerably more to the East.

Rohrdorf's pamphlet was announced in a friendly manner in *Schweizerische Literaturblätter*, Zürich, 1829, pp. 71 sq.,⁹ but otherwise it met with bitter criticism. Hugi¹⁰ condemns all Rohrdorf says about the old passage over the Walchergrat and that glacier region as the utterances of an ignoramus. As for his geognostical opinions, the professor rebukes the 'preparator' with the Latin proverb: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*

I agree with Professor Lüders¹¹ that Hugi's judgment is unjust, inasmuch as he omits the real merit of Rohrdorf's expedition. In my opinion it established firmly the following points:

(1) The frontier ridge between the Mönch and the Walcherhorn (3705 m.) can be crossed without excessive exertion or danger; (2) this passage affords the shortest access to the Jungfrau from the Grindelwalder side; (3) the Mönch is not the point of bifurcation of a side spur running S.E. to the Grüneck from the main ridge continuing eastward to the Grindelwalder Fiescherhörner, but is separated from a considerable mountain mass just opposite the Jungfrau by a

⁹ Lechner, *loc. cit.*, p. 9, note 2.

¹⁰ *Naturhistorische Alpenreise*, pp. 110-111.

¹¹ *Jahrbuch S.A.C.*, vol. xlv. p. 288, note 4.

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snowy plain that must be crossed when coming from Grindelwald, to gain the foot of the Jungfrau. These facts were settled by Rohrdorf in his text and on his map, and Hugi was wrong in deciding against all evidence that the legendary pass over the 'Walchergrat' must be sought for more to the E. 'between the two Walcherhörner' [the now called Fiescherjoch], and returning in his map to the erroneous statement of the Meyers.

More useful and interesting is the discussion of Rohrdorf's pamphlet by Gottlieb Studer in a letter dated Lengnau, December 5, 1828, and addressed to Colonel Karl Viktor May (1777-1853).¹² As it is the first time we hear something of a youth destined to become one of the pioneers of alpine climbing, art and historiography, it seems opportune to insert a short sketch of Studer's doings before that date.

GOTTLIEB STUDER, born August 5, 1804, a citizen of Berne, was the son of GOTTLIEB SIGMUND STUDER (1761-1808), best known as author of the 'Chaîne d'Alpes vue des environs de Berne' (1788) and other panoramas, and himself a good mountaineer who, with his brother Samuel and Pastor Wytenbach, first set foot on the Gamchilücke and the Dündenhorn, explored the Gastern- and Kienthal and visited Chamonix and its glaciers. Although the means of the family, after the premature death of its head, were but small, Gottlieb was well educated at Berne and Neuchâtel. He became, like his father, a public notary and served, between 1821 and 1829, as office-clerk in several district towns and in the capital. He began climbing as early as 1823, and continued this sport for sixty years. In 1825 he ascended the Rochers de Culant, a minor summit of the Diablerets and the Pointe de Dronaz, near the Grand St. Bernard, and crossed the Col d'Erraz, between Val d'Entremont and Val de Bagnes. In 1826 he crossed the Jochpass from Engstlenalp to Engelberg, in 1827 the Juchlipass, from Melchthal to Engelberg, the Segnespass, visiting the Martinsloch *en route*, and the Griespass. When he wrote his letter to Colonel May he had already gained his spurs as a map-maker and draughtsman, for he informs us that he gained a silver medal from a Bernese corporation as reward for a map of the prealpine commune of Trub, including the Napf (1411 m.), and had an offer from Dr. Ebel at Zürich to lithograph the panorama of the Calanda and to draw mountain views for the new edition of Ebel's guide book of Switzerland.

¹² The letter is reprinted in Dr. Lechner's pamphlet, pp. 11-13, from the manuscript preserved in the archives of the canton of Berne.

For his own use he had sketched the views from the above said peaks and passes,¹³ and he had just begun to draft the view of the Stockhorn-range, for which purpose he borrowed a map from Colonel May. Thus Studer was well fitted to judge Rohrdorf's work. His criticism hits, besides minor points, on the following defects: (1) To call the summit of the Jungfrau a 'Gletscher' is absurd. (2) 'Lagerberg' is not a convenient name for a rocky mass covered on its flanks with snow and ice; new denominations should be adapted to the nature of the object (!). (3) How can Rohrdorf propose to guide even ladies by an easier way to the top of the Jungfrau, while he was not able to reach it himself by the ordinary route? (4) It is not possible to see the summit of the Lagerberg from Berne, and indeed nothing is visible behind the arête connecting the Jungfrau with the Mönch.¹⁴ (5) The presumption that the depth of the Jungfrau glacier may be equal to that of the Lauterbrunnen valley is wholly unjustified. (6) Rohrdorf offers no proof for his statement that all our ice-covered mountains are accessible. Why does he not try to climb the Matterhorn, the Monte Rosa, etc.? (7) How can Rohrdorf know that on the smaller relief in our museum the two Eigers are too low, as he did not measure their heights? (8) As a copy, the map in Rohrdorf's pamphlet is not badly done, but one would prefer a map on a larger scale, comprising only the region travelled by Rohrdorf, especially the upper part of the Grindelwald-Fiescher glacier and the pass leading over it. (9) The two outlines ('Profilzeichnungen') are very poor in every respect. No. 4 is more probably the Gletscherhorn than the Ebnefluh.¹⁵ Studer sums up his critique by

¹³ They are still preserved in the library of the section of Berne S.A.C.

¹⁴ Studer was quite right. My son Hans, engineer of the Federal survey, writes to me about the matter: 'Seen from Berne, the top of the Trugberg, 3933 m., and nearly its whole summit ridge is masked by the broad Mönch, 4005 m. A line Berne-Jungfrau-joch-Trugberg hits the latter at its S.W. foot, i.e. near P. 3050, and, if prolonged, crosses the centre of the Concordiaplatz, touching the arête of the Wannehorn only between the Klein Wannehorn and the Märjelen lake. Thus no summit whatsoever is visible from Berne behind the Jungfrau-joch.'

¹⁵ Here also Studer seems right. No doubt he took that detail from the appendix his father added to the *Raritätenkasten von Lauterbrunnen* (about this curious MS. see *Climbers' Guide to the Bernese Oberland*, vol. i. pt. i. p. xiv.), but the name is a fruit of Studer's first visit to Lauterbrunnen in 1827.

crediting Rohrdorf with the merit to have opened the way for people more capable of exact observations. I think we can subscribe to his judgment.

In his 'Alpenstock' (London, 1829), p. 49 ss., Charles Joseph Latrobe gives a very readable extract of the mountaineering part of Rohrdorf's pamphlet, and from Latrobe's text Rohrdorf's enterprise was made known to the public by others.

Rohrdorf not only offered to sell to the Government his relief, but he proposed to continue the work and to extend it over the whole Oberland. The Government, on December 28, referred the matter to the curators of the Academy,¹⁶ and they, on December 31, directed the professors Trechsel and Bernhard Studer¹⁷ to report on the relief. The report was sent in on January 21, 1829.

The reporters did not recommend the proposed continuation of the work.

On February 12, 1829, the curators forwarded this report, approved by themselves, to the Government. On February 20 the treasurer of state was ordered to pay to Rohrdorf a remuneration of 45 francs, but otherwise his offers were refused. The only relief by Rohrdorf I know of is at Zürich.¹⁸

Towards the end of 1830 Rohrdorf left Berne and returned to Zürich, where he acted again as surgeon. But a second time he came in conflict with the penal code, and ended miserably, a ruined old man, in an almshouse at Zürich, on April 23, 1843.¹⁹ He left a son, Konrad Caspar, born November 26, 1800, who gained some reputation as an engraver,²⁰ reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel at Liestal, and was killed in the assault on Mexico city in September 1847.

REPORT OF THE OFFICIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE ACCIDENT ON THE MONT CERVIN, IN JULY 1865.

SÉANCE du juge instructeur du district de Viège, tenue à Zermatt, à l'hôtel du Mont Cervin, sous la présidence de Mr. le juge d'instruction Joseph Antoine Clemenzenz, à Viège, rapporteur substitué César Clemenzenz, greffier Donat Andenmatten à Viège, et huissier ad hoc Jean Julien, le 21 juillet 1865.

¹⁶ See Lechner, pp. 28-9.

¹⁷ Bernhard Studer (1794-1887), the famous geologist and friend of Professor Forbes, was the son of Samuel Studer (1757-1834; see above) and cousin of Gottlieb Studer.

¹⁸ *Bibliographia der Schweizerischen Landeskunde*, fascikel ii. p. 412.

¹⁹ Lechner, pp. 30-37.

²⁰ *Schweizerisches Künstlerlexikon*, pp. 668-9.

MONSIEUR WIMPER, TOURISTE.

. Question 1.—Quel est votre nom, âge, condition, et votre domicile ?

Réponse.—Edouard Whimper, 25 ans, domicilié à Londres, artiste dessinateur, pas marié.

Q. 2.—Avez-vous fait partie de l'expédition qui a eu lieu le 13 courant aux fins d'opérer l'ascension du Mont Cervin ?

R.—Oui.

Q. 3.—De combien de personnes a été composé le personnel de cette expédition ?

R.—A partir de Zermatt nous étions 8 personnes, savoir 4 voyageurs, 2 guides et deux porteurs. Un des porteurs, fils de Pierre Taugwalder, est reparti pour Zermatt le 14 au matin de l'endroit où nous avons pris le quartier de nuit.

Q. 4.—Quel est le nom des 4 voyageurs, des deux guides et du porteur ?

R.—Rev. Charles Hudson, M. Hadou, Lord François Douglas, et moi-même ; guides : Michel Cropt de Chamonix, Pierre Taugwalder, père, de Zermatt ; et porteur : Pierre Taugwalder fils.

Q. 5.—Quel est le domicile de Mr. Douglas, Hudson et Hadou ?

R.—Mr. Hudson a été vicaire à Skillington, Angleterre, le domicile des autres m'est inconnu.

Q. 6.—A quelle heure vous-êtes partis le 14 pour continuer votre chemin pour arriver à la pointe du Mont Cervin ?

R.—Nous sommes partis de notre quartier du 13 au 14 à 3.40 du matin.

Q. 7.—A quelle heure êtes-vous arrivés au sommet du Mont Cervin ?

R.—A 1.40 de l'après-midi.

Q. 8.—Combien de temps avez-vous séjourné au sommet du Mont Cervin ?

R.—Une heure.

Q. 9.—Est-ce que vous avez pris en descendant la même direction qu'en montant ?

R.—Exactement la même.

Q. 10.—Est-ce que les 4 voyageurs et les guides ont été liés par des cordes entre eux ?

R.—Oui, dans l'ordre et conditions suivantes : à la tête de la colonne a été le guide Michel Cropt, venait ensuite M. Hadou, Hudson, Lord Douglas, Taugwalder père, guide, moi-même, et enfin Taugwalder fils. Entre Lord Douglas et Taugwalder père la corde a été moins épaisse qu'entre Michel

Cropt et Lord Douglas d'un côté, et Taugwalder père et Taugwalder fils de l'autre côté.

Q. 11.—De quelle manière est arrivée la malheureuse catastrophe ?

R.—Nous descendions dans l'ordre indiqué plus haut. A une distance d'environ 300 p. du sommet nous arrivions à un endroit difficile composé de rochers et de neige. Pour autant que je sache au moment où l'accident eut lieu, M. Hadou était le seul qui fut en mouvement. Ce même M. Hadou éprouvait évidemment beaucoup de difficultés à faire la descente et Michel Cropt pour plus de sécurité prenait et plaçait lui-même l'un après l'autre les pieds de M. Hadou. Je ne saurais dire avec certainté qu'elle était la véritable cause de l'accident. Mais je crois que Michel Cropt avait placé les pieds de M. Hadou sur des points de rochers et venait de se retourner pour faire un pas en avant lui-même lorsque M. Hadou glissa, dans sa chute renversa Michel Cropt. Ce double poids entraîna M. Hudson et après lui Lord Douglas. Les quelques instants que cela dura donnaient temps aux 3 qui étaient en arrière de prendre pied ferme, si bien en effet que la corde se brisa entre Lord Douglas et Taugwalder père. Pendant 2 ou 3 moments nous vîmes les 4 malheureux glisser sur le dos et tendre les mains pour se sauver et puis ils disparurent entièrement. Pas un cri n'a été entendu, après le premier cri de surprise poussé par Michel Cropt. Moi-même et les 2 Taugwalder nous sommes descendus sans autre accident par le même chemin que nous étions montés usant de toute la prudence possible et cherchant partout des traces de nos malheureux compagnons. Mais nous n'avons vu que deux haches enfoncées dans la neige. Par suite de ces précautions et de ces recherches nous fûmes surpris par la nuit à une hauteur d'environ 13.000 pieds anglais. Là nous prîmes quartier sur une espace d'environ 12 pieds de superficie et le lendemain matin samedi le 15 nous nous remîmes en route, arrivant à Zermatt à 10½ h. du matin.

Q. 12.—N'êtes-vous pas remontés au pied du Mont Cervin pour chercher les malheureuses victimes de cet accident ?

R.—Oui, dimanche matin le 16 crt.

Q. 13.—Etiez-vous seul ou étiez-vous en compagnie ? Dans le cas que vous n'étiez pas seul, veuillez désigner les personnes qui vous ont accompagné ?

R.—J'étais accompagné du Rév. Joseph McCormick, ami de M. Hudson, ainsi que du Rév. Mr. Robertson et de M. Phillpots, et des guides Lochmatter Alexandre et un des frères Maurice Andenmatten de Saas, François Payot de

Chamonix et un autre guide de Chamonix dont le nom m'est inconnu.

Q. 14.—Avez-vous trouvé les 4 victimes ?

R.—Seulement les cadavres de trois ; savoir : M. Hudson, M. Hadou, et Michel Cropt.

Q. 15.—N'avez-vous pas donné connaissance à l'autorité de la commune de Zermatt que vous avez retrouvé les cadavres de 3 victimes ?

R.—Non, pas officiellement, mais à mon retour à Zermatt le samedi matin, j'ai donné connaissance du triste accident au président de la commune de Zermatt le priant en même temps d'envoyer des hommes sur le lieu de la catastrophe ; en cas qu'après tout l'un ou l'autre de mes malheureux compagnons fût encore en vie. Cette demande fut accordée et bon nombre des guides se mirent aussitôt en route. Ils revinrent six heures plus tard, disant qu'ils avaient entrevu les cadavres, mais qu'il est impossible de parvenir jusqu'à eux ce jour. D'un autre côté ces mêmes guides de Zermatt refusèrent en masse d'aller à la recherche des cadavres le lendemain dimanche, et c'est pour cela même que je me mis en route sans autorité officielle pour retrouver les cadavres et qu'à mon retour je ne crus pas devoir faire un rapport officiel. Cependant le fait que 3 des cadavres avaient été retrouvés fut communiqué non officiellement à quiconque prenait intérêt dans cette triste affaire.

Q. 16.—Est-ce que vous n'avez pas trouvé des traces de Lord Douglas ?

R.—J'ai rencontré une paire de gants que je lui avais donnée moi-même à Zermatt et la ceinture de cuir qu'il portait pendant l'ascension.

Q. 17.—Avez-vous à votre déposition quelque chose à changer ou à ajouter ?

R.—J'ajouterai qu'à partir du 14 au matin Taugwalder fils qui nous avait d'abord accompagné comme porteur, nous servit de guide.

Le protocole prélu et approuvé,
(Sig.) EDOUARD WHYMPER.

Le même jour et par devant les mêmes :

INTERROGATOIRE DE PIERRE TAUGWALDER, PÈRE
[translated from the German].

Q. 18.—D'usage.

R.—Je m'appelle Pierre Taugwalder, 45 ans, marié, guide de montagne, domicilié à Zermatt.

Q. 19.—Avez-vous fait l'ascension du Mont Cervin, le 14 ct.?

R.—Oui.

Q. 20.—En quelle qualité avez-vous fait cette ascension ?

R.—En qualité de guide de montagne.

Q. 21.—Qui vous a engagé comme guide pour cette ascension?

R.—Lord Douglas et Whympet.

Q. 22.—Avant l'ascension du Mont Cervin, avez-vous déjà fait des excursions dans la montagne avec Lord Douglas ?

R.—Oui, j'ai accompagné Lord Douglas comme guide à Zinal et sur le Gabelhorn.

Q. 23.—Avant le départ (pour l'ascension du Mont Cervin) avez-vous été informé des personnes qui devaient prendre part à la course, et avez-vous fait des observations, soit contre l'un ou l'autre des participants, soit contre le nombre disproportionné entre touristes et guides ?

R.—On m'a bien dit de combien de personnes la caravane se composait. Je n'ai pas fait d'observations contre les personnes de la caravane. Toutefois, je faisais remarquer que, proportionnellement aux touristes, il y avait trop peu de guides. MM. Whympet et Hudson me répondirent qu'ils marchaient aussi bien que des guides, sur quoi, je ne fis plus d'observations.

Q. 24.—Qui a attaché les personnes avant la descente du sommet ?

R.—Les 4 premiers hommes de la caravane, composée du guide Cropt, Hadou, Hudson et Lord Douglas, ont été attachés par le guide Cropt, et je me suis attaché à Lord Douglas par une corde spéciale.

Q. 25.—Qui a été accordé le premier ?

R.—Je ne me rappelle plus bien qui a été attaché le premier à la corde par Cropt.

Q. 26.—De quelle qualité était la corde employée à cet effet ?

R.—La corde à laquelle étaient attachés Cropt et les 3 touristes était une corde tout à fait neuve et solide.

Q. 27.—Qui vous a attaché à Lord Douglas ?

R.—C'est moi-même.

Q. 28.—Pourquoi a-t-on employé une autre corde entre Lord Douglas et vous ?

R.—Parceque la première corde n'était pas assez longue pour pouvoir m'y attacher.

Q. 29.—La corde employée entre Lord Douglas et vous était-elle, suivant vous, assez solide ?

R.—Si j'avais trouvé que la corde employée entre Lord Douglas et moi n'était pas assez solide, je me serais bien gardé

de m'attacher avec elle à Lord Douglas, et je n'aurais pas voulu le mettre en danger, pas plus que moi-même. Si j'avais trouvé cette corde trop faible, je l'aurais reconnue comme telle avant l'ascension du Mont Cervin et je l'aurais refusée.

Q. 30.—Donnez-nous des détails sur l'endroit où l'accident est arrivé ?

R.—Etant descendu jusqu'à environ 200 à 300 pieds du sommet du Mont Cervin, nous sommes arrivés au second des plus dangereux endroits où la montagne ne présente que des parois lisses et où il est très difficile de prendre pied. C'est là que le premier touriste après le guide Cropt glissa et entraîna les suivants et ceux-ci ensuite entraînèrent le guide Cropt, après que la corde entre Lord Douglas et moi ait été brisée.

Q. 31.—Estimez-vous que toutes les précautions ont été prises à cet endroit ?

R.—Oui. Il est toutefois regrettable que la première personne après Cropt était un très mauvais grimpeur.

Q. 32.—Comment l'accident s'est-il produit ?

R.—Je l'ai dit ci-dessus, mais j'ajoute qu'après la rupture de la corde entre Lord Douglas et moi, M. Whymper, moi et mon fils, nous sommes restés à cet endroit, d'où nous cherchions à sortir le plus tôt possible. Nous sommes descendus afin de trouver un endroit pour y passer la nuit. Le lendemain matin, nous sommes arrivés sains et saufs à Zermatt.

Q. 33.—Au moment de la chute des touristes, la corde était-elle tendue ou non ?

R.—Elle était tendue.

Q. 34.—Quelle est votre opinion sur la rupture de la corde ?

R.—Je ne puis le dire, mais le poids des trois personnes avec la force de leur chute aurait pu briser une corde bien solide.

Q. 35.—Etait-il possible de retenir les 4 hommes après la rupture de la corde ?

R.—Impossible.

Q. 36.—Si la corde entre vous et Mr. Douglas ne s'était pas brisée, auriez-vous pu sauver les touristes ?

R.—J'ai la ferme conviction que, si la corde ne s'était pas brisée entre Lord Douglas et moi, avec l'aide du guide Cropt, j'aurais pu sauver les touristes.

Lu et confirmé,

PIERRE TAUGWALDER.

Le Juge d'instruction,

CLEMENZ.

Le Greffier ad hoc,

DONAT ANDENMATTEN.

Le même jour et par devant les mêmes :

INTERROGATOIRE DE FRANÇOIS JOSEPH ANDENMATTEN
[translated from the German].

Q. 37.—D'usage.

R.—Je m'appelle Franz Andenmatten, 40 ans, marié, guide de montagne, domicilié à Almagel.

Q. 38.—N'êtes-vous pas allés, ces derniers jours, en compagnie d'autres guides, dans la vallée de Zmut à la recherche des personnes, victimes de l'accident au Mont Cervin ?

R.—Oui, deux fois. La première fois je suis allé avec 4 autres guides et accompagné de 4 Messieurs, et nous avons trouvé tout de suite 3 victimes. Ces trois se trouvaient sur une plaine de neige où sur une grande distance il n'y a ni abîmes ni couloirs.

Q. 39.—Où croyez-vous que le corps de la quatrième victime pourrait bien se trouver ?

R.—Probablement, il est resté plus haut dans les rochers.

Q. 40.—Quel est le nom des Messieurs qui sont venus avec vous la première fois ?

R.—Maac Cormick, Whymper, Robertson, Philpots.

Q. 41.—Qu'avez-vous fait des 3 corps ?

R.—Je me trouvais seul à une certaine distance des victimes; je crois qu'on les avait réunies et couvertes de neige. La seconde fois, j'y suis allé pour ramener les victimes.

Q. 42.—Quels guides étaient avec vous la première fois ?

R.—Alexandre et Joseph-Marie Lochmatter et deux guides de Chamoni, dont un s'appelle Payot, le nom de l'autre m'est inconnu.

Le comparant ne sait pas signer.

Le Juge d'instruction,

CLEMENZ.

Le Greffier ad hoc,

DONAT ANDENMATTEN.

Suite le 22 juillet, au même lieu et par devant les mêmes.

INTERROGATOIRE D'ALEXANDRE LOCHMATTER
[translated from the German].

Q. 43.—D'usage.

R.—Je m'appelle Alexandre Lochmatter, 27 ans, célibataire, guide de montagne et horloger, domicilié à St. Nicolas.

Q. 44.—N'êtes-vous pas allés, en compagnie de plusieurs

Messieurs et guides, au pied du Mont Cervin à la recherche des 4 victimes ?

R.—Oui.

Q. 45.—Combien de victimes y avez-vous trouvé ?

R.—Nous en avons trouvé trois.

Q. 46.—Savez-vous le nom de la victime que l'on n'a pas retrouvée ?

R.—Oui, ces Messieurs m'ont dit que c'était Lord Douglas.

Q. 47.—Les trois victimes, étaient-elles ensemble ou séparées ?

R.—Elles étaient tout près l'une de l'autre.

Q. 48.—N'a-t-on pas mis ensemble les trois corps et couvert de neige ?

R.—Oui.

Q. 49.—Était-ce dans l'intention de les y laisser ?

R.—Oui, comme mes compagnons, je les croyais y enterrés, d'autant plus que le pasteur anglais a récité des prières d'un livre.

Q. 50.—N'avez-vous pas trouvé de traces de Lord Douglas, soit de son corps, soit de ses vêtements ?

R.—Rien, que je sache.

Q. 51.—A quel endroit, croyez-vous, que Douglas pourrait être retrouvé ?

R.—J'estime que ce doit être dans la partie rocheuse, car il n'a pas pu tomber plus bas que ses compagnons.

Q. 52.—Les trois corps n'ont-ils pas été fouillés et ne trouvait-on pas d'objets sur eux ?

R.—MM. Whympfer, Robertson et le pasteur ont fouillé les corps et pris possession des objets qui se trouvaient sur eux.

Lu et confirmé,

ALEXANDRE LOCHMATTER.

Le Juge d'instruction,

J. A. CLEMENZ.

Le Greffier ad hoc,

DONAT ANDENMATTEN.

Séance du Juge instructeur du 23 juillet au même lieu et par devant les mêmes :

SECOND INTERROGATOIRE DE PIERRE TAUGWALDER

[translated from the German].

Q. 53.—Depuis votre dernière déposition, vos souvenirs sur l'accident au Mont Cervin ont-ils changé ; avez-vous quelque chose à ajouter ou à modifier à votre première déposition ?

R.—Rien, sinon que j'ai dit au guide Crompt, avant d'arriver au passage dangereux, qu'on devrait pour plus de sûreté tendre une corde. Crompt m'a répondu que cela n'était pas nécessaire.

Q. 54.—Votre fils a-t-il connaissance de quelle manière l'accident est arrivé ?

R.—Je ne le crois pas, car il m'a demandé à ce moment : vous êtes encore là, mon père ?

Q. 55.—Comment se fait-il qu'entre Crompt et vous se trouvaient 3 Messieurs, par contre entre vous et votre fils seulement un. Le juge d'instruction est d'avis que cette répartition n'était pas bien rationnelle ; qu'en dites-vous ?

R.—Le premier de la caravane était le guide Crompt, vint ensuite Hadou, puis Hudson, qui se donnait comme guide, suivaient alors Lord Douglas, moi, Whympier et mon fils, Si le juge d'instruction admet que Hudson faisait fonction de guide, vous voyez que chaque touriste était entre deux guides.

Q. 56.—Est-ce que la caravane considérait Hudson comme guide ?

R.—Hudson disait lui-même qu'il n'avait pas besoin de guide et qu'il pourrait faire fonction de guide.

Q. 57.—Qui a fourni la corde qui vous attachait à Lord Douglas ?

R.—La corde a été fournie par MM. les touristes.

Q. 58.—Votre fils était-il engagé comme guide ou comme porteur ?

R.—Le premier jour comme porteur, le second jour comme guide. Au commencement, ces Messieurs voulaient renvoyer mon fils, prétendant que Crompt et moi suffisaient comme guides. Sur mes instances, de prendre mon fils comme guide, ces Messieurs ont accepté ensuite ma proposition.

Q. 59.—A quelle heure êtes-vous partis de Zermatt, le 13 ?

R.—Entre 5 et 6 heures du matin.

Q. 60.—A quelle heure êtes-vous arrivés à l'endroit où vous avez passé la nuit ?

R.—Vers 12 heures du jour.

Q. 61.—A quelle heure êtes-vous repartis le 14 ?

R.—Vers les 2 heures ; nous nous sommes arrêtés un peu plus d'une demi heure. Ces Messieurs étaient de bonne humeur et poussaient des cris de joie.

Q. 63.—Dans sa déposition, Mr. Whympier a déclaré que c'est Hadou qui aurait glissé le premier et entraîné le guide Crompt et ces deux auraient ensuite entraîné Hudson et Douglas. Pendant cet intervalle, lui, Whympier, et les guides Tangwalder père et fils, auraient eu le temps, de prendre pied. A ce

moment, la corde se serait brisée entre Douglas et Taugwalder. Dans votre réponse à la question 30, vous avez dit que Hadou aurait glissé le premier, puis Hudson et Lord Douglas et ensuite seulement le guide Cropt. Comme la déposition de Mr. Whympet et la vôtre ne sont pas tout à fait conformes, vous êtes invités à déclarer si vous maintenez votre première réponse ?

R.—Comme Mr. Whympet se trouvait au dessus de moi en un endroit d'où il pouvait se rendre compte de ce malheureux accident, sa déposition pourrait bien être plus précise, de sorte que je ne veux pas prétendre plus longtemps que Cropt soit tombé après les trois autres touristes. Tout se passa dans un clin d'œil et nous étions tellement surpris qu'il est pour ainsi dire impossible de bien se rendre compte de l'accident.

Q. 64.—Avez-vous quelque chose à ajouter ou à modifier à vos dépositions qui précèdent ?

R.—J'ajoute que, pour me maintenir plus solidement, je me suis tourné contre la montagne, et comme la corde entre Whympet et moi n'était pas tendue, j'ai pu heureusement la rouler autour d'une saillie de rocher, ce qui m'a donné la force nécessaire pour me sauver. La corde qui m'attachait à Douglas et les autres personnes m'a donné par la chute de telles secousses que je suis bien souffrant à l'endroit où la corde a passé mon corps.

Lu et confirmé,

PIERRE TAUGWALDER.

Le Juge d'instruction,

CLEMENZ.

Le Greffier ad hoc,

DONAT ANDENMATTEN.

La Commission d'enquête pour le district de Viège composée du Juge d'instruction Joseph-Antoine Clemenz et du greffier C. Clemenz, les deux domiciliés à Viège, a porté la décision de non lieu suivante dans l'enquête instruite d'office concernant l'accident survenu à l'occasion d'une ascension du Mont Cervin.

FAITS.

Le 13 juillet, à 5 heures du matin, une caravane composée de MM. Lord Douglas, Hudson, Edouard Whympet et Hadou et des guides Michel Cropt de Chamonix, Pierre Taugwalder, père et fils, les deux de Zermatt, est partie de Zermatt pour tenter l'ascension du Mont Cervin. Le 18 au soir, ils passèrent

la nuit au pied de la montagne. Le lendemain, ils quittèrent leur abri de nuit à 3 heures 40 du matin et arrivèrent à une heure 40 au sommet de la montagne. Pour la descente, ils suivaient le même chemin qu'ils avaient pris pour l'ascension, et ils étaient attachés dans l'ordre suivant : A la tête de la colonne se trouvait le guide Crompt ; venaient ensuite Hadou, Hudson, Lord Douglas, Taugwalder, père, Whymper et Taugwalder, fils. A une distance d'environ 300 pieds au dessous du sommet, ils arrivaient à un endroit rocheux couvert de neige, et où il était difficile de prendre pied. A la traversée de cet endroit dangereux, M. Hadou glissa et entraîna dans sa chute le guide Crompt. Ce double poids entraîna aussi Hudson et ensuite Lord Douglas. Pendant le court instant que dura cet événement, les suivants avaient le temps de prendre pied et cela si bien que la corde entre Lord Douglas et Taugwalder père se brisa. Les survivants descendirent ensuite avec toutes les précautions possibles et arrivèrent sans autre accident à Zermatt, le samedi 15, à 10 heures 1/2, après avoir passé la nuit du 14 au 15, à une hauteur de 13.000 pieds anglais, sur un pan de rocher d'environ 12 pieds de superficie.

Considérant :

1. que des faits ci-dessus il ne résulte aucun acte délictueux;
 2. que Mr. Hadou a occasionné l'accident ;
- que de l'exposé des faits qui précède personne ne peut être accusé d'une faute ou d'un délit,

Il est décidé :

Il n'y a pas lieu de donner suite à la présente enquête, par contre il est porté une décision de non lieu avec frais à la charge du fisc.

INVENTAIRE DES OBJETS APPARTENANT À M. HADOU, dressé le 22 juillet à Zermatt, au domicile de M. le capitaine Alexandre Seiler, Hôtel Mont-Rose, par ordre du ministère public représenté par le rapporteur-substitut César Clemenz, par M. le juge de district Alois Biner, de Randa, assisté du greffier ad hoc Donat Andenmatten.

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 1. Billet circulaire 1 à 10 L.W.St. | ff. 250.00 |
| 2. Napoléon d'or 14 à 20 fr. | 280.00 |
| 3. Monnaie | 2.70 |
| 4. Deux bagues en or. | |
| 5. Un porte-monnaie, avec une montre en argent et une chaîne en or. | |

Les objets ci-dessus ont été déposés par la victime Hadou, avant l'ascension du Mont Cervin, chez l'hôtelier Seiler.

6. Dans les poches du corps, M. le pasteur et ses amis ont trouvé : des lunettes (conserves).

INVENTAIRE POUR M. HUDSON.

1. Un billet de banque anglais de fr. cent vingt cinq ff. 125.00
2. Six L. St. de fr. cent cinquante 150.00
3. Deux Napoléons de fr. vingt, un de fr. cinq 45.00
4. Porte-crayon en argent.

Les objets ci-dessus ont été déposés chez l'hôtelier Seiler par M. Hudson avant sa malheureuse ascension du Mont Cervin.

Dans les poches de la victime ont été trouvés les objets suivants :

- (a) Une montre en or, brisée, marquant 3 heures $\frac{3}{4}$.
- (b) Deux couteaux de poche.
- (c) Une chaîne de montre en or.
- (d) Une pièce de deux fr.

Dans une malle se trouvent un sac de voyage, des livres de voyage, des habits et des brosses à cheveux, des cartes et des effets d'habillement appartenant aux victimes Hadou et Hudson et à leur compagnon de voyage Campbel.

Les objets ci-dessus mentionnés et inventoriés, appartenant à MM. Hadou et Hudson ont été remis à M. le pasteur Cormick, qui se porte personnellement fort vis-à-vis du tribunal, pour la remise intégrale.

Zermatt, le 22 juillet 1865.

Jos. McCORMICK,
English Chaplain at Zermatt.

INVENTAIRE POUR MICHEL CROPT.

Trouvé sur le corps :

1. en or, cent vingt-cinq francs ff. 125.00
2. trois pièces de deux francs 6.00
3. en monnaie, trois francs et trente un cts. 3.81

Avant l'ascension, M. Cropt a déposé chez l'hôtelier Seiler :

- (a) 1 chemise en flanelle.
- (b) 1 paire de bas en laine.
- (c) 1 portefeuille.
- (d) 1 ceinture.
- (e) indiqué ci-dessus.

Les objets ci-dessus mentionnés appartenant à la victime Michel Cropt ont été remis à l'hôtelier Alexandre Seiler, qui se porte personnellement fort pour leur conservation et leur entretien, et qui signe le présent inventaire.

Zermatt, le 22 juillet 1865.

Les objets mentionnés dans l'inventaire ci-dessus ont été remis au frère Jean-Baptiste Cropt.

Zermatt, le 23 juillet 1865.

CROPT JEAN-BAPTISTE.

INVENTAIRE DES EFFETS DE LORD DOUGLAS,

dressé à Zermatt, à l'hôtel de M. le Conseiller d'Etat J. A. Clemenz, Hôtel Mont Cervin, le 22 juillet 1865, par ordre du ministère public représenté par M. le rapporteur-substitut César Clemenz, par M. le juge de district Alois Biner, à Randa, assisté du greffier ad hoc soussigné Donat Andenmatten, à Viège.

1. 1 portefeuille contenant diverses correspondances et un billet de banque anglais de 10 L.St. soit . . . ff. 250.00
 et un même de 5 L.St. soit . . . 125.00
 plus une pièce de un franc . . . 1.00
2. 1 sac de voyage contenant :
 - (a) 1 palteau.
 - (b) 1 chemise flanelle.
 - (c) 1 paire de bas blancs.
 - (d) 1 paire de guêtres en cuir.
 - (e) 1 paire de pantoufles.
 - (f) deux livres de voyage.
 - (g) carte.
 - (h) 1 paire de ciseaux.
 - (i) petite boîte avec onguent.
 - (k) instrument pour défaire les nœuds.
 - (l) petite boîte avec des pillules.
 - (m) brosse à dents et à cheveux et des peignes.
 - (n) 1 paire de bas gris en laine et gants.

A l'endroit où on a retrouvé les corps de Hadou, Hudson et Cropt, on a également trouvé un soulier que l'on attribue à Lord Douglas et qui est cassé, ainsi qu'une manche déchirée du paletot de la même personne.

Zermatt, le 22 juillet 1865.

Le Juge de district,
ALOIS BINER.
Le Greffier ad hoc,
DONAT ANDENMATTEN.

After fifty-five years, thanks to the indefatigable research of Mr. Montagnier, the Minutes of the Enquiry into the most momentous accident which has happened in the Alps are at last available.

There is remarkably little in them, and they throw practically no further light on the matter.

Whymper's evidence corresponds, so far as it goes, with the fuller account given in 'Scrambles.' The chief interest must, of course, be looked for in the evidence of the guide Peter Taugwalder, père, a man of very considerable experience. His answers strike me as frank, to the point, and as indicating singular intelligence.

His answers 24 to 29 bear upon the question of the rope which broke between himself and Douglas. He maintains that he considered it of sufficient strength for the purpose. This is difficult to reconcile with Mr. Whymper's statement, 'It was not brought, and should not have been employed, for the purpose for which it was used.' It must not be forgotten that Mr. Whymper spoke practically no German, and understood probably only the bare words such as 'schnell' and 'langsam,' in regular use on a mountain. His knowledge of French was not extensive. Old Peter's knowledge of French did not exceed Mr. Whymper's knowledge of German. Young Peter spoke and understood French fairly, as he had been in service in the Canton de Vaud. These facts explain a certain disjointedness which strikes one as existing in the relations between guides and traveller.

Taugwalder's answer 28 is peculiar. The rope connecting the four men, Croz, Hadou, Hudson, and Douglas, was either 200 or 150 feet long (cf. my article, 'A.J.' xxxii. 29), yet he says it was not long enough for him to tie on to.

Now in those days, and even later, 80 feet was considered

enough for four men,¹ so that if, as Taugwalder asserts, none of the rope of the four first descending men remained, they must have been tied up at intervals of 60 or 45 feet, according to which rope had been used. This is not very probable, but where the rest of the rope was if not so used is difficult to say. Whympfer alludes to 'the suspicious fact' that this weaker rope was used by Taugwalder, and there is some justification for the words, since it was *only between old Peter and Douglas* that it was used, and old Peter's explanation, given above, is at least open to question. At the same time, as I pointed out in my article ('A.J.' xxxii. 28), Taugwalder did not necessarily understand that the rope given to him to carry was not for ordinary use.

Mr. Whympfer's statement ('Scrambles,' 5th edit., p. 392, note 1) that 'there was abundance of new and much stronger rope to spare' is not justified, since one of the other two ropes was with him and young Taugwalder on the summit, and the other, according to old Peter, had been used by the four leading men.

Old Peter's answer 28 is not satisfactory, but at the same time he cannot be fairly accused, still less convicted, of adopting, deliberately, a course tending to save himself at the cost of four other men, one of whom, Douglas, was his immediate employer, with whom he had made other expeditions and to whom he seems to have been sincerely attached.

His answer 30 states that Croz only gave way when the three travellers dragged him down, but he does not maintain this statement which is in itself not improbable, in face of Mr. Whympfer's contradiction (see answer 68):

His answer 36 is remarkable. He claims that but for the breakage of the rope between himself and Douglas he, *with the aid of Croz*, could have saved the party.

I certainly do not see what aid Croz, who in the order of descent was in the very place where he was least able to render any aid, could have given, but it is quite possible that Hudson, backed up solidly by the four men behind him, would not have been dragged from his footing, and could have held the other two.

There is one statement of Whympfer's in this connexion which I deliberately passed over in my article above referred to, viz. that 'the rope was not taut from him [Hudson] to

¹ The much more difficult work undertaken by the present-day climbers demands a much longer rope, so as to give each man more scope to gain a safe stand.

Hadow.' This statement does not appear in the present evidence, and his letter dated 'Interlachen, July 25, 1865,' a copy of which is before me, says merely, 'I cannot but think that had the rope been tight between those who fell as it was between myself and Taugwalder,' &c.

Now Whymper himself states that 'the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock,' and it may well be assumed that he had none too clear a view of Hudson, the third man.

To my mind it is *inconceivable* that Hudson, admittedly an experienced mountaineer, not a mere guide follower, should have had a trailing rope between himself and young Hadow, for whom he seemed to assume a particular care. What he doubtless did was to seek the best stand he could find so as to be ready to check any slip—that part of the mountain, which I have gone across or close to five times,² offers few good stands—and this involved his closing up to Hadow. Whymper *jumped to the conclusion* that the rope was consequently not taut between them. But *Hudson's back would be to Whymper, and would obstruct Whymper's view.* What Hudson undoubtedly did—and which of us has not in similar circumstances done the like?—was to hold Hadow on a *short, taut* rope. The weight of the two falling men, Croz and Hadow, the rope between whom was, certainly, wholly loose, was too much for the resistance of Hudson, stout mountaineer though he was, who can have received very slight support from the light eighteen-year-old Douglas.

Taugwalder's answer 64 states that the rope between himself and Whymper immediately above him was not taut. I do not necessarily accept this statement—which, if true, condemns Taugwalder the guide more than it does the amateur—since it is only introduced to explain the fact, now first brought out, that Taugwalder was thereby enabled to give the rope a turn round a projecting rock. I do not remember any rocks on that part of the mountain which would have furnished an instantaneous and safe stance. But it would appear that the thin rope did offer a certain amount of resistance, since Taugwalder complains of his ribs being painful.

The judgment of the Court of Enquiry is colourless, as might be expected from a tribunal who had no claim to be experts.

Among the Alpine papers of the late A. Adams Reilly, now in my hands by the courtesy of Mr. Mortimer, are a number

² Not over the actual place of the accident which lies away to the left.

of letters bearing on the projected ascents of the Cervin prior to 1865, and incidentally on the relations between Whymper and Croz. One of these days I will attempt a summary of them.

October 8, 1920.

J. P. FARRAR.

LE CONGRÈS DE L'ALPINISME À MONACO.

(1^{er} Mai-20 Mai 1920.)

THIS highly successful congress was attended by about 200 representatives of the mountaineering clubs of the world. Its success must be ascribed in a large measure to the great personal interest taken in it by H.S.H. the reigning Prince of Monaco and to the driving power of Baron Gabet, President of the C.A.F., who, aided by many devoted workers, organized the arrangements in a most complete manner. It must be confessed that the many outside attractions, such as luncheons, banquets, receptions, small mountain excursions and motor drives in the unrivalled environs of Monaco, organized by the Committee, tended to minimise the attendance at the reading of the many elaborate papers.

Among the English papers contributed were :

'A Consideration of the Chances of ascending Mt. Everest,' by Prof. Kellas (a very suggestive and valuable paper); 'Attempts on K₂,' by Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod; 'The Brunnegghorn in History,' by Mr. Coolidge; 'Explorations in the Japanese Alps,' by Mr. Weston; 'History of the A.C.,' by Mr. Mumm.

The whole meeting was marked by a cordiality of feeling that leaves in the minds of the participants the warmest memories.

The English members were particularly struck by the veritable heights of eloquence attained by their French and other colleagues, while the far too flattering allusions to the British Empire and its representatives quite put them out of countenance.

Among the representatives of the C.A.F., besides the President, M. le Baron Gabet, were M. Berge (Hon. President), le Commandant Cuënot (Vice-President), M. Bregeault (Sec.-général), M. Paillon, Editor of *La Montagne*, M. Gatine (Vice-President), M. Ferrand, the well-known Alpine author and President of the Société des Touristes du Dauphiné

(our hon. member), M. le Chevalier de Cessole (our hon. member), the indefatigable President of the Nice section, M. Filhoulaud, member of the Committee of the Nice section (who was mainly responsible for the organization of the Congress), and the super-eloquent, silver-voiced Professor Girardin.

The S.A.C. was represented by its Past-President M. Bernoud, a witty speaker, Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod, the Karakoram explorer, Professor Mercanton, the great authority on glaciology, whose gaiety and keen personality were a great factor, and M. Paul Montandon, our own hon. member. The Italian delegate was M. Bobba, the famous mountaineer and author.

The States sent Professor Charles E. Fay of Tufts College, President of the American A.C., whose speeches were much applauded, especially when he was called upon to answer for Canada (!)

Canada sent, above all, Mrs. Henshaw, besides Dr. Ami and Mr. Byron Harmon, noted for his mountain photographs and whose lectures were the best attended of any.

Mr. Weston represented Japan. Scotland sent Ling, our Ling, President S.M.C. The general secretaries were Mr. H. F. Montagnier and Capt. J. E. C. Eaton, who were quite indefatigable.

The A.C. was represented by myself (Acting President *ad hoc*) and the Hon. Secretary, Capt. Eaton. Upon my great good comrade fell the lion's share of the speaking, admirably done, as the threatened strike delayed me four days.

We wound up by giving a dinner to our colleagues, at which about twenty-four sat down—and finished up, very late—at the Café de Paris—going very strong, all out. The compliments paid to the A.C. and to us as its representatives were such as quite to exhaust my power of blushing, while Eaton seemed to accept them quite as a matter of course.

It was throughout a time of splendid, mutual good-feeling that cannot fail to produce valuable lasting effects.

At a breakfast given by H.S.H. the Reigning Prince, at the close of his speech, he turned to the English-speaking delegates, and in perfect English spoke as follows :

‘Gentlemen,—I will also address a few words of welcome to you English and American friends who have proved all over the world your high qualities as mountain explorers. I never went on any mountain, however infernal it may be, without finding there some of your footprints.

‘To understand my feelings when I call you friends you must remember how many thousands of your brothers have,

very few months ago, shed their blood on the soil of our countries, when helping to save our civilization; and you must know how highly we praise your friendship, as well in the peace and in the war.

‘Putting aside some political misunderstandings that remain under the responsibility of a few individuals, our nations at large are made to understand each other in questions that can lead all of us to more far-seeing and progress. Every man must feel to-day how foolish it is to ruin the future of our children for a bit of land or for some bubbles on the water.

‘And now as we know what power our allied nations can have against those who want to rule the world with guns, it seems possible to bring every matter of discussion on such battle-field as this one, where every one of us seeks for reason and truth.’

In any case the Alpine Club has reason to be proud of the warm-hearted estimation in which it is held.

J. P. FARRAR.

NARRATIVES OF ASCENTS OF MONT BLANC AND MONTE
ROSA IN 1855 BY MR. EDWARD HYDE GREG.

With a Note by GODFREY A. SOLLY.

SO far as I know the attention of climbers was first called to the expeditions of Mr. E. H. Greg by the paper of Mr. H. F. Montagnier in Vol. xxxi. of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, page 305.

As I had known many of the family I made some inquiries, but it was only after the Armistice that by the courtesy of his son, Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Greg, C.B.E., I was able to see the records that he had left. He appears to have kept journals of his tour, and in 1896 he copied in his own handwriting the two accounts which follow, but the original journals cannot be found, and were probably then destroyed.

These copies are bound up with a large paper copy of Auldjo's Ascent of Mt. Blanc, and with manuscript extracts from some other printed accounts of ascents, and with them are his passport dated 1855, and signed by him in 1855-1875 and 1907, and the original certificate of his ascent of Mt. Blanc, dated August 29, 1855, and signed by the Syndic and all the guides as well as by Mr. Greg himself.

Mr. Greg was born on November 9, 1827, so was 27 years of age in the summer of 1855. He came of a family that has been honourably known for several generations on the borders of Lancashire and Cheshire, both in commercial and social life. He lived at Quarry Bank, Handforth, Cheshire, and died at an advanced age in 1910. He was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Cheshire, was for many years a member of the County Council, and for 25 years served in the auxiliary forces of the Crown. In this respect he was followed by two of his sons, Col. E. W. Greg, C.B., and Lieut.-Col. R. A. Greg, who both did good service in the War. He made later visits to the Alps but without ever doing any more serious climbing, and he had travelled in America, the West Indies, and Mexico, and was a keen sportsman and rider to hounds.

For the Mt. Blanc expedition Mr. Greg started with his brother and a Mr. Parker, but only Mr. Greg, with four guides and a fifth guide as a volunteer, went to the summit. The guides were Michel Ambroise Payot, François Devouassoud, Julien Ravel, and Joachim Ducroz, and the volunteer was François Romain Payot, who was also a qualified guide. He seems to have been a good man, but nothing more is known of him as a guide.

Opposite the names of the first two, Mr. Greg has written 'Pretty good ones.' The note for the third and fourth is not so flattering.

Michel Ambroise Payot, who must not be confused with the celebrated Michel Payot of a rather later date, was a well-known guide. He was the 'Michel Payot, a publican' who was with Messrs. Grove, Macdonald, and Buxton on the first ascent of the Aiguille de Bionnassay in 1865 ('A.J.' ii. 322), and is perhaps the M. C. Payot who was with Messrs. Adams-Reilly and Birkbeck in 1864 ('A.J.' xxxii. 20). In 'A.J.' i. 374 the famous Michel Payot is described as 'not the well-known guide of that name.' Michel Ambroise Payot was, I am informed, still living in 1905.

François Devouassoud is, of course, the celebrated guide of that name, and was then about 23 years of age. His signature on the certificate corresponds with that at the bottom of the photograph in 'A.J.' xxxi., facing page 198. The signature of the Syndic is not very clear, but is probably 'Desailoud Joh.'

From Chamonix Mr. Greg went to Zermatt; there is nothing to show the route taken, but one imagines that if he had gone

over any of the passes he would have left a record. His boots were worn out, and on Monte Rosa he wore a pair bought at Vevey, so probably he went by way of Geneva and Vevey, and up the Rhone Valley to Visp, and on September 17 he made his ascent of Monte Rosa from the Riffel as recorded in his journal. In Mr. Montagnier's paper and in Dr. Dübi's 'List of Travellers and Guides on Monte Rosa' which follows it ('A.J.' xxxi. 336) there is a suggestion that Mr. Greg made two expeditions on the mountain, but the discovery of his journal proves that there was only one. The doubt was raised owing to the entries in the hotel books at the Riffel and at Zermatt being not quite consistent. In one entry he says he 'reached the first summit at 12, did not go on to the highest (100 feet higher) as it was late.' In the other entry he says, 'I reached the summit at 1 o'clock'; but as the last part of the entry has been cut off, we cannot now tell whether he wrote any qualification of this. The journal makes it clear that he did not reach the Dufour Spitze. What point he reached is rather a puzzle, and as his guides were Mathias and Johann Zum Taugwald, who knew every point on the mountain, it seems astonishing that they did not persuade him to go to the actual top. I have examined their Führer books, which are now in the Club Library, but they contain no reference of any kind to the expedition. I think it is clear that Mr. Greg's party ascended by the W. arête, and this is borne out by the note of the ascent by the brothers Smyth, in which they say that their route has since been always adopted by the guides ('A.J.' xxxi. 315).

One may perhaps conclude with an expression of admiration at the pluck and grit of a man who, after a long day on Monte Rosa in uncomfortable boots, left Zermatt at 7 A.M. next morning, and walked to Visp by 5 P.M. Some of us are old enough to remember Zermatt before the railway came, and may have left on the morning after a big climb, but in our day there was a road as far as St. Niklaus, to which point we could, and generally did, take a carriage.

'ASCENT OF MONT BLANC FROM CHAMOUNY.

August 27 and August 28, 1855.

'Having ascended some of the mountains in the valley of Chamouny including the excursion to the "Jardin" which gives one good Glacier practice, and the weather being fine, and likely to continue so, I determined to try for the "Ascension de Mont

Blanc." Accompanied by my brother Arthur and Mr. Parker, therefore, we left Chamouni on Monday morning August 27, 1855, with six Guides, one Volunteer, and four Porters for the Grands Mulets "cabane." We carried with us a large stock of provisions and nine bottles as well as wood for our cooking fire in the G. Mulets "cabane." We reached the Glacier de Bossons at 2.30 p.m. The passage of this Glacier was not so easy as it sometimes is, and we had some difficult and somewhat dangerous crevasses to get through or over. We crossed it in about an hour. The ascent on the snow from hence to the G. Mulets rocks was steep and laborious, and we had sometimes to cut series of steps for our feet with the ice axes. We arrived at the "cabane" at about four o'clock, and here the Porters left us. It is a miserable place and very dirty. We cooked a meal which we called dinner, and utilised some of our Wine. The Sunset was very splendid and later on the stars, and the planet Jupiter, shone out brilliantly. The moon which was about the "full" had not yet risen. We "lay down" at about ten o'clock for rest, and sleep, if we could manage it, but we certainly did not sleep much. There were occasional loud noises of avalanches falling, and "reverberating." Soon after midnight we were up, and made some chocolate. At half past one, we got under weigh, and clambered down the Mulets rocks on to the snow, all roped together at suitable intervals. We carried two lanterns to assist us during the dark period before sunrise or rather until the moon rose for us which occurred about an hour before daylight commenced. We reached the Grand Plateau about four o'clock and here I left my large aneroid barometer (on the snow) as it was only arranged to show about 11,000 feet, and would be "strained" if carried much above that height. We crossed several very awkward snow-covered crevasses one of which was so weak that we had to lay our alpenstocks over the snow bridge side by side and walk sideways over them. On another my leg went through but the rope prevented me following it bodily. We found it very steep rough work from the Grand Plateau to the Corridor, which is the new route, the "ancien-passage" being given up from the danger of falling avalanches, which the Corridor route avoids. The Corridor commands a view of the other or Italian side and the Col du Géant, the route followed from Courmayeur to Chamouni. We reached the "Mur de la Côte" about eight o'clock and found it very like Albert Smith's panoramic picture, only frozen snow instead of ice. It was very steep and we found it necessary to cut our steps with the axe, which was very slow and cold work. My feet were very cold and "numb," and I contemplated the chances of their being frost-bitten with feelings of anxiety. The "Mur de la Côte" took us about an hour to surmount. After this we crossed a plateau, after which was another dôme, steep and toilsome, then another plateau, and after this the last dôme which was rather similar to the other. I was very much exhausted

and feeble from the difficulty of respiration. My head ached severely and my nose bled. I was also sick and my ears were very painful. I never felt so low and dispirited and hopeless, and could only move a short distance at a time, without several minutes rest. The Guides could give me very little help, as they seemed as bad as I was. The Volunteer was the only one who really assisted me. I put lumps of snow in my hat to cool my head a little. I felt occasionally as if I would and must give it up, and return. At about my worst, I thought I caught sight of the summit, which gave me fresh energy, and I made a determined effort and passing my Guides, made a sort of rush for the summit, which I reached at about Ten o'clock. It was some little time before I could look about, and around. The South or Italian side was very cloudy and we had little or no views, but the North and Swiss and French side was very clear and the outlook was grand. The summit is a rather sharp ridge some 60 or 70 yards long terminating abruptly, with apparently sheer precipices down to the Italian side. I scraped the ice from my boots and tried to warm my feet in the sun, which was very hot. We also made a "dejeuner" on our fowls, bread and cheese &c. and champagne with which we drank the health of "The Monarch of the Alps." We basked in the glorious sunshine and rested for about an hour, when we "gathered ourselves together" for our descent, my headache being still very bad. We found the descent very different from the ascent. We frequently glissaded down the slopes hundreds of feet at a stretch in a few minutes. We found several of our snow bridges gone since our early passage over them and had to seek for others. At one place over a very wide and deep crevasse the snow bridge only 3 feet wide was so weak that we considered the only way to cross it would be on our backs flat instead of on our feet. We climbed some little way up the slope and sat down one below the other, and at a given signal set off at a slide over the snow bridge at considerable speed. I did not feel very comfortable at the moment I was shooting over the bridge. There was, however, no mishap. At about half past two o'clock we reached the Grands Mulets where we stopped to rest and lunch and at half past three we started for Chamouni. We found the passage of the Bossons Glacier perhaps more difficult than in the evening of the previous day. We reached the village (Chamouni) at about eight o'clock in the evening amidst the firing of cannon, and the welcome and acclamations of the inhabitants, for at this period (1855) the ascent of Mont Blanc was still considered a great and fatiguing and somewhat dangerous affair. Up to the Autumn of 1855 there had been only about 76 ascents. It was Albert Smith's somewhat sensational ascent two or three years previously that to a great extent "popularised" the mountain and brought it into "fashion." It will, however, "from the nature of things," always be a "big" enterprise, by no means unaccompanied with danger, and certainly with difficulties.

It is a matter very much of *weather* which is always a very uncertain element in districts like Chamouni. I consider I was very exceptionally favoured in this respect as *my* weather was *everything* that could possibly be desired, including the splendid sunset, the beautiful full moon and the glorious sunrise. It was a "great" excursion and has left indelible and life long feelings of romance (re-written in 1896) in my nature, for which I am properly grateful.

'*Memorandum* taken during my ascent, and written down at the time. Temperature at midnight at Grands Mulets bivouac 31. At 12,000 feet one hour before sunrise 10 (above Zero). At 14,000 feet two hours after sunrise 13 (in shade), on the summit 15,800 feet, 5 feet from ground, 33 in the sun. On the North side out of the sun 19. Pulse beat 125 to 130 on summit. During exertion on the Ascent 70 to 80 in the half minute!! I felt very uneasy and sometimes alarmed at the continuous rapid pulsations and at times terrible headache. At 2 or 3 A.M. I drank some strong concentrated essence of tea which made me feel very ill in a short time, and dreadfully sick. It seemed almost like an irritant poison. It should have been "let down" with *water*. I wore my usual medium travelling suit and wide-brimmed light wideawake hat with strong green veil and snow "green goggles." Notwithstanding my precautions, I was much blistered and the whole of the outer skin of my face peeled off in the course of 2 or 3 days. I was always "roped" to a guide in front and another in rear of me, and I never felt giddy or *afraid* though sometimes "nervous." I felt great faith in my guides, though as I afterwards found out they were not A.1 guides. My expedition cost me about £23 and I have never "grudged" the outlay. It was *well* spent.

'The true height of Mont Blanc } Signed EDWARD HYDE GREG.
is 15,785 feet or nearly 16,000 feet.'

'MONTE ROSA.

YEAR 1855.

'On Sunday afternoon, September 16, I left Zermatt for the Riffel Inn, intending to ascend Monte Rosa on Monday, the weather being fine and promising, with a clear sky and brilliant stars. I was up at 3 and off at 4 with my 2 Guides Matthias and Johann Zum Taugvald. This was the first year that the mountain had been ascended, though it had been several times attempted, but without success until this particular route had been properly found, viz. by working along the Western ridge or arrete, instead of by the Nord-End, which for several reasons is almost impracticable. We were on the Glacier (Gorner) at 5½, crossed it by 6½. The sunrise was very splendid, illuminating all the great peaks in succession, the Matterhorn first. Till about 8 the snow was good and hard. It then became soft and troublesome, often nearly knee deep, feet very cold and feeling like frozen. The sun became hot

and powerful. There were frequent tracks of chamois, which indicated on several occasions where to cross over crevasses, as they always by instinct choose safe places. For the next two hours we were ascending long steep ridges of snow often "razor bladed" with one foot on either side, with sometimes awfully precipitous slopes several thousand feet in depth, on one side rocks and on the other snow or ice. We then arrived at the dreaded level or slightly ascending ridge of rocks and snow or ice combined. This took $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to cross, and was the most difficult and often frightful piece of work. To make it worse the Guides insisted on un-roping, as if any one were to slip, nothing could save the others. I found the "moral" effect of this "un-roping" to be *bad*, and I often felt more nervous and even frightened than was good or safe for me. Sometimes we had to cross over 3 or 4 yards of "razor bladed" snow ridge without a morsel of *rock* for "foot-hold." At one place I told the Guides I could not or dared not, go *any* further, but they talked of "courage," &c., and urged me on. On my last visit to Zermatt I mentioned this "un-roping" affair to a great Mountaineer, who said it was abominable and has long been done away with. After we had crossed this dreadful arrete we came to a terrible slope of snow on the rock, a mere ridge at an angle of what seemed 60 or more. I felt thoroughly frightened and was again almost ready to "give it up." We had to stop every few minutes, for breath. My pulse beat 60 to 70 in the $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, the exertion being very great and the heat was "burning," and I dared not lower my sun veil, as I required *all* my eyesight. On two occasions the Guide below me slipped, jerking the cord round my waist rather severely. This also upset my nerves, for I had quite enough to look after *myself*. At last the *first* peak of the summit ridge which consists of *three*, the centre one being some 80 feet higher, was reached, but it would have taken up more time than we had to spare to reach the middle one as we had *started* an hour late, and the soft snow had delayed us a good deal, and it was now nearly 1 o'clock. Moreover we should have gained absolutely nothing in the view. On the Italian side, as from the summit view from Mont Blanc, nothing could be seen but a great world of clouds *over the top* of which we looked down upon. On the Swiss side the views were absolutely fine and grand. We therefore decided to *rest* for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour and then descend. My head ached dreadfully as it did on the highest parts of Mont Blanc. I did not care to eat any "luncheon" as I did not see how I could ever get safely down again. In about a quarter of an hour we began the descent, which of course would *seem* worse than the *ascent*, as we should have to *face* our difficulties, instead of having our backs to them, to a considerable extent. The *labour* however of *descending* is of course very much less, and the saving in *this* respect more than the *apparent* increase of difficulty and danger. We continued our slow and careful descent for two or three hours till we got *off* the formidable ridges of alternate snow, ice, and rocks, and out of what *I* con-

sidered *danger*. I now felt *well* inclined to *finish* my scanty luncheon and we finished off the two spare bottles of wine amongst us with complete relish. After this, and a short rest we started on the long and tedious *soft* snow portion of the mountain, *now*, much softer than we found it in the *early* morning in consequence of the great heat of the sun. In this way we plodded on till the lower portion of the mountain was reached with firmer and safer snow, and but little rock-work till we again reached the great Gorner Glacier, which we rapidly crossed and finally arrived at the Riffl Inn at a quarter to six. I here paid my bill and the guides and descended quickly to Zermatt alone, having lost my track when more than half way down from the darkness, and found myself again at the Hotel before eight o'clock (Hotel du Mont Rose, Herr Seiler) well pleased with my expedition. The expenses were of course very much less in every way than for Mont Blanc expedition, viz. Guides (two) 80 francs, 10 francs "tip" and about 20 francs provisions or well under £5 against £25 Mont Blanc. The height of Monte Rosa is 15,500 feet high, that is the highest of the 3 peaks which form the summit ridge, my peak being 80 to 100 feet lower. I may here state that I was seriously hampered and troubled in my Monte Rosa expedition by my boots, which were bought ready made at Vevey and were *every* thing that boots should *not* be, ill fitting, ill made "lubbering" "Wellingtons," with dozens of *smooth round-headed* nails, everything that climbing and ice and snow boots should *not* be, and requiring 3 pairs of socks to "fill up." My Guides were even more shocked than I was. They were absolutely *dangerous* for a difficult mountain, and very *seriously* increased my troubles and dangers on those terrible ridges and "razor blades," and were the cause of at least one half my anxieties and difficulties during the *ascent* and *descent*. I will venture to say that not one Alpine Climber before, or since, has been so ill-booted, or been so jeopardised by such a cause. I have never forgotten this to me then *dreadful* trouble and I may say *affliction*: my good properly made well fitting English shooting boots which served me so faithfully on my Mont Blanc ascent were "*done for*" by hard work, and had been abandoned. It is impossible for *any* one to understand or realise *what* a trial and sorrow these "*awful*" Vevey boots and nails were to me. I have never put a boot on since that time without momentarily *thinking* of those boots!!!

'The next morning (after my ascent) I started at 7 o'clock carrying my knapsack on my back from Zermatt, for Visp (in the Valais) distance about 25 miles, stopping 1½ hours at Stalden for rest and food. I arrived at 5 p.m. and found the Diligence for Vevey gone, so had to wait for the next at 12.30 (midnight). Mr. Ralph D'Israeli, brother of B. D'Israeli (Dizzy), accompanied me all the way. I breakfasted at Sion, and left at 6, arriving at Vevey by steamer from Villeneuve at 3 p.m., and so ended my Monte Rosa-cum-Zermatt expedition.'

IN MEMORIAM.

HERMANN WOOLLEY.

1846-1920.

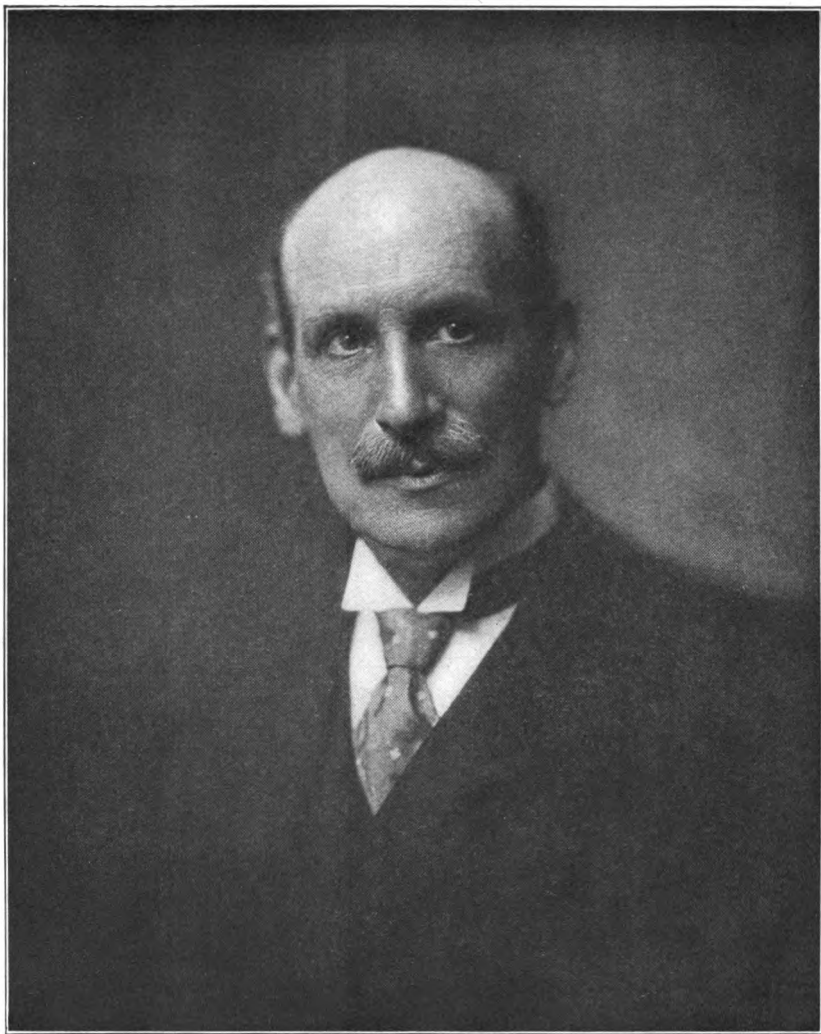
HERMANN WOOLLEY was born in 1846, the fourth son of James Woolley, founder of the firm which has developed into the large wholesale and manufacturing pharmaceutical chemist business of James Woolley Sons & Co., Lim.

He attended Mr. Etienne's school in Higher Broughton, later was at a school at Darmstadt. He then went to the Pharmaceutical College in Bloomsbury Square to acquire the special training required for his prospective business. In the annual college examinations in 1867 he took the medals in Botany, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, and Pharmacy, as well as the special Pereira medal. He continued his chemical studies under Roscoe at Owens College, where he sat at lectures next to my eldest brother, the late John Hopkinson. In 1868 he joined his elder brother in the business, specialising on the manufacturing part. He remained in active association with the firm until his death. An intention of retiring many years ago was frustrated by the untimely death of his younger brother.

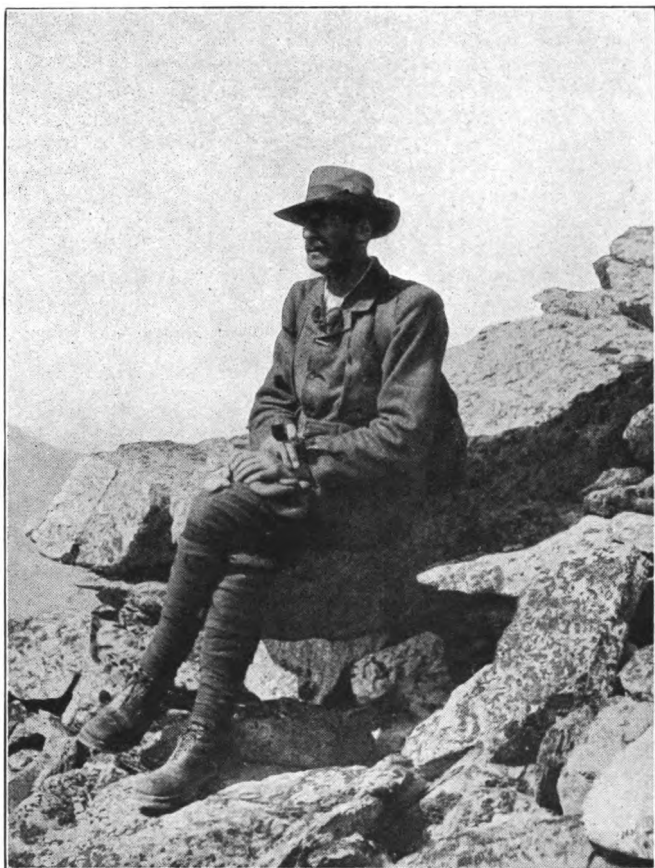
Woolley exhibited strong athletic tastes; played football with the Manchester Club, rowed on the polluted Irwell, and boxed conventionally at the Boxing Club and Athletic festivals, and unconventionally whenever a convenient occasion offered. His prowess was well known in different circles. On one occasion appealed to by a bus conductor, he ordered a noisy ruffian to get off the bus, at first without result, except to increase the flow of blasphemy and abuse. On repeating the order the story goes, that it was supplemented by a spectator, 'Tha'd better; it's Woolley,' when immediate obedience resulted. The medals and cups he won show the variety of his activities, including as they do High Jump (3), Boxing (8), Gymnastics (4), Clubs, Dumb-bells, and Rowing (4).

A boating expedition on the Danube, undertaken alone, indicates the developing love of travel combined with athletic exercise, which later was concentrated on the peaks, passes, and glaciers of many regions: the Alps, Caucasus, Norway, Canada, and the hills of his native isle.

Taking up photography as an accessory to his travels and climbs, he applied his characteristic care and thoroughness to the art, developing much technical skill, and was for many years a regular exhibitor at the photographic shows of the Club. My first expedition with Woolley was at Easter 1879 to Wastdale, my youngest brother completing the party. I was warned by a friend who knew his reputation, 'He'll walk you to death.' However, even at



HERMANN WOOLLEY.
(As President.)



[Photo. A. F. R. Wollaston.]

HERMANN WOOLLEY
in 1903.

that somewhat remote epoch his preference and relative superiority in uphill over downhill going were noticeable, and what I lost on the rise I gained on the fall. We had a time pleasant enough in spite of cold winds, but of greater consequence to me as the foundation of an enduring friendship, which was last exercised in an evening spent on his draft Memoir of Charles Pilkington. I was one of Woolley's many admirers. His fine distinguished physiognomy ever gave me pleasure. His imperturbable good temper, his modesty, and his unfailing devotion to duty gave a basis for friendship of strong character, lightened in companionship by genial touches of frivolity and humour. Although he climbed at one time or another with some strongly opinionated comrades, none ever quarrelled with him or wore out his good temper by their futility or egoism. To his character as much as to his technical skill and camp experience one may safely attribute the desire for his presence in expeditions which involved travel as well as mountaineering, and in which companionship had to bear the stresses of camp life.

In 1888 I had the pleasure of seconding his nomination as a member of the Club. He presented a fine qualification, beginning with the Titlis in 1877 and ending with Koshtantau and the 'Saddle peak' in 1888.

A somewhat high pressure of achievement is indicated—take 1881, for example—July 28, Trift Joch; 29, Zermatt Breithorn; 30, Rimpfischhorn; August 1, Zinal Rothhorn; 4, Matterhorn; 6, Weiss-horn—or in 1885, August 12 to 21, Bietschhorn, Petersgrat, Schreckhorn, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Finsteraarhorn. 1886 is distinguished by a Norwegian peak (Romsdalshorn), as well as by Mt. Blanc, the Dru, and Marmolata; 1887, by a February ascent of the Mönch. Woolley soon made his mark in the Club. A frequent attender of the Club meetings, his wide and ever-growing acquaintance with mountains enabled him to join in many discussions. He was one of the authorities on Caucasian climbing, and wrote a chapter for Freshfield's standard work. Many papers described expeditions in which he had shared. His circle of friends in the Club widened rapidly, and his standing as an exponent of Alpine craft was constantly rising. Elected to the Committee in 1893, he became a Vice-President in 1902, and served as President (1908–1911). At the time of his death he was an extra member of Committee. His interest in the Club was not confined to London; for a number of years it was his hospitable annual practice to invite the A.C.'s resident in and near Manchester to dine with him.

As his reputation as a climbing traveller grew, he had a good deal of correspondence with men desiring to utilise his experience or to follow in his tracks; whether to stranger or acquaintance he gave the best and fullest information in his power, conscious of the tax on his time, but none the less giving ample measure.

Up to the time of his joining the Club most of Woolley's

mountaineering was done alone with guides, except, of course, the fruitful Caucasian expedition with Holder and Cockin. Later, in his expeditions to the Caucasus, Lofoten Isles, Canada, and the Alps, he did much guideless climbing, and the *JOURNAL* has so many references to these expeditions that I refrain from giving a list. Woolley's latest Alpine holidays are referred to by him in his *Memoir of C. Pilkington* ('A.J.' No. 219, p. 350). His winter visits to the Alps were made as much for photography as for climbing, with resultant pleasure to his friends, who received as Xmas cards some charming examples of his skill. For one of Woolley's retiring disposition neither party politics nor municipal affairs offered a congenial field of work; but as Treasurer and Deputy-Treasurer of the University of Manchester he gave useful and important public service. His last illness was brief. He attended as usual at Cross Street Chapel on Sunday morning, caught cold, pneumonia supervened, and he died on the Friday.

CHARLES HOPKINSON.

Mr. WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY writes to Captain Farrar :

Taormina, 14, 3, 1920.

'A letter from Sir Alfred Hopkinson tells me that my dear old friend Hermann Woolley has died—another great mountaineer gone to his long rest. Lancashire has given three great presidents to the Alpine Club—all now gone, Horace Walker, Charley Pilkington and Hermann Woolley. All men with whom I have often climbed.

'Woolley I have been with in the Alps, Norway, Skye and many another corner in Scotland. He was an ideal companion at all times, full of resource, of quaint humour, most unselfish, wise and discerning about the weather, always in good humour whatever was the weather. Even on Stedtind when he, Baly and I wedged ourselves close together in a crevice of rock with a strong freezing North wind, whilst Collie, my lad Will, and Morris, together discovered the key of the stronghold which the wind alone prevented us from unlocking, Woolley was quite unperturbed. In camp he was splendid, resourceful and always at work doing something for the general good. No one knew better than he the vagaries of wind upon tents. On a mountain he was always quite at home, however fearsome the snow slope which had to be crossed, however savage the rocks. Yes! he and Collie together in Lofoten were grand companions.

'Then, Woolley's photography and his great generosity in giving friends the fruits of his labour were marvellous.

'Some years ago I had a letter from him in which was something to this effect :

“Dear Slingsby, I have just moved to a smaller house, and have hardly room for my lantern slides. As I know you give lectures and show slides sometimes, I am sending you a few just to be out of my way.” It was a splendid selection. He did something in the same way for C. Pilkington.

‘Woolley was indeed an all-round sportsman of the highest type. He proved—as all we who had the privilege of knowing him intimately knew would be the case—to be a first-rate Alpine Club President, and I always feel proud when I remember that it fell to my lot to propose him to the Alpine Club Committee, Freshfield seconding the proposal.

‘As a young man he was a first-rate light-weight boxer and football player. For many years too he took a week’s rowing on the Thames. This we found out when in Lofoten.

‘Yes! we have lost a great, a very great and most lovable member of the Alpine Club, the very remembrance of whom we shall always cherish very dearly.’

It was in keeping with the whole life and nature of Mr. HERMANN WOOLLEY that, though he died last Friday and was cremated yesterday, no memorial notice of him should have appeared anywhere in the press. He was a man of an unsurpassably modest and quiet dutifulness. In Manchester he did good work for the University, and his tall figure was well known at the Reform Club, but he was not a prominent ‘public man.’ As a mountaineer he was on another level of distinction. Like some others of the essentially greatest mountaineers, he was not connected by name with any particular feat or special line of exploration. But all British mountaineers and many foreign ones recognised in him a model of that which every mountaineer should wish to be. Perhaps no other President of the Alpine Club has ever been so popular. He had all the right qualities for a climber—the physique and hardihood, the resolution, the equable temper, the generous comradeship. Such men sweeten the life of exploration or campaigning. In mind he belonged to the great age of pioneering in the Alps—the age of John Ball, Leslie Stephen, Bonney, Tyndall, Lord Bryce, and Llewellyn Davies, when the leaders of British mountaineering were of such an intellectual standing as no sport has ever boasted in its captains before or since. Woolley’s mind, scientific in cast and fully trained, was also saturated with the literature of mountains. He explored to the bottom the interest of everything that mountains offered him. Probably he has left no written work that will indicate to those who did not know him the fine quality of his mind; writing was not his natural vehicle of expression. His distinction was simply that of a rare personality, powerful and extremely gentle, known to comparatively few people besides those who shared his intense love of mountains

and mountain adventure, but remembered among them as one of the most wholly good personal forces they have ever known.

[By Mr. C. E. Montague in the *Manchester Guardian*, March 3, 1920, by kind permission.]

As one of Hermann Woolley's intimate friends, I feel that I cannot let the opportunity pass of expressing the real sorrow which I felt on hearing the news of his death after a very short illness. This came as a great shock to me as well as to many others of his friends in the Alpine Club.

I met Woolley for the first time at Zermatt in the winter 1893-94, during the early days of my Alpine career, and was at once attracted to him by the genial charm of his manner and his kindly interest in the efforts of a novice like myself, and to my great advantage we were companions in the Alps for many succeeding winters.

The possession of a sound knowledge of a wide range of subjects and a keen sense of humour made his conversation both instructive and delightful.

Woolley had great strength of character, and although by nature of a most amiable disposition he was decidedly a man not to be trifled with. He was extraordinarily broad-minded in his views, and had the somewhat uncommon quality of seeing the best side of people, even though they might not be congenial to him.

Habitually businesslike in all his undertakings, he always took a very serious view (sometimes, perhaps, too serious) of any duties which devolved on him, and in this respect I should like to mention a fact which I think may not be generally known to members of the Alpine Club. While he was President of the Club he attended every single meeting, including those of the committee, during his tenure of office, which at the time constituted, I think, a record which has only been equalled by a subsequent President.

Hermann Woolley's death leaves a gap which cannot be filled, and I feel that to have possessed the friendship of so remarkable a man has made my life the richer.

SYDNEY SPENCER.

I never had the pleasure of climbing with Woolley, but he and I made many excursions together within the last twenty years, on foot, by train, or by motor, in the Alps, in France, and in Scotland. We were, indeed, planning—at the time of his death—a Franco-Italian tour for the past summer, his rheumatic joints having made climbing impossible for him.

He was a wonderfully charming companion. I have never had another so delightful associate on a long holiday, or a short one. He could talk when talking was wanted, or be silent when silence was the more enjoyable. Moreover, he could talk seriously on

serious matters—scientific, academic (he was acting-Treasurer of the Manchester University for many years), geographic, literary, sporting—whatever subject came up. And he always seemed to know—and really did know—a great deal as to any matters about which he was speaking. His climbing reminiscences—always without the least suggestion that what he had done was at all out of the common—were delightful. I wish they could have been put down for the benefit of the Club. But after a long day, when we were only tired human beings and wanted mental as well as physical rest, he was as ready, as anyone could be, to enjoy the trivial small talk in which most of us delight in such conditions.

He never gossiped scandal of others, and was always ready to recognise the good points even of men whom I knew he did not like. His only drawback as a companion, so far as I was ever able to discover, was his inveterate habit of trying to arrange that his friend should have the best room, or the best seat, or the choice of the day's programme. This unselfish tendency certainly required watching and checking, which I think amused him.

I cannot hope that I shall ever have such another fellow-traveller. The many days we spent together remain always among the most joyous of my experiences, experiences upon which I can now only look back without the hope of ever repeating them.

ALEX. KENNEDY.

CHARLES EDWARD GROVES.

1841-1920.

MANY of the older members of the Club heard with sorrow of the passing away in February last of Charles Edward Groves. He had formed ties of intimate and enduring friendship with a number of them. To those of the younger generation his figure must have been well known, as he was very regular in attendance at our social gatherings. Before the war had thinned its members, a happy party of us were accustomed to dine at the Café Cavour before each formal meeting, and Groves was almost always to be met there. This brought him closely in contact with some of the members who had joined recently.

Charles Groves was born at Highgate in 1841, and died on February 1, 1920, in his seventy-ninth year. He passed the greater part of his life at Kennington, and latterly in a pleasant Georgian vine-clad house on the 'Green.' There, many of us had the pleasure of visiting his sisters and himself in surroundings which were so typical of them. Groves had the gift of a personal magnetism, and his friends were always delighted to be invited to that hospitable home; they were sure of meeting congenial and sympathetic guests.

CHARLES HOPKINSON.

1854-1920.

By the death of Charles Hopkinson, the Alpine Club has lost one of its most distinguished Northern members, and the city of Manchester has been deprived of the ever-ready help and counsel of a great citizen.

It is but a short time since we mourned the loss of Horace Walker, Charles Pilkington, and Hermann Woolley, three great presidents of the Club, and men of Lancashire. This county now deplures the death of one of their mountain comrades, one who, a few years ago, was a member of the A.C. Committee. After suffering uncomplainingly for several years from asthma, Charles Hopkinson died on September 5, from heart failure.

As I pointed out in 'A.J.' xxxii. 356, 'every member of my cousins, the Hopkinsons, has been endowed from early childhood with an intense love of the hills, a love which deepened naturally as years rolled on.' This love was inherited from both of their parents. Their father took them in their early years up some of the fells of Lakeland, the Scottish Highlands and N. Wales, as well as amongst the bonny hills of Craven.

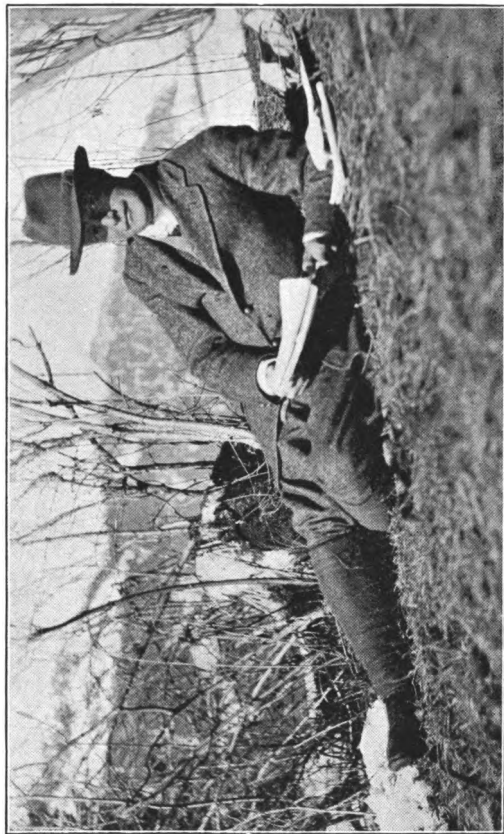
The natural result of this early apprenticeship was that each became an enthusiastic mountaineer, and hence the name of Hopkinson is connected with many a grisly ridge, a rock chimney, or a smooth rock face on the Lakeland fells, on Ben Nevis and elsewhere on the Scottish mainland, as well as in Skye and N. Wales. In due course the brothers went to the Alps, and soon became experts in snow-craft and led the way through many an intricate ice-fall to a mountain summit. It has been my happy lot to climb much with Charley in the British Isles, and occasionally in the Alps. We had also one very successful campaign together in Norway in the year 1888, when we were favoured by the smiles of fortune. The outcome of this was a joint paper, 'The ascent of Mjöltnir and the exploration of the Gjegnalund glaciers in Norway' ('A.J.' xiv. 380).

On our first expedition, owing to the gross inaccuracy of the maps, we were benighted near a large glacier. At 11.30 we found a hole amongst tumbled-down rocks which we entered by match-light and perched ourselves on stones of aggressive angularity, making ourselves as little uncomfortable as we could, and trusting that the beck, which passed through a corner of our cave, and was then rising, would not wash us out.

All through the black hours of night Charley was the very personification of cheerfulness. It was the same too a few weeks later, when the three of us were assailed by a fierce gale which blew blinding mists of finely-grained snow crystals in our faces and down our necks, when we were at the top of the steep snow-filled trap dyke on the great Troltdind in Romsdal,



CHARLES HOPKINSON.
(1854 1920.)



ALFRED GEORGE TOPHAM.
(1862-1920.)

Never had I, and never shall I have, a more delightful mountain comrade than Charles Hopkinson.

He had an exceptionally lovable nature and a strong character. His thoughtfulness for others, his unselfishness, and perhaps above all his tender-heartedness were great facts. He was too an excellent nurse. This was proved a good many years ago when one of his friends was badly hurt by a fall of rock in Piers Ghyll. On that occasion one of the party spoke of Charley as 'the best man at nursing he ever saw.'

Charley had great versatility. He had a considerable knowledge and appreciation of art and was an intense lover of the beauties and the grandeur of nature.

Although he gave up serious climbing after the accident of 1898, Charles Hopkinson and his wife were regular members of the party of Charles and Mrs. Pilkington in their annual visit to the Alps. Horace and Miss Walker were members of this party in the earlier days, and not infrequently also Hermann Woolley, whose memoir for this Journal was written by Charles Hopkinson shortly before his death.

As a citizen of Manchester his death is deeply mourned. He never spared himself when he was working for the public good, as County Councillor, or when giving so large a proportion of his time, and the benefit of his experience as an engineer, during the period when he acted as Chairman of the Building Committee of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, which owes much in the perfection of its arrangements to his care and foresight. He acted together with Dr. Milnes Marshall as Local Secretary for the British Association meeting in Manchester in 1887.

He was at school at Queenwood, and later attended Owens College. After leaving college he joined his father in the engineering firm of Wren & Hopkinson. Later, he practised as a consulting engineer in partnership with his brother John, and afterwards with his nephew Bertram, until the latter became Professor of Engineering at Cambridge.

Yes! It is well to have had so close a friendship for many years with so great and so lovable a man. It is good also to possess, as I do, such a rich store of happy memories connected with so dear a friend, fadeless memories which will abide as long as life will last.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

ALFRED GEORGE TOPHAM.

1862—1920.

WE have lost another good mountaineer in Alfred Topham, a man who has done much to clear up the topography of little-known Alpine regions.

Born in 1862, he was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He

commenced climbing in 1880, and continued the pursuit for over 25 years, his athletic, broad-shouldered, well-built figure enabling him to carry out long and difficult expeditions with enviable ease. His favourite guide was Jean Maître, and he may be said to have been a great authority on the Valpelline and neighbourhood. He was a careful student of topography, possessed a great eye for country, a fine route-memory, while for many years he carried, on his own back, to the top of many of his mountains a $\frac{3}{4}$ glass-plate camera, weighing about 28 lbs., with which he took photographs and panoramas of great topographical value. When the map of the Valpelline was in course of preparation, the Italian cartographers made copious use of his photographs and observations.

Among his first ascents were :

Pigne d'Arolla by N. face.
 Central Dent des Bouquetins by W. face and S. arête.
 N. Dent Perroc by N. arête.
 Dent Perroc by Pointe des Genevois.
 Les 3 Frères.
 Mont Faudery.
 S. Dent des Bouquetins.
 M. Clapier.
 Grand Golliaz by N. face.
 M. Faudery by E. and W. faces.

His papers in the 'A.J.' were :

'The Valpelline-Valtournanche Range' (vol. xvii.), which did much to clear up a badly mapped country.

'The Ridge connecting Mont Vélan and the Grand Combin' (vol. xviii.).

'The Dents des Bouquetins' (co-author H. V. Reade) (vol. xx.).

He was elected to the A.C. in 1886 (committee 1910), and was a member of the Swiss and Italian Clubs.

In later years he took to yachting, and was very successful on the Solent, while his winters were usually spent at Villars. He was elected judge of skating for admission to the National Skating Association—testimony enough to his powers.

The war sat heavily on him. His only son was at the front—fortunately coming through—while he threw himself into the arduous Special Police work (Inspector, Kensington Division), with long hours on duty in all weathers and in every raid.

We who knew him well will not forget his honesty of purpose, clean-mindedness, and horror of everything underhand.

He was a worthy son of the Club whom we can ill afford to lose.

J. P. FARRAR.



DR. ALEXANDER SEILER.
(1864-1920.)

ALEXANDER SEILER.

1864-1920.

A GREAT personality, the friend of every English mountaineer, passes away in Alexander Seiler, who died suddenly of apoplexy on March 3.

The second son of the founder of the Seiler hotels, Alexander was born at Brigue in 1864 and educated at Sion, Heidelberg, Louvain, and Munich, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was elected Deputy to his cantonal Conseil in 1889, and to the Conseil National in 1906, in which he carried considerable weight.

His many business cares gave him scant opportunity to practise the pursuit which his family have done so much to foster, but in his early days he made one notable route up the Dom and had ascended some of the other Zermatt peaks.

For the last twenty years Seiler had been a power in the land, particularly in the Haut Valais, where he was regarded as a sort of political chief. A loyal friend, an equally hard hitter, it goes without saying that he had warm friends and bitter opponents. His funeral was attended by 3000 peasants of his own Canton and 2000 others.

We Englishmen lose a good friend, one who did not look on us simply as pensionnaires, and the warm welcome of the burly figure with the strong, scarred face as, within an hour of the arrival of any climber he knew, he strode up to greet him will not soon be forgotten.

Zermatt will not be quite the same again without Alexander Seiler.

J. P. FARRAR.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library :

Publications of Alpine Clubs.

Akademischer Alpen-Club Basel, 1918.

Jahresberichte 1-2.

1919, 1920

8 x 5½ : pp. 13, 20.

— **Statuten.** The second issue contains: H. Schobel, Aig. de Chardonnet.

8 x 5½ : pp. 6.

1918

Akad. Alpen-Club Zürich. xxiv. Jahresbericht für 1919.

1920

9 x 6 : pp. 38.

Among the 'neue Touren des Jahres 1919' are the following :—

R. König, Stellihorn : *G. I. Finch*, Pollux Gesamtbegehung d. Nordgrates, Begehung d. Westwand, Nordend ü. d. N.-W. Grat : *E. Hauser*, Mte Rosa, Abstieg S.-W. Grat, Kienhorn ü. d. W. Grat, Gr. Windgälle N.-O. Grat, Ortstock S. Wand : *M. Kurz*, Salbit-schyn S. Grat u. S.-W. Wand, Ravetschagrat N., Mettliücke, Tunnerschorn, Merzenbachschien N. Wand, Mittaghorn, Blinden-joch N. : *E. Aemmer*, Ruchennadel, Gletschhorn S.-O., Grat :

- M. Liniger*, Fünffingerstock N.-O. Wand, Trotzplanstock S. Grat :
R. Haefeli, Blackenstock S.-W. Wand, Kl. Spannort S.-W. Wand :
V. A. Fynn, Mt Aberdeen ü. Aberdeengletscher, Mt King George.
- Alpine Club of Canada.** Constitution and list of members. 1920
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 32.
- Appalachian Mountain Club.** Register for 1920.
 $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: p. 110.
- Bulletin of the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America.** 1920
 6×4 : pp. 40.
- C.A.F.** Congrès de l'alpinisme à Monaco. 1920
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 20.
 — Guides et porteurs brevetés au Juin 1920. Large folio sheet.
- C.A.I. Bergamo.** A Perenne Ricordo dei propri Soci morti per la Patria.
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 5$: pp. 56: portraits. 7 settembre 1919
- **Sucal.** Opuscolo. Luglio 1919
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 16.
- **Inno Sucal.** Monza, Tip. Sociale Monzese, 1919
 $13 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 5.
- **Vade mecum.** 1 Ottobre 1919
 $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 112: ill.
- Centre Excursionista de Catalunya.** Butlletti any 29, num. 288-299. 1919
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 335: plates.
 Among other articles are :—
J. M. Soler Coll, Escalció al Biciberri septentrional: *J. Danes i Vernedas*, En hometage a les dones esportistes: *M. Faura i Sans*,
 Condicions estructurals del terreny en la caracterització de las
 comarques catalanes: Cataleg de maps de Catalunya (with reprints
 of early maps of the Pyrenees): *J. Soler i Santalo*, La Val de
 Tena: *L. Estasen*, El ski a la Vall d'Aran.
- Climbers' Club.** Rules, list of members. 1920
 9×6 : pp. 18.
- Club Suisse de femmes alpinistes (Section de Lausanne).** Statuts. 1919
 $5 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 14.
- Japanese Alpine Club.** Journal. Vol. 14, no. 1. 1920
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 164.
 (In Japanese—a few pages in English.)
- Ladies' Alpine Club.** (Report.) 1920
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$: pp. 19.
- Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club.** Twelfth Annual Record. 1919-1920
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 24.
- Mazama.** Vol. 5, no. 4. Dec. 1919
 $10 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: plates.
- Mountain Club of South Africa.** Published by the Cape Town Section. 1919
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$: pp. 9.
- The Mountaineer.** Volume 12. Mount Rainier National Park. Second
 trip encircling the Mountain. December 1919
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7$: pp. 86: plates.
- Mountaineers.** Prospectus number Mountaineer Bulletin. The Olympics.
 Fourteenth Annual Outing July 31-August 21. 1920
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 11: ill.
- Oe.T.C. Sektion Klosterneuburg.** Herzliche Bitte an edelgesinnte Kinder-
 freunde des Auslandes. 1920
 $12 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$: p. 1.
- Rucksack Club.** Rules, List of Members, etc. 1920
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 43.
- S.A.C.** Clubführer durch die Glarner Alpen. 4te . . . Auflage.
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$: pp. xi, 295: ill. Genf, Kundig, 1920
- Association of British Members. Roll of Honour, Service Dinner, List
 of Members. 1920
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 67.

- S.A.C. Basel.** Jahresbericht pro 1919. 57. Vereinsjahr. 1920
 6 × 4: pp. 45.
 ——— Sonderbeilage: Die Tierwelt der Alpen einst und jetzt, von Prof.
 Dr. F. Zschokke.
 6 × 4: pp. 48.
 ——— **Chaux-de-Fonds.** Bulletin annuel, No. 28. 1920
 8 × 5: pp. 129: plates.
 The articles are:—
E. Robert, De Sierre à Zermatt par le Rothorn de Zinal: *J. Rochat*,
 Ascension du Weisshorn 1918: *P. Gander*, Au Bietschhorn.
 ——— **Randen.** Cluhtouren pro 1920.
 6 × 4: pp. 4.
 ——— **Säntis.** Die ersten fünfzig Jahre der Sektion Säntis. Herisau 1919
 6 × 4: pp. 150: plates.
 This interesting jubilee publication has kindly been presented to the
 Club—"in freudiger Anerkennung seiner Verdienste um den
 Alpinismus in Freundschaft überreicht."
 The contents are:—
 Vorläufer des Alpinismus im Alpstein—Vadian, Gessner, Clemens
 Scherer, Walsler, Ebel.
 Die Gründung d. S.A.C. und seiner Sektion Säntis: Biographisches,
 A. Heim, Steiger, Zölper, J. M. Meyer, F. Schläpfer.
Scottish Mountaineering Club. Guide, Section 3. Ben Nevis. Edited by
 H. MacRobert. April 1920. 5/-
 8½ × 5½: pp. 42: plates.
Sierra Club. Nineteenth annual outing. 1920
 6 × 3½: pp. 16.
Ski-Club di Torino. Itinerari Skiistici nelle valli di Susa—Chisone—Lanzo,
 illustrati da 53 Fotografie e da 6 schizzi cartografici. 2da edizione.
 Torino, Eynard. 1920
 7½ × 5½: pp. xv, 119: maps, plates.

Recent Books and Articles.

- Abraham, George D.** On alpine heights and British crags.
 7½ × 5½: pp. xii, 307: plates. London, Methuen (1919)
Allier, Roger. Cahors, Coueslant, 1918
 7½ × 5½: pp. 317: portrait.
 Life and letters of a lieutenant of the Chasseurs Alpains, killed in action
 on August 30, 1914. While in the Department of Hautes-Alpes
 he did a good deal of climbing, of which the Trois Pucelles, Dent de
 Lanfon and others are here described. While in Paris 'parmi les
 "rochassiers"—c'est le nom que se donnent entre eux certains
 membres du Club alpin—they iraient chercher dans la forêt de Fontaine-
 bleau les rochers les plus escarpés et qu'ils n'y grimperaient que par
 les voies les plus paradoxales. Une révolte d'alpin impénitent contre
 la vie urbaine.'
Almanacco dello Sport. 1918: 1919. Firenze, Bemporad, 1918, 1919
 7½ × 5.
Der Alpenfreund. München, April, Mai 1920
 11½ × 8½: pp. 81–120: plates.
 Specimen numbers sent to the Library.
American Geographical Society. Index to the Bulletin 1852–1915. 1918
 9½ × 6: pp. xi, 242.
Augusta praetoria. Revue valdôtaine de pensée et d'action régionalistes.
 Vol. 1, n. 4–5. Décembre 1919–Janvier 1920
 9½ × 6½: ill.
 This contains:—
R. Pampanini, Les parcs nationaux en Italie: *F. Sacco*, La glaciation
 dans les vallons de St. Barthélemy et de Torgnon: *G. Studer*,
 Première ascension à la Tête du Rutor. Trans. by W. A. B.
 Coolidge from Mitt. naturf. Ges. Bern, 1863.

- Bagley, Arthur L.** *Holiday rambles in North Wales.*
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. (vi), 203: plates. London, Skeffington, 1920
 An interesting book on mountaineering in Wales.
- Brunles, S.** *Le parc national suisse.* Bâle, Schwabe, 1920. Fr. 12
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 274: map, plates.
- Bushell, William Done Bushell.** Cambridge, University Press, 1919. 3/-
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 74: plates.
- Butler, Frank Hedges.** *Through Lapland with skis and reindeer.*
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xii, 286: maps, plates. London, Unwin, 1920. 7/6
- Canada.** *The Canadian Northern Rockies through the Yellowhead Pass.* 1920
 $9 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 20: ill.
- Conway, Sir Martin.** *Mountain Memories. A Pilgrimage of Romance.*
 9×6 : pp. vii, 282: plates. London etc., Cassell, 1920. 21/-
- Croft, Sutton.** *Was Switzerland pro-German?* London, Hazell, Watson, 1920,
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 127.
- Dalton, Hugh.** *With British guns in Italy. A tribute to Italian achievement.*
 London, Methuen, 1919. 8/6
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$: pp. xiv, 269: maps, plates.
 An interesting account of mountain warfare of which not enough
 has been heard of in England.
- Eschmann, Ernst.** *Der Geisshirt von Fiesch. Eine Geschichte aus dem
 Oberwallis. Der reiferen Jugend und allen Freunden der Heimat erzählt.*
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 268: plates. Zürich, Orell Füssli, 1919
- Fischer, Andreas.** *Hochgebirgswanderungen in den Alpen und im Kaukasus.*
 Neue Folge. Frauenfeld, Huber, 1919. Fr. 11
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 226: plates.
 Contains:—
 Zwei Kaukasus-Expeditionen 1890: Vom Leben der Bergführer:
 Eiger und Almer 1893: In d. Ital. Alpen (Adamello, Brenta)
 1894: In d. Grajischen Alpen 1910.
 Good plates. The first vol. was issued in 1913.
- Fisher, L. C.** *Snowfall on Mount Rainier.* In *Monthly Weather Rev. U.S.*
Depart. Agric. vol. 46, no. 7. July 1918
 $12 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 327-330: plates.
- Geographical Journal**, vol. 55. January-June 1920
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. viii, 496: maps, ill.
 There are no articles of mountaineering interest in this vol.
- Griffin, A. A.** *Influence of forests upon the melting of snow in the Cascade
 Range.* In *Monthly Weather Rev. U.S. Depart. Agric.* vol. 46, no. 7.
 $12 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 324-7: plate. July 1918
- Harlé, Edouard.** *Les premiers travaux de construction de l'observatoire
 du sommet du Pic du Midi.* In *Bull. de l'Observ. Bordeaux, Université
 Toulouse.* Bordeaux, Gounouilhou, 1919
 9×6 : pp. 51: ill.
- Hug, Mrs. Lina, and Stead, Richard.** *Switzerland. Revised and enlarged
 edition.* London, Unwin: New York, Putnam, 1920. 7/6 net
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$: pp. xxxvi, 479: plates.
 There have been four impressions of this work since first published
 in 1891. This is the second edition. It is a good short history of
 Switzerland to the present day.
- Huxley, Leonard.** *Life and letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I.*
 Based on materials collected and arranged by Lady Hooker.
 London, Murray, 1918
 2 vols.: $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xi, 546: vii, 569: map, portraits.
- Jeffers, Le Roy.** *Books of the desert and the mountains.* In *the Bookman*,
 New York, vol. 50, no. 6. February 1920
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 556-562.
 Presented by the author.
- *Up an unclimbed mountain.* First ascent of Mt Moran. In *New York
 Times.* April 11, 1920

- Lunn, Arnold.** Cross-country ski-ing. London, Methuen (1920). 5/-
7 x 4½: pp. viii, 118: plates.
- Mercanton, P. L.** Rapport de la Commission des glaciers pour 1918-1919. S.A. Verh. d. schw. Naturf. Ges. Lugano 1919
9 x 6½: pp. 3.
- Mounier, Stanislas.** Les Glaciers et les Montagnes. Bibliothèque de Philosophie scientifique. Paris, Flammarion, 1920. Fr. 3.75
7½ x 4½: pp. (ii), 262.
Contains:—
La forme générale d. glaciers: Conditions essentielles d. localité à glaciers: L'activité dynamique d. glaciers: Travaux géologiques d. glaciers: Trace d. glaciers disparus: Hypothèse de l'époque glaciaire: L'évolution glaciaire: La capture d. glaciers: Sommaire.
- National Parks Association, Washington, U.S.A.** Objects. 1920.
9 x 6: pp. 6.
- New Guinea.** Expeditie naar het centrale bergland. In Tijds. k. nederl. Aaandr. Genootschap. Maart 1920
9 x 6: pp. 253-4.
- Oberland.** Grimmer-Alp. Meiringen, Brügger, 1920
6½ x 5: pp. 32: plates.
- Piggott, Percy P.** Burrow's guide to the Lake District. A Practical Handbook for the Tourist, with a special article upon Mountain Passes, Walks, and Rock Climbs by Mrs. Dora Benson. Cheltenham and London, Burrow, 1920. 2/-
7 x 4½: pp. 120: maps, plates.
- Burrow's guide to North Wales. A Practical Handbook for the Tourist by Railway or Road, with a special article upon Mountain Walks and Rock Climbs by Mrs. Dora Benson. Cheltenham and London, Burrow, 1920. 2/-
7 x 4½: pp. 130: maps, plates.
- Pyrénées.** Les guides bleus. (A. Dauzat.) Paris, Hachette, 1919
6 x 4: pp. lxxvi, 514: maps, panoramas.
A new edition of Joanne, now under the general editorship of M. Monmarché. This volume has been re-edited by M. Dauzat and has an introduction by M. F. Schrader.
- Raeburn, Harold.** Mountaineering Art. London, Unwin (1920). 16/-
7½ x 5: pp. xii, 274: plates.
- Seller, Alexandre.** In 'Confédéré de Martigny.' Mars 1920
In Memoriam.
- Smyth, Ethel.** Impressions that remained. London, Longmans, 1919
Typed copy of pp. 55-6 of vol. 2, referring to mountaineering.
- Soubiron, Pierre.** Les Pyrénées du Pic d'Anie au Canigou en 30 Excursions. Guide Soubiron. Toulouse, chez l'auteur, 1920. Fr. 14
7½ x 5: pp. 398: sketch maps.
- The same in 30 parts. Fr. 7.50
- Stéphani, Philippe.** Les tunnels des Alpes. Paris, Dunod, 1919. Fr. 6
9 x 5½: pp. 116: plans.
- Sykes, Ella and Sir Percy.** Through deserts and oases of Central Asia. 8½ x 5½: pp. xii, 340: map, plates. London, Macmillan, 1920. 21/-
Miss Sykes and her brother left for Kashgar in March 1915, crossing the Tian Shan by the Terek Pass. The country and people of Kashgar and the Pamirs are well described. The second volume describes Chinese Turkestan. The volumes are well illustrated.
- Symonds, Margaret.** A child of the Alps. London, Unwin (1920). 7/6
An interesting novel of a mingled artistic and peasant nature in a girl.

- Travel.** Handbook of travel prepared by the Harvard Travellers' Club.
7 × 4½: pp. 543. Cambridge, U.S.A., Harvard University Press, 1917
Articles on equipment, surveying, etc. An article on Mountain Climbing
by Howard Palmer, pp. 156-174: ill.
- United States.** Depart. of Interior. Report of the Director of the National
Park Service for the year ended June 3, 1919.
9 × 5½: pp. 384: maps, plates. Washington, Govt. Print. Office, 1919
- v. Valkenburg, S.** Het ontstaan der dalvormen in de zwitsersche alpen. In
Tijds. kon. nederl. aardrijksk. Gen. vol. 37, no. 4. Juli 1920
8½ × 6½: pp. 458-481.
- Walcott, Chas. D.** Geological explorations in the Canadian Rockies. In
Smithson. Misc. Collections, vol. 68, no. 12: Explorations in 1917.
9½ × 6½: pp. 1-20: plates. Washington, June 1918
Panoramic photograph of Wolverine Pass, B.C., with Mounts Gray and
Drysdale.
- Wales.** Handbook to North Wales. London, Ward Lock, 1920. 3/6
6½ × 4½: pp. 232, 184: maps, plates.
An excellent general guide-book.
- Wilcox, Walter D.** Weighing the mountains. In Bull. Geogr. Soc. Phil. vol.
18, nos. 1-2. January-April, 1920
10 × 6½: pp. 26-30.
The author makes a rough valuation of certain mountains as to height,
steepness, forests, etc., and comes to the conclusion 'that the Matter-
horn is probably the finest mountain in the world, with possibly a
close second or equal in one of the great Himalayan peaks.'
- Younger, W.** Ascent of Ruwenzori. In Geogr. Journ. London, vol. 56,
no. 1. July 1920
9½ × 6½: pp. 73-4.
Mr. Younger, Superintendent of Police, and Mr. C. Henry, District
Commissioner, Portal, made an ascent to the rocky knob on Kiyanja,
a quarter of a mile to the south of the true top.

Older Works

- à Beckett, Gilbert Abbott.** The comic history of Rome illustrated by John
Leech. London, Bradbury and Evans [c. 1860]
8½ × 5½.
Typed copy of pp. 172-5, Hannibal's crossing of the Alps.
- Brennwald, Alfred.** Vues pittoresques du Lac des Quatre Cantons et de ses
environs. 32 aquarelles d'après les originaux de différents artistes.
5½ × 7½: pp. 81: col. plates. Lucerne, Schleicher [c. 1882]
- Brown, Horatio F.** John Addington Symonds. A biography compiled from
his papers and correspondence. London, Smith, Elder, 1903
8 × 5½: pp. xxiv, 405: portrait.
- Butler, W. F.** The Great Lone Land: A narrative of travel and adventure
in the north-west of America. 5th edition. London, Sampson Low, 1873
6½ × 5: pp. xi, 386: map, plates.
- Canada.** Description of and guide to Jasper Park. (M. P. Bridgland, R.
Douglas, E. Deville.) Ottawa, Depart. Int. 1917
7 × 5: pp. 96: map, plates.
- Crawford, E. May.** By the equator's snowy peak. London, C.M.S., 1913
7 × 5: pp. 176: map, plates, one of Kenya coloured.
- Daunt, Achilles.** Crag, glacier, and avalanche. Narratives of Daring and
Disaster. London etc., Nelson [c. 1880]
7 × 4½: pp. (vi) 212: plates.
- Denholm, James.** A tour to the principal Scotch and English lakes.
8 × 5: pp. vi, 306: map. Glasgow, Macgoun, 1804
- Desbarolles, Ad.** Voyage d'un artiste en Suisse à 3 francs 60 par jour. 2me
édition. Paris, Lévy, 1862
7 × 4½: pp. 356.

- Douglas, David.** Journal during his travels in North America 1823-1827. Published under the direction of the Royal Horticultural Society. 9½ × 6: pp. vi, 364: portrait. London, Wesley, 1914
- Dubuis, Henri.** Souvenirs de mes ascensions au Mont-Blanc et au Cervin, suivis de L'alpinisme en général. Conférence donnée à Prangins, le 26 février 1908. Nyon, Aubert, 1908
7 × 4½: pp. 52.
- Gilpin, William.** Voyages en différentes parties de l'Angleterre, et particulièrement dans les Montagnes and sur les Lacs du Cumberland and du Westmoreland. Paris, Maisonneuve: Londres, Blamire, 1789
2 vols.: 7½ × 5: pp. xix, 341: xvi, 348: plates.
- Harrison, Frederic.** John Ruskin. London, 1903
Note on p. 38. 'The present writer remembers his own first view of the Alps from Schaffhausen at the end of a hard day; and after forty visits to the Alps cannot forget the emotion he felt at the sudden sight, nor can he ever see the eternal snows without a choking sense in the throat. There is no home-sickness, no patriotism, like that of the mountaineer.'
- Hutchings, J. M.** In the Heart of the Sierras. The Yosemite Valley, both historical and descriptive. Yosemite Valley, Old Cabin, 1886
8½ × 6: pp. xii, 496: plates.
- Joanne, A.** Itinéraire général de la France. Jura et Alpes françaises. 7 × 4½: pp. lv, 1088: maps, etc. Paris, Hachette, 1877
— (2me édition.) 1882
7 × 4½: pp. lv, 1091: maps, etc.
- Leduc, St. Germain.** Les vacances en Suisse. Journal du Voyage d'un Collégien; publié par St. Germain Leduc. 2 vols. pp. iv, 261, 247: map, plates. Paris et Strasbourg, Levraut, 1837
- Letonnellier, G.** Documents relatifs aux variations des glaciers dans les alpes françaises. In Bull. de la Section de Géographie, Ministère de l'Instruction publique, t. 28, Nos. 1-2. 1913
9½ × 6½: pp. 288-295.
An extremely interesting set of extracts on the movement of the glaciers of the Chamonix Valley at various dates from 1580 to 1730 taken from the Arch. comm. de Chamonix and elsewhere.
- Lullin, Ed.** Le chemin de fer Viège à Zermatt. Lausanne, Bridel [c. 1892]
7 × 4½: pp. 47: col. plates.
- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.** Letters. . . London, Homer, 1766
5 × 3½: pp. viii, 232.
- de Mortillet, Gabriel.** Guide de l'étranger dans les départements de la Savoie et de la Haute-Savoie. Chambéry, Perrin, 1861
7½ × 4½: pp. 459: map, plate.
- Norgate, Edward.** Miniatura, or the Art of Limning. Edited from MS. c. 1650. 7½ × 5½: pp. 111. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 5/-
p. 43: 'Nothing more in art or nature affording soe great variety and beautie as beholding the farre distant mountaines and strange scituation of ancient castles mounted on almost inaccessible rocks, whereof in Savoy and Piedmont after you have passed La Tour-du-Pin many are to be seene, and in some places with precipices desperately falling into the Lezere, and other torrents about the Alps that with a roaring noise make heast to breake their necks from those fearful rocks into the sea. Of these many strange yet very beautifull views are to be seene from and about Mont Senis, Launebourg, Novalaise, and about Mont Godardo in Germany, and many other places about Provence, most of which have been very well designed after the life by Peter Bruggell of Antwerp, and remains in stampe to his great commendation.'
- Rambert, Eugène.** Villars-Chésièrès et les Alpes vaudoises. Discours d'ouverture de la fête du C.A.S. Extr. de la Gaz. de Lausanne des 28-30 septembre 1885. Lausanne, Vincent, 1885
7½ × 4½: pp. 44.

- de Saint-Saud, A.** Le Pic de Tres-Aguas, Cantabrie. In Bull. de la Section de Géographie, Ministère de l'Instruction publique, t. 28, Nos. 1-2. 1913
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 285-287.
- Schweichel, R.** La Neige de la vallée d'abondance. Nouvelle montagnarde savoisonne. Lausanne, Blanc: Paris, Libr. Suisse romande, 1870
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 216.
- Scotland.** Journal of a tour through the highlands of Scotland.
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$: pp. xvi, 326: 23. Norton Hall, 1830
- Shoberl, Frederic.** The world in miniature. Tibet. . . . London, Ackermann [c. 1830]
 $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 107.
- Skye.** Eilean a' cheò. The isle of mist. (Second edition.)
 $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 129. Edinburgh, Wilson (1917)
- South Africa.** Mountaineering in S. Africa. Cape Town, Argus Co., 1914
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 62: plates.
 Presented by S. F. Goggs, Esq.
- Tozer, Henry Fanshawe.** Researches in the highlands of Turkey: including visits to Mounts Ida, Athos, Olympus, and Pelion. London, Murray, 1869
 2 vols. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xi, 297: vii, 390: map.
- Tyndall, John.** Hours of exercise in the Alps. 2nd edition.
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xiv, 475: plates. London, Longmans, 1871
- Wagnon, Aug.** Autour de Salvan, excursions et escalades de la Dent du Midi au Buet. Notice botanique par H. Jaccard.
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 78: 17. Morges, Centlivres, 1885
- Whitehouse, Wallace E.** Descriptive handbook to the Relief Model of Wales.
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 62: plates. Cardiff, Museum, 1915
 Two portions of the model are of the Snowdon and of the Cader Idris districts. Descriptions and plates are here given.
- Williams, John H.** Yosemite and its high Sierra.
 $10 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 146: plates. Tacoma and S. Francisco, Williams, 1915
- Zdarsky, Mathias.** Elemente der Lawinenkunde mit einem Anhang: 'Einige hygienische Winke.' Höchstes Kommando in Kärnten, 1916
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 23.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS IN 1920.

ON August 9 Professor HENRY EBERLI of Zurich, aged sixty-three, left the Simplon Kulm, alone, to ascend the easy HÜBSCHHORN. No trace of him has been found since, notwithstanding the most strenuous researches instituted by the family and by Herr Kluser, the proprietor of the hotel.

Professor Eberli was a competent climber, properly equipped and in sound bodily condition, and his disappearance on an ascent offering no difficulties is inexplicable.

He was educated at Winterthur, at the University of Zurich, and at the Sorbonne. Subsequently he was a schoolmaster in this country for about seven years, and then head of a municipal school at Ghent. Since 1899 he was a master at the Cantonal School at Zurich, where his industry and high sense of duty offered a precious example to his pupils.

He spent all his holidays in the Alps, and was an untiring and careful climber with a good eye for country, frequently conducting, without guides, parties of his pupils on ascents of moderate difficulty.

He had an extraordinary mastery of the English language and was

the author of an 'Anthology of the Poetry of the Alps,' 'A. W. Moore, a British Mountaineer,' and other works which bear testimony to an unbounded capacity for methodical and painstaking work and to his love for the mountains. He was a brother of our member Mr. J. Eberli.

On July 21 the Herren F. ALTMANN, G. Horatschet and B. Bosset attempted to ascend the S. face of the DACHSTEIN by the so-called Pichl route—a very formidable and long climb which their previous experience did not warrant their undertaking. About 4 P.M., when just below the very difficult, long, black Kamin, the decisive point of the climb, Altmann, the leader, fell, probably through the giving way of a hand or foothold. The rope broke, and so the two others escaped, but were unable to move without assistance. Herr Pichl himself happened to be on the summit and was a witness of the occurrence. Quickly getting together a party, he rescued the two others at 2 P.M. next day, while the body of the victim was recovered by the guide Georg Steiner.

ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE.' THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL, No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108

and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

GUIDE DES ALPES VALAISANNES.—Vol. III., du Col du Théodule au Simplon, has just been published. The price of the volume (to members of the S.A.C.) is 5fr. 15c. Post free from the Quæstor of the respective section. The book is so well furnished with route-marked illustrations that a very scanty knowledge of French suffices for its use.

The volume from the Col Ferret to the Théodule is in the press.

Volume IV., du Simplon à la Furka, par Marcel Kurz, has just appeared.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—

	Date of Election.
Hermann Woolley	1888
C. S. Bayley	1889
E. A. Broome	1889
M. J. Dixon	1893
A. McAndrew	1907

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, K.C.B., &c., &c.—The King has been graciously pleased to approve that Sir Thomas Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., M.A., M.D., D.Sc., &c., be sworn a Member of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

MILITARY HONOURS FOR WAZIRISTAN CAMPAIGN.—Simla, June 11.—The following details of acts for which immediate awards have been given for gallantry and distinguished service in the field in connection with the operations of the Waziristan Force are published :

MILITARY CROSS.

‘Captain Henry Darrell Minchinton, 1-1st (K.G.O.) Gurkha Rifles, attached 2-9th Gurkha Rifles.—For conspicuous gallantry in action and fine leadership. During the withdrawal down the Badder Toi, on April 8, when his company had been ordered to retire through the rearguard party, the enemy followed up closely, and suddenly opened a hot fire at close range. Captain Minchinton remained behind with a few men who had not already withdrawn and assisted in the withdrawal of a picquet of another unit. When forced to retire to a less exposed position in the rear he went forward again with a non-commissioned officer to recover a casualty, and covered the bringing in of the wounded man by giving covering fire himself. By his sense of duty, and disregard of danger, he

materially assisted the bringing in of a picquet under difficult circumstances, besides checking the enemy and helping to bring in a wounded man, who would otherwise have fallen into the enemy's hands.'

A MOUNTAINEERING EXPEDITION TO NORWAY IN 1855.—Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston sends the interesting note given below.

Mr. Eardley J. Blackwell was climbing in the Alps as early as 1850 (*cf.* Mr. Coolidge's *The Alps in Nature*, 231-3, and 'A.J.' xxxii. 53), and made in 1854 the virtually first ascent of the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald. It is to be regretted that no further information is available of the mountaineering career of a very strong and determined climber.

In looking through letters and journals connected with a Life of the late Professor Alfred Newton, F.R.S., of Magdalen College, Cambridge, I have come across allusions to a mountaineering expedition in Norway of a very early date. As there is, so far as I am aware, no note about this in the ALPINE JOURNAL, the following details may be worth recording.

In the spring of 1855 two young Cambridge graduates and naturalists, Alfred Newton (afterwards Professor of Zoology at Cambridge and F.R.S.) and W. H. Simpson (afterwards called Wilfred Hudleston, F.R.S.) made a voyage to Lapland, where they joined their friend John Wolley, a well-known ornithologist of that time. Mr. Simpson kept a very complete journal, and in it occur the following entries, which may be of interest to students of mountain exploration.

'May 18, 1855. Left Shelford early. Meet Newton at Ely and compare notes with him to Peterborough, where we first encountered Eardley J. Blackwell on his way to Norway with Gideon Balmat the Chamouny guide. Of Blackwell I had heard much during my visit to Switzerland last year, as a great mountaineer, he having ascended the Wetterhorn, whilst I was staying at Interlaken. He knew Norway well, having travelled there before in company with Biddulph, and was now taking every necessary apparatus for a prolonged residence in the Jotun Fjeld. He had 600 lbs. of luggage, comprizing tent, bedding, camp-equipage, preserved meats and all sorts of things. We dined together at Hull, but the accommodation was indifferent.

'May 19. Off at 7 A.M. Amongst our passengers were Mr. Lund and his wife (who never appeared until we got across), Blackwell and Balmat, Scott and Torr, and some Norwegians; all fraternized well.

'May 22. Christianssand. Missed the Bergen steamer, for which I was very glad, as I wished to see something more of Blackwell, Scott and Torr—all three very good fellows.

'May 23. Christiania. Blackwell of immense service in choosing carriages,

'May 25. Minde. Blackwell said there was a very wild district between here and the Glommen, where Elks had lately been killed.

'Our party met for the last time together at supper here, and sorry I was that it should be so, for we had been remarkably merry hitherto and indeed, apart from this, Blackwell was of immense service to us all from his knowledge of the language and the people.'

(Newton and Simpson were in a hurry to reach Trondhjem to catch the steamer to Hammerfest, so they parted at Minde from Blackwell and Balmat, who followed more leisurely along the same road to the Jotun Fjeld. It would be interesting to know who Biddulph was.)

A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

Mr. Slingsby writes to Captain Farrar :—

'In the late fifties, the sixties and early seventies the name of Blackwell was well known in Central Norway, where he had a house and, I think, a good deal of land in Vaage, a rich and fertile district on the Northern edge of the sterile Jotun Fjelde, in which wild terrain he used to go reindeer stalking, especially in the rugged glens which converge on Lake Gjendin—the scene later of "Three in Norway, by two of them." He married a very handsome Norse girl, who came to London with him, how often I do not know. I think they had a family.

'Once I crossed the North Sea with Du Chaillu, who was on his way to pay a second visit to Blackwell, whom he knew very well. Blackwell would certainly know something of the glaciers in the wild Leirungdsdal, as well as those of Knvtshtvltind. Of the two great rival sports in Norway, reindeer stalking and mountaineering, undoubtedly the former was that which appealed the strongest to the "Engelskmand Blackwell," who is still remembered with great respect in Vaage. About his mountaineering very little is known.'

THE MAIN RIDGE OF THE BLACK CUILLIN.—Mr. Geoffrey Howard sends the following note of the time lately taken by Mr. T. Howard Somervell on this ridge :

Left Glen Brittle	7.11 A.M.
Top of Gars Bheinn	9.16
Sgurr nan Eag	9.58
Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn	10.41
Alasdair	11.43
Tearlach	11.50
Mhic Choinnich	12.18 P.M.
Dearg (inaccessible Pinnacle)	1.17
Dearg Cairn	1.25 to 2.11 (rest)
Banachdich	2.40
Ghreadaidh	3.32
Mhadaidh	3.50
Bidean Druim nan Ramh	4.42 to 5.0 (rest)

Sgurr na Fhionn Coire	6.13
Bealach nan Lice	6.20 to 6.50 (rest)
Bhasteir (<i>via</i> Tooth) (Naismith's route) .	7.21
Sgurr nan Gilleann	7.45
Sgurr H'Uamha	8.05
Sligachan	9.29
Total, 14 hours 18 minutes.	
Total rest, 1 hour 34 minutes.	
Total on ridge, 9.16 to 8.05 = 10 hours 49 minutes.	

Mr. Leslie Shadbolt in reply to an enquiry writes :—

'I traversed the ridge of the Coolin in 1911 with A. C. McLaren, and we took, apparently, the same route as Mr. Howard Somervell. We took it as an ordinary climbing expedition and were concerned only to fit the climb to the limits of a reasonable day. We started fast but slowed down about noon when we saw we had time in hand. I sent a note of times to the *S.M.C. Journal*, as up till then the estimates of time required to do the expedition had varied much, and many people thought it could not be done in a day. We took 16½ hours altogether including halts. I think Mr. Howard Somervell's times are remarkably fast and would mean very hard going all day long.

'I have details of all our times if you want them, but I think they are not of very great interest and it would be rather a pity to set up a competitive standard for a fine climbing expedition of this sort.'

SCHWEIZER ALPEN-CLUB.—The published accounts to December 31, 1919, give the following information :—

Total number of Members, including 3308 new	
Members	17,962
Total income, inclusive of the gross receipts	
from the <i>Jahrbuch</i>	Frs. 173,927 = £6957

The principal items of expenditure are :—	Frs.
New huts	6,400
Repairs to huts; furniture, insurance, &c. .	5,717
<i>Alpina</i>	25,184
<i>Jahrbuch</i> , Vol. 53	82,334
Assurance of guides	5,410
Instruction of guides	2,401
Part assurance of Members	13,354
Rescue arrangements	3,336
Various subventions	2,300
Reserve fund for amortisation of stock of	
Guide-books, &c.	20,000
General expenses, &c.	23,785

190,221 = £7609

T

WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?—As I understand the breed, he is one who has not merely braced his muscles and developed his endurance by the exercise of some great sport, but has in the pursuit of that exercise learnt to control his anger, to be considerate to his fellow-men, to take no mean advantage, to resent as a dishonour the very suspicion of trickery, to bear aloft a cheerful countenance under disappointment, and never to own himself defeated until the last breath is out of his body.

(the late) W. E. T. BOLITHO,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

September 5, 1918.

Colonel Bolitho was the old Harrow and Oxford cricketer and a very good all round man.

(Sent in by Mr. Claude Macdonald.)

DR. ALEXANDER SEILER AND AUGUSTIN GENTINETTA.—In the course of a sermon preached on July 25 in the English Church at Zermatt Canon Durham made the following allusion :—

‘There are lights and shadows on the hills; and as I watch the shadows they speak of those which fall athwart our lives. Many of us since last we looked upon the Alps have known sorrows of which we hardly dare to think. But it is not of the shadows that have fallen on our homes that we would speak to-day. There are shadows here in Zermatt too; there are sorrows mingling with our joy in being here again. There are faces which we miss; there are hands which we shall never clasp again. Here in this English Church this morning I express for the English visitors to Zermatt the deep regret we feel at the death of Herr Alexander Seiler. We English have ever had a kindly—and more than a kindly—welcome here in Zermatt, and from none more than from the late Herr Seiler. He was at all times a friend to us; but it was when the war broke out that we learnt how good a friend he was. I was not myself then at Zermatt, but I know, and many of you know, what happened—how Herr Seiler told his English guests that his hotels were at their disposal as long as they cared, or were compelled, to stay; and not only so, but that none need think of payment till after their return, while he was ready to advance money to any who required it. We cannot thank him now in person, but we can and do express our true and lasting gratitude, and our sympathy with all members of the Seiler family.

‘There are others whom we miss to-day in Zermatt. Among the guides, Augustin Gentinetta, a man highly esteemed in the community, beloved by those of us who had been his companions on the mountains—and his brother Joseph. It saddens our return to the Alps that they are no longer here, but we would like to think that they may know that English friends cherish their memory, and here in our English Church we commend them to Him Who is their God and ours.’

THE LATE FREDERICK GARDINER.—In the notice on p. 99, the date of his ascent of the Matterhorn is given as 1870 instead of 1871, and on p. 102 it should read that he was elected a member of the Club in 1871 and a member of the Committee in 1879.

LE C.A.F.—M. Jacques de Lépiney writes that a 'Groupe de Haute Montagne' has been formed, the principal object of which is the furtherance of guideless climbs.

VISITORS TO THE HUTS OF THE S.A.C.

	1917	1918	1919
Bétemps	216	260	705
Schönbühl	318	233	306
Dom	54	73	216
Weisshorn	43	65	124
Mountet	365	317	557
Bertol	330	265	595
Chanrion	412	227	570
Panossière	225	230	420
Orny	683	626	1005
J. Dupuis	743	623	1125
Britannia	465	556	925
Solvay	54	57	
Mutthorn	807	964	
Oberaletsch	77	102	168
Koncordia	774	790	805
Finsteraarhorn . . .	205	205	564
Strahlegg	172	217	277
Gleckstein	216	196	491
Damma	116	95	146
Clariden	1084	976	1292
Fridolin	477	399	629
Boval	1537	904	1739
Tschierva	605	494	
Sciora	48	19	14

MONT AIGUILLE.—The fourth ascent of the N. face was done on June 1, 1919, by MM. Plossu and Main. The ascent took three hours and was a variation on M. Escarra's route described in *La Montagne*, xii. 1916, p. 1.

THE MEIJE.—The same climbers made the second ascent by the route Brèche de la Meije—Brèche du Petit Doigt and the Glacier carré (August 2, 1919).

WINTER ASCENTS.—In 'A.J.' xxxii. 275, is a note of a winter ascent of the DENT D'HÉRENS by Herr Hafers, said to be the first. The first winter ascent was, however, done on January 16, 1910,

by Signor Mario Piacenza with G. B. Péliissier and G. Carrel, from the new Rifugio Aosta (Rivista Mensile, 1910, 158). Hafer's ascent is the second. I did the third on January 28, 1920.

All the higher peaks of the Pennine range have now been ascended in winter.

In February I succeeded in ascending the last two, viz. Ober Gabelhorn and Täschhorn. Thanks to the good conditions and fine weather these ascents did not require much more time than in summer. I did both expeditions alone with Josef Knubel, who is at any rate the best winter guide in Zermatt. The particulars are as follows :

February 3.—OBER GABELHORN. Left Trifthotel 4.45 A.M. On ski up to the Schulter of Wellenkuppe, where ski were left (8.45–9.20). Wellenkuppe 10.10. Top of Grd. Gendarme 10.50–11.05 (about 100 feet of rope have been fixed to the N. side of the Grd. Gendarme last summer by the 'Führerverein' of Zermatt). Foot of final rock ridge 12.05–12.20 P.M. Top Gabelhorn 12.50–1.10. Grd. Gendarme 2.0–2.10. Top of Wellenkuppe 3.10–3.20. Ski 3.50–4.05. Trifthotel 5.10.

On January 31 and February 1 it snowed incessantly in Zermatt. In spite of that we found the mountain in pretty good condition.

On February 4 we ascended SCHALLIHOHN (1st winter ascent) with ski up to the Ob. Schallijoch.

February 7.—TÄSCHHORN. Left Hotel Täschalp 3.15 A.M. (moonlight)—on ski to the foot of Weingarten moraines. Then with crampons on hard snow. Halt on Weingartengl. 5.45–6.05. Rock rib (between 2 branches of Weingartengl.) at about 3700 m. 7.40–8.30 (–22° Celsius !); Mischabeljoch 9.40–10.15. Summit (by S.E. arête) 12.45–1.20. Back at Täschalp 5 P.M.

Mountain in excellent condition. Splendid weather, but N. wind very cold.

On February 10 I ascended the MATTERHORN with Knubel by the Hörnli arête (5th winter ascent). We intended to come down by the Z'Mutt arête, and took raquettes with us to the top. But a furious S.W. wind prevented our trying the proposed descent, as that side gets no sun all day, so we descended same way. I never saw the Z'Mutt arête in better condition. On the ordinary route we found more snow than usual as far as the Solvay hut, but higher up the conditions could not have been better, all ropes being free and the rocks perfectly dry. We found the old steps on the shoulder. The ascent took us 5 hours actual going.

MARCEL KURZ.

Neuchâtel, March 15, 1920.

THE S. FACE OF M. BLANC ('A.J.' xxxiii. 129), Mr. Oliver writes :

Courtauld and I with Aufdenblatten climbed the Innominata two days before our ascent of Mont Blanc, in order to examine the

route very carefully. We then definitely decided that the left-hand arête was the proper route to the summit. The points in doubt were :

(a) Whether the continuation on the face of Mont Blanc of the Fresney arête (*i.e.* right-hand arête) could be climbed. This cannot be seen from the Innominata or the Aiguille Noire or any other point I had previously reached.

(b) At what point we should cross the great couloir, but it was evident that we ought to cross it as high as possible to avoid risk of stone falls.

The height at which we left the Fresney arête was, according to the aneroid, about 13,600 feet, and I noticed that we were then considerably higher than the Aig. Blanche, and apparently somewhat lower than the Jorasses. From this point we were able to trace our route across the couloir and on to the left-hand arête.

We did not therefore seriously examine the possibility of continuing on the Fresney arête to a higher point, but the continuation certainly looked uninviting. Moreover, even if the ascent of the Fresney arête could be continued to its end, it joins the second arête at a point considerably below where the latter meets the Brouillard ridge.

There are two or three very difficult rock pitches shortly below our breakfast place, one of which was climbed by Adolphe Rey (a great rock expert) by standing on his brother's head. If one looks at this pitch from down below, it seems very difficult, while the pitch next above it (though, in fact, it is less difficult) looks from down below quite impossible.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE CRAST' AGÜZZA SATTEL.—It will be remembered that the bodies of the three Swiss tourists who fell into a deep crevasse could not be recovered. To mark the place, as well as the rate of progress of the glacier, a stout brass cylinder 8 ins. long and 4 ins. diam., containing details of the accident, has been lowered into the crevasse. It is calculated that it should reach Morteratsch in 100 to 150 years.

HERR ERNST PÜHN, the well-known German climber, who had to his credit all the 4000^m. summits, was killed in a carriage accident near Evolena.

The ALPINE JOURNAL, vols. vii.-xxvii, half bound in leather, in perfect condition, and vol. xxviii in parts, is for sale. Apply Canon Burn, The Vicarage, Halifax.

HIMALAYAN NOTES.

IN reference to my estimation of the height of my final camp on Kamet as about 23,000 ft. by comparing it with the heights of Kamet and Eastern Ibi Gamin, seen both from E. and W. ('A.J.' vol. xxxiii. p. 73, 1920), I should like to add that Mr. Heawood, librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, has very kindly supplied me with all the information available as to the height attributed to Eastern Ibi Gamin by R. Strachey. Mr. Heawood quotes from the paper on the 'Physical Geography of W. Tibet,' by H. Strachey (*R.G.S. Journal*, vol. xxiii. pp. 2-69, 1853), in which Strachey says that his brother ascertained the heights of the points of 'the two chief spurs' of Kamet to be 'about 24,000 feet.' The method used consisted of 'purely geometrical operations, which assure the results within one or two hundred feet.' The two points are the Eastern and Western Ibi Gamin of my article. Longstaff's map ('Five Months in the Himalaya,' by A. L. Mumm) gives 24,170 ft. for Eastern Ibi Gamin.

C. F. MEADE.

August 1920.

MOUNT EVEREST.—On June 23 a deputation representing the R.G.S. and the A.C. waited on the Secretary of State for India with the object of enlisting the sympathy of the Government of India in the proposed expedition to Mount Everest. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Montagu, the deputation was received by the Right Hon. Lord Sindha, supported by Sir Arthur Hirtzel, K.C.B. The case was put very fully by Sir Francis Younghusband, President of the R.G.S., and in reply Lord Sindha assured the deputation that the Indian Government would, on a suitable occasion, readily render such assistance as lay in its power. The A.C. was represented by General Bruce and by Captain Farrar (in the unavoidable absence of the President).

REVIEWS.

Mountain Memories: A Pilgrimage of Romance. By Sir Martin Conway, M.P. (Cassell. 1920.) 12s. 6d.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY is a climber with a strongly-marked personality; all mountain lovers will be grateful to the sudden impulse which prompted him to write a mountaineering autobiography, and to write it in a mood which finds expression in such an appeal as this: 'Reader, if you and I are to be real comrades, we must share the same adventures of fancy and of soul. You must see my whales and elephants in the clouds and must leap to the same god-given

revelation whether in art or nature. My fairies must be thy fairies and my gods thy gods.' Conway has done his share towards making such a partnership possible.

His sub-title is no mere piece of decorative verbiage. Earnestly he proclaims himself a romantic and his theme the pursuit by a climber of the romantic ideal. What romance means to him the reader soon learns. The mountains provide one door into its kingdom, but there are many such doors. 'It can be found, by those whom the gods love, in all careers and in every society.' Most of us would gladly be romantics in Conway's sense. Perhaps many of us inadequately are, but it is only given to a few to translate their romantic longings into action as he has done.

His first effort in this direction, an attempt to start for Australia, ended miserably amid the cruel laughter of the grown-ups, but he was then only five years old. This is an exquisite bit of child-history, beautifully told, and the same may be said of the whole story of his childish strivings after independent adventure and his earliest mountain ascents—the Worcestershire Beacon (aged six) and Snowdon (aged seven). In an equally charming chapter he describes with fine candour and sincerity his first visit to Switzerland in 1872 as a schoolboy of sixteen—the revelation of the Alps from Zimmerwald, the first modest expeditions, and then . . . 'I knew now what I wanted to do—to climb, peak after peak, all the peaks in the Alps, all the mountains in the world. . . . I came down from the Mythen, like Moses from Sinai, bearing the law of my life.' Only the Mythen, and his elders were as unsympathetic as they had been eleven years earlier, but fortune was kinder, and before the holidays were over he had been up the Breithorn and the Dent du Midi.

It was not till 1876 that he had his first regular mountaineering season and came to close quarters with the terrors, as well as the splendours, of the Queen of the Snows. It was a prosperous apprenticeship, rich alike in spiritual experiences and technical lessons. With the following year a new chapter opens. The 'high emotion' of the Engadine has passed; he is the faithful servant of the mountains, but 'no longer stunned by their unapproachable glory.' Naturally he gravitated to Zermatt, which remained for five summers the pivot of his climbing. It was still the Zermatt of Whymper's 'Scrambles'; the Matterhorn (are we really to call it the Cervin in future?) still inspired awe and reverence, and 'if one wanted to know whether a climb had been accomplished, one depended on information obtainable in the Monte Rosa smoking-room. That was the ultimate authority.' And Conway soon discovered that it was 'far from infallible.' He wished to make new expeditions, for new expeditions spelt romance, but to attain that delight it was necessary to find out what had been done already. So, with characteristic energy and directness, he set to work on his own account to extract information from the guides and their

testimonial books and from the visitors' books in the hotels. Was this the first nail in the coffin of romance? Conway will not have it so, but he admits that 'it is difficult in this stage of a mountain lover's development to keep on sounding the romantic note.' Anyhow, it is all excellent Alpine history, and specially interesting as being the germ of the 'Zermatt Pocket-Book,' a fresh interest which soon became an end in itself, almost more engrossing than the new expeditions. Conway lingers with justifiable satisfaction over the genesis of this tiny volume, the parent of scores of Climbers' Guides and Club-führer. It appeared early in 1881, and two more summers were largely devoted to collecting materials for a second edition.

At this point new doors into the Kingdom of Romance were opened to him to the detriment of his climbing, if not of his love for the mountains. However, in 1886 and 1887 he was back in his old haunts, busy with projected Climbers' Guides. Then, after a long spell of travel in Algeria and the Near East, in 1890 he sought another stimulus. The centre of enterprise had shifted to the Montanvers, and thither Conway betook himself, with designs on the Dent du Géant and the Chamonix Aiguilles. But the weather was unpropitious and his patience gave out. 'It was probably good luck. . . . Had the fates otherwise decreed, I might have been shinning up difficult rocks on obscure mountains from that day to this.' Instead, he found several new variations on the high-level route to Zermatt and made a momentous discovery: 'The combination of mountain climbing with perpetual moving on proved to be the form of mountaineering that gave the richest return. . . . I date my passion for exploring remote mountain ranges from this summer holiday.'

In 1891 he went with A. F. Mummery to the Graians. It was a trial trip which proved that their attitudes towards mountains were fundamentally at variance, and a proposed Himalayan partnership was dissolved 'with mutual respect.' Of the trip we hear nothing, but we owe to it a brilliant character-sketch of Mummery. And so we reach the threshold of the great period (1892-1898) of the journeys to the Karakoram Himalaya, Spitsbergen, the Andes, and Tierra del Fuego. These and the interlude of 'the Alps from End to End,' have been dealt with very fully in six well-known books. The sketches of them which occupy the latter half of the present volume are, very naturally, based on the earlier narratives; it need only be said here that they are executed with skill and a fine sense of proportion, and adequately complete the record of an enviable pilgrimage.

A. L. M.

[From the *Observer* by kind permission.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, March 2, 1920, at 8.30 P.M., Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Lieut.-Col. R. B. Bourdillon, M.C., A.F.C., Mr. H. F. Seymour, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Mr. Walter Parsons.

The PRESIDENT announced with great regret the deaths of Mr. Alfred G. Topham, Mr. C. E. Groves, Mr. F. A. Wallroth, Mr. A. McAndrew and Mr. Hermann Woolley.

Capt. T. G. LONGSTAFF then read a Paper entitled 'By-Ways in the Hindu Kush,' which was illustrated by lantern slides. A discussion ensued, and the proceedings terminated with a very hearty vote of thanks to Capt. Longstaff.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, April 13, 1920, at 8.30 P.M., Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, The Rev. P. Mordaunt Barnard, B.D., Flight-Lieut. E. B. Beauman, and Mr. H. E. Daunt.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. E. C. EATON, presented the accounts for 1919, the adoption of which was proposed by Mr. A. L. Mumm, seconded by Mr. G. A. Solly, and carried unanimously.

Brigadier-General The Hon. C. G. BRUCE, C.B., C.V.O., then read a paper on 'Kulu and Lahoul,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

A discussion took place, and Sir Francis Younghusband said that he had visited that country for the first time some years ago and that he had journeyed in the reverse direction to General Bruce, having entered Kulu from the Kangra side. He could confirm all that General Bruce had said with regard to the scenery. It is a most charming valley and one of the few valleys in the Himalayas which are directly governed by the British. General Bruce had told the Members a lot about the gods of that valley and the native superstition with regard to them, and he agreed that it was wise to propitiate those gods with sheep, bullocks, or anything one cared to offer. He had climbed no peaks, but he well remembered going up that valley over the Chundra Pass into Lahoul, and what struck him at that time was the sudden change which one meets there. One leaves a fertile valley for a barren country. The greater part of the hills are absolutely bare, and the change is very striking. Another remarkable thing he had noticed was the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere on the far side. When he got down to the valley it was a full moon and he was astonished as he looked

out from his bungalow at the clearness of the atmosphere, which was as clear as any ordinary daylight here in London. He quite realised the difficulties that presented themselves to General Bruce in climbing those peaks, but he was glad that the attention of Members had been drawn to that country, which was easily accessible from Simla, and he was quite sure that any Members who could find their way out there would be well repaid.

Sir MARTIN CONWAY said that the photographs that had been shown were distinctly attractive from the mountaineering point of view, for Himalayan photographs, as a rule, give most people a feeling that it is no good going to those parts if one wants to do any climbing. The photographs shown were those of peaks that could be climbed.

The late Commissioner of Lahoul (Mr. Hughes) gave some interesting anecdotes concerning the natives of the district and their customs and some extraordinary natural phenomena that he had witnessed there. He joined with General Bruce in urging people to go to Kulu for climbing. It has the most glorious scenery that any man ever saw.

The PRESIDENT, proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Brig-Gen. Bruce for his excellent paper, said it was a country that had been known for a long time, but he thought it was the first time it had been the subject of a lecture at the Alpine Club. As had been pointed out, it was a most interesting country and well worth going to, as the mountains are not too difficult to climb. As to the climbing that had been done in this expedition, he thought it was as fine as any that had been done elsewhere, and it was only those people who had been above 20,000 feet who knew the difficulties of climbing at that altitude, and he thought that Major Todd had done some of the finest rock climbing that had ever been done. He congratulated General Bruce.

The vote of thanks was thereupon carried with acclamation, and the proceedings terminated.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, May 4, 1920, at 8.30 P.M., Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., *President*, in the Chair.

Mr. G. MALLORY read a paper entitled 'A Fortnight in the Mont Blanc District, 1919,' which was illustrated by lantern slides. A discussion took place, and the President proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Mallory for his excellent paper. This was carried with acclamation.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, June 1, 1920, at 9 P.M., Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Mr. F. N. Schiller, Mr. F. P. M. Schiller, K.C., and Mr. E. E. Tatham (Member 1897-1914).

The PRESIDENT announced with great regret the death of Mr. C. Scot Bayley, which took place suddenly on May 11, 1920. He was an Irish Member and was elected in 1889.

Professor C. E. FAY, an Honorary Member of the Club and President of the American Alpine Club, was present, and received a cordial welcome from the President and Members. He expressed his gratification at the warmth of his reception by the delegates of the various Alpine Clubs represented at the Alpine Congress in Monaco.

The following Resolution, proposed by the President and seconded by Capt. J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., was carried with acclamation :—

‘Resolved that a formal request by the Alpine Club of Canada to be affiliated to the Alpine Club, be cordially acceded to.’

The Regulations with regard to the Winter Dinner, which will take place on Tuesday, December 7, 1920, in the King’s Hall of the Holborn Restaurant, were submitted and approved.

The PRESIDENT announced that the Alpine Club of Canada had extended to himself and twenty other members of the Club an invitation to be the Club’s guests at its Welcome Home Camp to be held at Mt. Assiniboine from the 20th to the 31st July 1920, while the Camp is in session.

Mr. R. W. LLOYD then read a paper entitled ‘Episodes of Two Seasons, 1914–1919,’ which was illustrated by lantern slides.

Sir EDWARD DAVIDSON congratulated Mr. Lloyd on the success of his expeditions, and

The PRESIDENT proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd for his interesting paper and the beautiful slides he had shown. This was carried with acclamation.

We learn with much regret that

Mr. EDWARD A. BROOME,
Sometime V.P. of the A.C.,

died at Zermatt early in September. A notice of his Alpine career will appear later.

It is proposed to continue the RECORD OF EXPEDITIONS, and members are requested to send in their lists for the 1920 season—preferably typed—to Capt. Farrar, 23 Savile Row, W.1, not later than the end of January. Forms can be obtained from the Asst. Sec.



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